James Wolcott

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THE LIFE

OF

JAMES McCOSH

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James McCosh

THE LIFE

OF

JAMES McCOSH

A Record Chiefly Autobiographical

EDITED BY

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

WITH PORTRAITS

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1896

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JAMES McCOSH

1811-1894

TO have seen a century rise and wane; to have spent threescore years of active, influential life in its very noon; to have moulded in some degree the thought of two generations in three lands; to have shared in Scotland's latest struggle for religious liberty; to have wrought in the great enterprise of Ireland's intellectual emancipation; to have led a powerful educational movement in America, and to have regenerated one of her most ancient universities, — these are the titles of James McCosh to public distinction. He was a philosopher, but no dreamer; a scholar, but no recluse; a preacher, but no ideologue; a teacher, but no martinet; he was a thinker, a public leader, and a practical man of affairs. For these sufficient reasons those who were closely associated with him during the last three years of his life determined to secure, if possible, a memorial of his many activities. He was induced to set down from time to time such reminiscences as appeared to him instructive or entertaining, and these were intrusted for keeping to his son and a family friend as materials for his biographer, when the

time should come for a critical estimate of his life and work. That time is, of course, still distant, but in the meanwhile such has been the desire of his co-workers and pupils, and of many in the general public, for some permanent record of the facts and dates of his life, that it was thought best to arrange the available material, and to publish it as early as possible for the gratification of those concerned. What is set down in the following pages as fact has been submitted to his family and scrutinized in the light of authentic records; what has been taken verbatim from Dr. McCosh's letters or reminiscences is so marked. For the opinions expressed, the writer alone is responsible, but in forming them he has had valuable assistance from many quarters. In particular, he is under great obligations to Professors Ormond and Scott, and to the Rev. J. H. Dulles, all three of whom were students in Princeton within the period of Dr. McCosh's administration. He asks the reader's indulgence for the repetitions and somewhat irregular chronology incident to the plan of the book.

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

IN the parish churchyard of Straiton, a village of Ayrshire in southwestern Scotland, which is situated on the banks of the Girvan River, and not far from Loch Doon, stands the tombstone of Jasper McCosh, who died in 1727. The earliest recorded ancestor of James McCosh, he lies among the forefathers of his race, — a stock renowned for their devotion to principle amid the persecutions attendant on the misguided efforts of Charles II. to impose episcopacy upon the Scotch Presbyterians. The name is Celtic, and the McCoshes, sons of foot, are scattered throughout the neighboring counties, being numerous also in Irish Ulster, whence, in all probability, they emigrated into Scotland. But they had become in time so intermingled with Anglo-Saxon blood that they were an integral portion of the true Lowland Scotch. The "wild Scots of Galloway," as they were called in the earliest days, were merged in the Teutonic migrations which peopled England and southern Scotland, being so anglicized that many of the McCosh clan, for example, translated their Celtic name into the English equivalent, and under the name of Foot or Foote settled in various portions of Great Britian. The descendants of Jasper McCosh laid no claim to aristocratic descent, but they were for all that a proud

family. Moral and charitable, they cherished their independence, and considered the virtues of industry and frugality upon which it was based as second only to their devotion and piety. For twenty years their ancestors had endured persecution and even martyrdom for "Christ's crown and covenant," as they designated their ecclesiastical principles; and although much had occurred in the interval to revolutionize the character of their faith and conduct, they were still proud of the noble endurance, the lofty purpose, and the undying heroism of their ancestors. Though they belonged to what is generally designated the middle class, they were people of substance and refinement, being for the most part large farmers, tending their flocks and herds on the hills above, and cultivating the dales below with assiduity and success. To be one of this class, to have neither poverty nor riches, is a decided advantage for the student of human nature, since it enables him, without the separation of any social stratum, to hold easy intercourse both with those beneath and with those above.

The farmers of the lands "between hill and dale" in Ayrshire were favored by neither soil nor climate, and were forced to hard labor, careful management, and great frugality in order to increase the store which they had inherited from those who for ages had been engaged in the same struggle. Originally the land had been divided into small plots, granted to the retainers and dependents of petty chieftains, who paid their rent by fighting in their masters' quarrels, whatever these might be. With the advance of civilization, such services had become less and less valuable to the owners, while the progress made in agriculture necessitated not merely better tillage and the

use of improved implements, but required for the best economy that the size of the holdings should be greatly increased. The minor tenants had therefore become tradesmen or farm-servants, or else had emigrated, the small farms having been absorbed in the larger ones. The proprietors had become in large measure absentee landlords, spending their increased revenues in travel, or in introducing their families to the higher circles of London society. Finding it easier and more satisfactory to collect their rents from a single large tenant than from a number of petty ones, they favored the substantial farmers at every point, and left the peasantry to desert their little homes and become artisans in towns, or else to wander into foreign lands and become wealthy, successful colonizers in all parts of the globe. For ages these plain people, enlightened by their parish schools and their church, had been evolving a well-known type of character which is admirably delineated in the autobiographical notes of Dr. McCosh given in the next chapter. The "canny" or "able" Scot is a cosmopolitan, present wherever there is work to do, money to be got, and honor to be won. At home they displayed their powers in the only line open to them, namely, in their farming, which they brought to a state of perfection unsurpassed, if indeed equalled, in any other land. This was made possible only by the capital of the larger farmers, but in the process it was impossible to form and consolidate a body of peasant farmers, who might have lived contentedly at home as good citizens, and have prevented the development of many unfortunate social tendencies. It has been good for the world that so many of Scotland's ablest sons have settled in other countries; but there was a time in their own

when their high idealism and sturdy courage were sorely missed.

Andrew McCosh, a descendant in the third generation of the Jasper before mentioned, and the father of James, lived at a time when the state of society in Scotland, though picturesque and interesting from a human point of view, was deplorable in regard to morality and piety. By good management and thrift he became the tenant of half-a-dozen small farms, aggregating in all about a thousand acres, for which he paid as many pounds to the proprietor in annual rental. He was, of course, an intelligent man, and thoroughly capable in the management of his affairs. From him his famous son inherited his fondness for that quiet reflection to which the sire, like many of his race, was much given. The notice of his death in the local paper, "The Ayr and Wigtonshire Courier," bears testimony to his virtues, and to the esteem in which he was held in the neighborhood. It was probably written by the Rev. Dr. Paul, a nephew of the Sir Henry Moncreiff so influential at the time; he was then pastor of Straiton, and afterwards became minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh. The eulogium runs as follows: "Died at Carskeoch, July 9th, 1820, Mr. Andrew McCosh, for many years tenant in that farm. We notice the death of that excellent and exemplary man with feelings of deepest regret. By this neighborhood, in which he lived, we scarcely believe a greater loss could be sustained. To his family and connections he was ever kind, sympathetic, and faithful, and such, from the natural sweetness of his disposition, he probably would have been, even though he had not been actuated by any higher feelings. In his transactions with mankind his great object was to do

justly. His unaffected simplicity of manner, his freedom from artifice and guile, were proverbial among all who knew him. His modesty spread a covering over all other virtues, improving what it was intended to conceal. The property with which God had entrusted him he seemed to consider as a loan which would afterwards be required at his hand with interest. As a friend of the poor, his loss will not soon be forgotten. Poverty, sickness, and old age always found in him a sympathizing heart, a relieving and protecting hand. Cheerfully did he perform the offices of kindness of which his Saviour had set him an example. The poor, the maimed, were admitted to his home and served from his board. He knew that they could not compensate him, but wherever these were the effects and expression of a Christian faith, we know that they will be remembered at the resurrection of the just."

That this measured praise was well merited seems clear to all who knew Dr. McCosh intimately. The memory of his God-fearing parents was one of the strongest influences in his life. His own tribute to them is as follows: "I was only nine years of age when my father died, in 1820, but I remember so much, and saw so much of his work remaining, as to know that the account given above is correct; and I am proud of it. Almost every evening a beggar, or a family of beggars, was apt to appear about nightfall; they got a bed in the stable, and a substantial supper and breakfast. I remember that my father kept in his kitchen a poor idiot man, whom we youngsters used to plague, and that we were rebuked for it. He gave homes to several poor women on his farm. He was kind to all poor relatives, sending them meal, and carting coals

for them. This kindness was always shown in a delicate way. We were four miles from the parish church, our house being on the Doon, and the church being on the Girvan, and we often spent the interval between the forenoon and afternoon services in the home of a genteel family, whose father had lived by smuggling claret and brandy, which he carried up from the sea-coast by a band of armed men and horses into the interior. The strong hand of the law was brought to bear upon him, many sharp fights took place between him and the soldiers, and he was reduced to poverty. We carried with us into the man's house a considerable stock of provisions, of which we partook ourselves, and left the larger portion to the family. We children were ordered to say nothing about it to any one.

"The story of the way in which my mother's uncle treated a sturdy beggar became well known in the neighborhood. My grand-uncle, on giving him blankets for the night, asked him what security he would give that they should not be stolen, and was assured that he gave God Almighty as security. Next morning the man and blankets were off, with no hope of their casting up again. The thief wandered all day among the mists of the mountains, and in the evening he asked quarters at the same house without knowing it to be the same. My uncle saluted him, told him he had given good security, and invited him to stay one night more, and the beggar was so impressed with the scene that there was no more thieving.

"My mother, Jean Carson, was the daughter of James Carson, a large farmer in a wild, moorland district of Scotland at the top of Loch Doon. When my father

took her to his home as his wife, she is described as a modest and retiring young woman, but as the cares of a family were thrown upon her, her native energy developed, and she ruled well her household. She was early left a widow with a large family, consisting of six daughters and myself, whom she reared with care and tenderness, and showed great skill and ability in the management of the farms she was left. On her mother's side, she was connected with a well-known Covenanting family, named McClymont. Her father's family were Scotch Covenanters, who had fought at the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, and maintained for twenty-eight years the liberties of Scotland, and had often to hide in the dens and caves of the earth on the banks of the Stinchar, near the house of the persecutor, Sir Archibald Kennedy, of Culzean Castle. One day Mr. McClymont returned home, and looking out of his window he saw a company of soldiers riding furiously towards his house, and had only time, before they reached it, to hide among some raspberry bushes. They demanded of his wife where her husband was, and she said that they might seek for him. Then they insisted that they must have food for their horses, and she pointed them to a hay-stack. They placed a guard over the dwelling, and began to cut down the hay. One of the troopers, seeing the tempting raspberries, started to pull them. She saw that her husband was in danger, but she was equal to the emergency. She pulled berries till she found one with a large worm in it, and showed it to the English trooper, who was so disgusted by the sight that he returned to the hay-stack, and her husband was saved. I am sure that I owe much of my character by heredity to this woman."

CHAPTER II

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — EARLY LIFE

1811–1824

I WAS born on April 1, 1811, at my father's farm-house, called Carskeoch. If any one has a choice of a place of birth and training, let him fix upon a farm-house (I learned when in Ireland to commit Irish Bulls), and always to be under a father or mother, without whom no external advantages can benefit the child. The boy is thus surrounded with objects fitted to interest him and call forth his energies. Here I wandered at my own free will, following my thoughts and fancies among green and heather, hills and valleys, among trees and rocks and brooks (*Scottic*é burns). Here I became interested in wild plants, such as lilies, roses, meadow-sweet, and foxgloves. Here I found birds flying, chirping, or curiously building their nests. Here I had sheep and lambs (every boy should have his motherless lamb as a pet); here I had horses and foals, hens and ducks, geese and turkeys. Here I had my collie dog, called "Famous," and my pony, called "Cuddy." The boy should watch the ways of all these creatures; he should care for them and feed them; in short, should make them his friends. I had to hold intercourse with servant lads and lassies tending the cows and working the horses. It is a sphere fitted to call forth reflection and independ-

ence. It was in such a scene that I was reared, in a good stone house, with comfortable rooms and bed-rooms, and a garret where the men-servants slept; grouped around about were the farm buildings, — a milk-house, a stable, a barn, and a cart or carriage house.

Carskeoch was pleasantly situated, within a quarter of a mile of the river Doon, about ten miles from its mouth, on the bay[1] of Ayr, and with a considerably wide view all around. Following the river upwards, we had first extensive meadows, now cut up by lately discovered iron works, then a romantic glen, through which the river flowed from the lake above, and on that lake a ruined castle which was famous in the days of Bruce. I do not believe that natural scenery has had so much influence on character as is sometimes imagined, but I know that Loch Doon, on which I have so often fished, and the wild scenery between Ayrshire and Galloway, have created within me that intense taste which I have for mountain scenery. Following the Doon downwards we have "Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon," and, at the mouth, Robert Burns's birthplace. The river flows from east to west; north of it are heather hills, and south of it the cultivated fields of Scotland, running on towards England. The region was never visited by Sir Walter Scott, who was the main instrument of making romantic certain parts of Scotland, and so is not as well known as some other districts not so romantic.

I may here give a picture of the character of the district with which I was at one time so well acquainted. The region had passed through stirring scenes in the days of Wallace. Now and then some knowing man showed

[1] A recess of level ground surrounded by hills.

me a tree in which the Scottish patriot had hid from his English persecutors. We all knew the "barns of Ayr," which he had burned. In the Reformation and post-Reformation periods there had been fierce contests among the barons of Ayrshire and Galloway. Afterward there had been a strong Covenanting movement in the southwest of Scotland, among a people who had been trained by their ministers in the stern principles of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and were resolved to resist the prelacy which was attempted to be imposed on them. There must have been much religious life in the days of the Covenant, otherwise the people would not have submitted to such privations; the hearts of the great body of the people must have been deeply moved, otherwise they would not have submitted to such suffering.

But the religious life in later ages had been suppressed by the blight of moderation, and now religion had very much disappeared. Immorality followed, and there was a low tone of duty among the people, while drinking and licentiousness prevailed. The stream which had rushed over rocks and precipices was now flowing through a level plain. The people had comparatively few traditions, and the young were not much interested in them. The Reformation had done little but set aside the fables of the Middle Ages. The Patronage Act of 1711, which took away the power of appointing ministers from the heritors and parishioners, and gave it to patrons who often forced worldly ministers into the pulpit, had effaced the remembrance of the glorious struggles of the Reformation and the Covenant. There were tombstones in nearly every parish which told of men who had been

shot for Christ's Kingdom and Covenant, but these were now moss-grown and little attended to. The great body of the people, immersed in matters connected with the cultivation of their land, admitted that these old worthies had been very good men, but congratulated themselves on living in more enlightened times.

The few traditions took a superstitious turn. When I was a boy, an old lady told me that her father, who was one of the tenants, had been among those who bore the body of Sir Archibald Kennedy, the persecutor, to his grave. It was a dark and furious night. At first the coffin was so heavy that they could scarcely carry it. As they entered the graveyard, a black raven was heard croaking from a tree above them. Suddenly the coffin became lighter; the contents had evidently been carried away. In the same night, and at the same hour, a fiery ship was seen crossing the Bay of Ayr at a tremendous speed. A bold skipper challenged it, "From whence to where," and the answer was, "From Hell to Kirkoswald, to Sir Archibald Kennedy's funeral." A few minutes after, the same ship was seen returning, and was again saluted, "From whence to where," and the answer was, "From Kirkoswald to Hell, bearing Sir Archibald Kennedy."

It was during the last century that the character of the Lowland Scot was formed. That character is a distinctive one. It is different from that of the inhabitants of the other countries of the British dominion. The Lowlander is nearly as obstinate as the Highlander, but he is not so fiery. He has not the impulsiveness and flightiness of the Irishman, his wit, or his warm display of friendship or enmity. He is naturally of an anxious

spirit, though he tries to hide it, being in this respect like the Yankee. He has not the self-sufficiency of the Englishman, who carries his point by his good sense and composure. The Scot is proverbially "canny," that is, cautious in taking up his position, but apt to be obstinate in holding by it. He is strongly bent on being independent, but if it expose him to danger, slow in exhibiting it. When he sets out on any undertaking it is very difficult to make him turn back. The following incident is characteristic. I remember being placed on one horse, to lead a second horse behind me by a halter; I held by the halter till I was pulled over the horse's tail, — a very picture of the young Scotchman sticking by a cause which he might easily abandon.

The common people of Scotland attained a considerable amount of intelligence at an earlier date than any other community in Europe. This they owed to John Knox, who insisted on having a school in every parish, an academy in every burgh town, and a university in every large city. In every school the Bible was taught; in some districts it was the Book of Proverbs that was used as a text-book, and helped to give the people their shrewdness. I have to add that the Shorter Catechism, drawn out by the Westminster divines, was committed to memory in the schools, and in nearly every family, and being the best logical compend of the system of doctrine laid down in the Bible, it gave to the people the logical turn for which they are distinguished in their thoughts and expressions. This education did not and could not produce the genius of Burns, of Scott, or Carlyle, but it came out in the massive sense by which they were distinguished among literary people. Douce Davie Deans

and Jeanie Deans (and I may add Effie Deans) are perfect pictures of Scottish characters.

Of all the people I have met with, the Scotch have the least of what we call "manners" in their intercourse with the members of their family, with their neighbors, and with the world generally. The Scot loves his wife and family, and would make any sacrifice for them, but he seldom or never utters a word of compliment to them. He doubts the sincerity of such words and acts, and is apt to regard them as hypocrisy, having some selfish end in view, and speaks of them as Frenchified and unworthy of an honest Scotchman. I confess I have often been repelled by the cool manner in which Scotch people, after long absences or in critical emergencies, often meet with each other. I remember going up to a most excellent man to comfort him when he was trying to restrain his tears as he hung over the body of his son, just deceased. I was chilled when all that he could utter was, "This is a fine day, sir." We can thus account for some of the oddities of Thomas Carlyle. I have known a number of ministers like him. He was at one time nearly becoming a minister, and a curious minister he would have been. We are amazed to read that he was often cold and indifferent, at times rude to his wife; but he loved her all the while, and would have died for her at any time.

Scotchmen are often described as being cold and selfish, but the bareness is only on the surface, beneath which there is often a well of tender affection. With no pretensions or promises, they stand by their families and friends as resolutely as any people on the face of the earth. When they give their assent, possibly in few

words, it is commonly found that you can trust them. The parts which they acted at the Reformation, again in the Covenanting struggle, and at a later date in the Free Church movement, are proofs of their resolution and courage on great questions of principle. I have often thought that it would be better for themselves, and for their influence over their fellow-men, if, instead of restraining and concealing their feelings, they would allow them full expression, as the Irish do.

In the seventeenth century the Lowlands of Scotland had been ploughed and harrowed by the great Covenanting struggle. For a time the fruits were reaped in a general religious life throughout the country, with family worship in most of the households in which there was a profession of religion, where also young men and women were trained in the doctrines of the Shorter Catechism. But all this was changed when the Government sanctioned the Patronage Act of 1711, taking away the power of appointing ministers from the parishes, and giving it to the Patrons, — the crown with its political ends claiming one-third of the benefices, and the other two-thirds being given to private noblemen or gentlemen who had no interest in the spiritual welfare of the people. The result was the formation of a class of ministers who were called Moderates, because they often preached on the text, "Be moderate in all things," and sought to allay the heats of the previous century. Young men of a worldly spirit were appointed to the ministry, commonly well educated and of good manners, but with no spiritual life.

I have before me a volume of sermons by the minister who baptized me, — an accomplished man who afterwards became the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the

University of St. Andrews. It is gracefully written, in short and well-constructed sentences, and it has fine sentiment; but it does not contain one sentence of gospel truth, that is, of Jesus set forth as the Redeemer of sinners. Blair's sermons, so graceful yet so powerless, were the models all over the country among the younger ministers. They were greatly admired by young men and women of note, but had no moving influence on the great body of the people, as they did not speak of sin and salvation, — subjects which the latter would have understood from their own experience.

The degeneracy in religion was followed by a degeneracy in morals. It is a law of God's government that religion is the main instrument of keeping up a high morality in a district, and that where religion loses its hold, the restraints on vice are removed. It was so in Scotland in the latter two-thirds of the last century, and in the earlier one-third of this. In particular, two vicious habits, which have exercised so prejudicial an influence on Scottish character, became prevalent at this time. First, there was intemperance. The great body of the people did not drink to excess, but there was use of ardent spirits on all occasions, — at christenings, at weddings, at all family and all social gatherings. The farmer could not sell a horse, a cow, or a calf, without being obliged to give drink to the buyer. On New Year's Day the children were accustomed to give presents to their teacher, the boy and girl who gave the largest sum being king and queen for the day (I was king for several years), and the teacher had to give them toddy to drink. The consequence was that many young men, including a number of my companions, one of them a most amiable

young man, and a dear friend of mine, fell before the temptation. When at school I often saw staggering along the streets the most gentlemanly farmer in the neighborhood, the largest manufacturer, and the village blacksmith and carpenter. Every here and there were parishes in which the minister was apt to join in the festivities, and had to be helped home by his people. I knew a case in which the people gathered at a funeral, and drank so hard that when they arrived at the burial place, several miles off, they found that they had forgot to bring with them the coffin and the corpse.

A second prevailing vice was the illicit intercourse of young men and women. This was very common before marriage. The minister of a neighboring parish had been guilty of it. This state of things was to a large extent produced by the secretiveness of the Scottish character, by the determination of the younger men and women to have their love-affairs thoroughly concealed. The fathers and mothers, and the master and mistress of the farms, did not allow an open courtship. The ploughman came stealthily to the farm-house, and indicated his presence in the way spoken of in the song, "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad." The young woman went out to meet her lover, and the two walked in some hidden path, or took refuge in the barn. It has to be added that the life after marriage was in general kept absolutely pure. I am sorry to recall by way of exception that the master of the coal works corrupted the wives of many of the work people in my neighborhood by giving them small presents.

The consequence of all this was that there was no healthy public sentiment on these subjects. The drink-

ing men were genial, and commonly very popular. The falls of young men and women were readily excused. The Kirk Session exercised discipline, but the rebukes on the cutty-stool were of a coarse description, and tended rather to harden the character.

It is easy to see how, under these circumstances, young Robert Burns was so easily led astray by the flax-dresser in Irvine, when he went to live there. I can speak on this subject with confidence, for I was born fifteen years after his death, on the same river which he has made so famous, and I know the circumstances in which he lived. When he came back from Edinburgh, in which he had been so well treated, he declared he had found as much wit and talent among "the jolly bachelors of Tarbolton" as in the highest literary circles of Edinburgh. But he adds that he had not met with a pure refinement of mind among females until he visited the metropolis of Scotland. Burns's example, his perpetual outflow of wit and humor, and some of his poems circulated among the people, tended to foster the views of which I have been speaking. The tradition is, that when he got into a jovial party in his later life, his expression was in the first instance dull, and his countenance flat enough, but as he drank the rounds of toddy he brightened amazingly, and kept the whole table in a roar. There were no temperance societies in those days to raise a public sentiment against the evils. The scholarly preaching in the churches had little effect on the great body of the people. As a rule, the moderate clergy favored young Burns. The most devoted clergy were exposed by him and his friends to ridicule.

This is a picture of the times in which I lived, but it

is time to return to the scenes through which I passed, and by them to give a picture of the character of the people. My father was never called "Mr. McCosh," but "Carskeoch," after the farm on which he lived. After his decease in 1820, I had to represent him and the family at the marriages and funerals in the neighborhood. I am able to testify to the great talent which the people showed in their social intercourse, in discussions on all subjects, human and divine, and in the humorous remarks, often very coarse, which they threw out. Burns certainly had not the advantage of a refining education, but he grew up among a people whose shrewdness stimulated his native faculties into life. As I advanced from boyhood to manhood, I remember arguing with the farmers and in the village shops over the most profound subjects.[1]

[1] "The experiences of Dr. McCosh's boyhood have left a clear stamp on his memory, and in the familiar talk which at times interrupts the dignity of a lecture or the solemnity of a sermon, frequently serve to point a moral. One of the most humorous is very characteristic. On a certain day about his eighth year, his mother was to make her regular visit to the nearest market town. Her son was to enjoy the dignity of escorting her as a reward for good behavior. The drive was delightful, and the sense of merit and importance grew stronger and stronger in the child's mind. Arrived in the main street, the horses and carriage were sent to the inn stables, and the shopping tour began. Before long the boy began to suffer somewhat, as do most of his sex under similar circumstances. He was stationed accordingly at the door of the shop with strict injunctions to keep his hands off the tempting wares exhibited at his entrance by the grocer. Before long a sweep with all his sooty armor spied in the doorway the small but important figure, somewhat conscious of his first-best clothes, and began a series of those insulting gestures with which street gamins express disdain and sportive contempt. For a time the young countryman forbore, but he had been "brought up on gude parritch," and could at last endure no more. He accordingly attacked and thoroughly thrashed the mocking sweep before his mother, attracted by the gathering crowd, could interfere. What was his dismay when, instead of

My father was known as promoting religion and morality in his household. "He took the book," as it was styled, every Sabbath evening; that is, he had family worship, which all his children and servants attended. I remember the graphic expressions which he often used in his prayers, especially in confessing his shortcomings. Our parish, Straiton, was a very extended one, some of the people in the muirland district being a dozen miles from the kirk. We could not go to church in a conveyance without going seven miles around, and we preferred a more direct route through an uninhabited moor. Some of my most interesting recollections gather round these Sabbath excursions. My father and mother, who went regularly to the house of God, rode on horseback. We young people walked on foot, except that after my father's death I rode his pony.

My father wished me to become a scholar, and destined me to the work of the ministry. He sent me to school at the age of six. At nine he made me begin Latin. Though not remarkably bright, and particularly with no faculty for acquiring languages, I made good progress in my studies. My master was Mr. Quintin Smith, a fervently pious man, and I owe much to him in calling my attention to religion when there was so little of it in the district. He read extensively, and I often called upon him in the evening and enjoyed the only literary intercourse I could find in the place. He afterwards

the approbation which he felt he had earned, the crowd broke out into laughter at the sight of his sooty and smutty face and garments. The carriage was instantly recalled, the bedraggled victor hurried into it, and the eagerly expected day of pleasure turned into one of humiliation by the long and dreary homeward journey and the reproofs of his father." — John Van Cleve in the "Century Magazine," February, 1887.

went to America, where he became a farmer, teacher, and preacher. He was pleased beyond measure when an American minister showed him a copy of the "Method of Divine Government," by his old pupil.

These were the circumstances in which I was brought up. I owed it to the restraints of God's providence that I did not go astray, as I am sorry to say so many of my companions, the farmers' sons, did. From a very early date I purposed to make the ministry of the Word my life-work.

The motives which weighed with me in taking this step were, I am afraid, of a very mixed and insufficient character. I did not care much for agricultural employment, though I took charge both of the sheep and cattle, and wrought in the hay and harvest fields, all to assist my mother after my father's decease. These occupations gave me a considerable knowledge of the practical affairs of life, and an insight into the character of men and women, which has been of service to me in after life. As to other professions, I did not care much for mixing drugs and visiting the sick, and I did not care to be a lawyer, as I disliked wrangling. I was all along fond of books, and I eagerly read those I had access to. I remember reading in my boyish days "Dwight's Theology," and a large geographical Cyclopædia, which my father had bought from a travelling canvasser. At a later date I read "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded," by Richardson, and the "Spectator," ordered by my sister. So I went on to acquire knowledge, looking to the ministry as the means open to me of gratifying my tastes. I felt all the while that if I was to be a minister, I must be pious. Often, therefore, did I dedicate myself to God, praying

earnestly, but not regularly or systematically. Ever and anon my conscience smote me for the irregularity in my devotions, and I became terribly anxious and earnest, and formed many resolutions for good. I think I can claim all along that I had a loose but sincere desire to do good in ways open to me. I believe that I have so far been swayed by this motive all my life.

It is proper to add that already in my boyish days there had begun a reaction against the moderatism of the previous century. In the parish we had two ministers, who were kind to me personally. We had first Dr. Paul, and after him Dr. Paton, who was settled later in Glasgow. They both preached the gospel in carefully prepared sermons. They were much respected, but scarcely succeeded in rousing the people, who for several ages had been under lethargic influence. What was needed first of all and above all was a John the Baptist to prepare the way of the Lord.

It was when I was so placed and thus exercised that I was sent to Glasgow University, at the premature age of thirteen.

CHAPTER III

LIFE AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY

1824–1829

THE Scotch schoolmaster or "dominie" is well known to every reader of fiction. He was second only to the minister of the parish in the importance which he enjoyed among the people. This was due to the respect felt everywhere for education, and to the fact that in the main the "dominies" were men of sterling character, sound scholarship, and strong piety. The few words in which Dr. McCosh sketches the salient outlines of Mr. Quintin Smith show that his first teacher was a schoolmaster of the highest qualities. From him his young scholar obtained the elements of a sound education, being well grounded not only in the ordinary English branches, but securing a thorough knowledge of Greek and Latin Grammar and of a few authors in each of the classical tongues, together with the elements of Mathematics. For languages, Dr. McCosh considered himself to have had but little aptitude, but he excelled in Mathematics, both pure and applied, being endowed with strong reasoning powers, and having a logical turn of mind. It was therefore with an excellent preparation that he left home to enter upon his college career, not merely in the matter of intellectual attainments, but also in character and experience of life. Although but thirteen years old, he had felt himself, since his father's death, to be the staff

of his family, and bound, as far as in him lay, to carry out the plans for his future which both his parents had cherished as those nearest their heart. It was with a firm purpose, in spite of his teens, that the boy set out for Glasgow University, thirty miles away, in charge of his cousin Samuel Walker McCosh, already a distinguished scholar in that institution of learning. He was sustained by the sense that something of importance, what he could not of course tell, but something real and valuable was to come of his college course; yet for many months he felt serious pangs of homesickness as he saw the coach for Ayr pass the windows of his lodgings, and it was long ere his heart ceased to go with it toward his home in the hill country.

From November, 1824, until the close of the session in 1825, he was one of a preparatory class then connected with Glasgow University. Having completed his preliminary work, he was launched the following year upon the regular course, and for four years more he followed the well-tried round of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, and Logic, together with Metaphysics and Physics, or rather Moral and Natural Philosophy, as the two latter departments were then called. Finally convinced from the traditions of his home, school, and church training, that a knowledge of the classics would open untold treasures, the boy toiled laboriously at his Latin and Greek. To the latter he became devoted, finding special enjoyment, as he often said, in reading Homer's vivid delineations of character. There was nothing of the prodigy in his advancement; in Mathematics he stood well, but he went no farther than the Differential Calculus; in the languages his progress was slow and laborious but sound.

Owing to the early age at which he entered, he "cut no figure" in the class-room, to use his own phrase. He admired and probably envied the precocious lads who stood at the head of their classes, but he was made by them to feel both his extreme youth and his inexperience. Nevertheless, he was undismayed, and with courageous self-respect determined that one day, if not immediately, he would emulate their small successes in a larger sphere. Indeed very few of Dr. McCosh's fellow-students attained great distinction. Perhaps, with a single exception, he rose higher than any of them.

Shy and proud, the young Ayrshire boy made few acquaintances, devoting his energies almost exclusively to his books. His faculties developed slowly and symmetrically in his ambitious but plodding cultivation of the classics, and his hours of recreation were spent in miscellaneous reading. It was the time when a curious world, not pampered and jaded by over-publication, looked upon the appearance of anything from the pens of Scott, Moore, or Byron as an event of the first importance. Among a people of eager readers, whose scanty purses precluded their buying books, the librarians were hard beset, and one of Dr. McCosh's clearest memories was of his struggles for precedence in the favor of the worried and choleric custodian of the precious works which came into the library of Glasgow University. Persisting in his determination to secure the coveted feast without delay, he demanded the successive volumes of those splendid authors within a few days after publication; if unsuccessful, he managed to get them from the circulating libraries in the city at the rate of a penny a night for each.

The stimulus of such reading was a most important supplement to the dry instruction of the class-room, and supplied a vitality for literary life which was not given by the overworked and formal professors, whose teaching, though solid, was not inspiriting. The course of instruction was substantial, but very narrow, and the professors were bitterly opposed to enlarging it. They had fixed salaries of a size entirely inadequate to their wants, and depended for their comfort and well-being upon the fees which they collected, three guineas for each student. In 1825 the number of students had greatly outgrown the facilities of the institution. The few class-rooms were packed, and it was impossible for the instructors to give personal attention to any one of their pupils. The lecture system was not properly developed, and the hearers were not mature enough to profit by it, if it had been. The progress made by each student was determined, therefore, almost entirely by his own capacity and will-power; beyond the invaluable routine of university life he received little, getting a very slight stimulus and less training. It was notorious that very many, possibly the majority, passed through their college course without any intellectual drill, and without even obtaining a minute acquaintance with the few required branches. These were Latin and Greek in the first year, Greek and Logic in the second, Moral Philosophy and Mathematics in the third, and in the fourth year Natural Philosophy, with optional courses in the Higher Mathematics. Moreover, these subjects were not taught with a view to completeness in acquisition or finish. As is well known, there exist in Glasgow University a number of foundations known as the Snell scholarships which entitle those who

obtain them to reside at Oxford for the completion of their studies. It was a general feeling that for the professors, in addition to their regular duties, it was a sufficient ambition to prepare the candidates for these honors thoroughly. Such preparation was of necessity a matter of routine, and in consequence even the ablest young men were not instigated to high and independent scholarship. Inasmuch as the Snell scholars, and those of their fellows who went at their own expense to England, almost regularly entered the Anglican church after their residence in Oxford, the Scottish Kirk, in the west of Scotland, had long been destitute of any real aristocracy of classical scholarship, and the Glasgow professors remained content to prepare their best youth for Oxford, without a thought of rivalling that famous seat of learning, or of elevating their own standards to an equality with the highest.

What saved the instruction from utter mediocrity or worse was a system of regular examinations and written exercises, rigidly enforced and honestly carried out. Dr. McCosh felt in particular that he owed more to the essays he was required regularly to write than to any other, if not all other, elements in his education. In all classes above the lowest these essays were exacted frequently and peremptorily from each student, and the topics were taken from among subjects discussed by the professors in the class-room. So powerful was the influence of this single line of work that it enabled those trained by it to enter the professions and public life side by side with their more favored competitors from the English universities, at a very slight disadvantage. In this respect the Scottish colleges might be copied with profit by all academic institutions. Dr. McCosh was so deeply

impressed at the time by the importance of written work for the student that many years later, in both the institutions where he was powerful in his mature life, the system was expanded and emphasized to a high degree.

The professors of the day at Glasgow were a highly respectable body of men, even though for the reasons given they did not make much of a mark in the world of science and letters, nor upon their pupils. One of them, Daniel Sandford, who was later made a baronet, was a very brilliant man but, being also ambitious, he turned aside into politics, and, though successful in that career, left behind him no enduring monument of his scholarship. The department in which the young McCosh excelled, that of Mathematics, was presided over by a man so eccentric that his conduct was a dangerous incentive to fun and disorder among the students. The penalty for irregularity was a small fine, and this the delinquents were careful to pay in farthings, so as to afford the greatest merriment to the assembled class. If his back were turned for an instant in drawing or explaining a diagram on the blackboard, there was at once a great uproar, and consequently he regularly presented the curious spectacle of demonstrating his propositions with the figure behind him. A common trick was for a student to ask permission to leave the room, and then remain until another would propose to go and seek him; a third would then obtain liberty to search for the other two, and so on until as many as time would permit had gone out on the same pretext. Toward the close of the hour they would all return in a boisterous crowd, each ostentatiously dragging in the culprit who had preceded him.

Such trivial anecdotes serve only to show how constant school-boy nature is. The incident of life in that class-room which Dr. McCosh naturally never forgot was one connected with a certain prize. There were two sections in Mathematics, the division being according to age, and in each a prize was awarded to the best scholar by a method of decision which was still in vogue on this side the sea a generation since, the votes, namely, of the scholars. McCosh was awarded the prize in the junior section by the suffrages of his fellow-students, but by that time he had shot up into a tall, slim lad, and the instructor, declaring that one so large could not possibly be in the lower grade, awarded the coveted honor to Tait, who was afterward Archbishop of Canterbury. The deeply offended sufferer stalked out of the class-room in great dignity. To his latest day as a teacher Dr. McCosh put forth his utmost efforts, ineffectual as they sometimes were, to have some personal acquaintance with each pupil, and to see that each was treated with the most rigid justice.

The natural bent of the young Glasgow student was manifest from the beginning in his predilection for studying the human mind. The two Presbyterian clergymen who taught Logic and Moral Philosophy in the university were "moderates," with whom McCosh could have no affinity or sympathy, ardent and eager as his nature was. One of them he felt to be a fair disciplinarian and a good teacher, but his instruction was jejune and commonplace. The other was a man of greater power, a Stoic in character, and a Sensationalist of the French school in his philosophy, resolving all the powers of the mind in a clear-cut way into Sensation, Memory, and Judgment.

But neither was able to make pupils in the sense of carrying home conviction to students, and the highest merit of both was in spurring their hearers to antagonism. McCosh became an extensive reader of philosophy; in particular he was greatly stirred by Thomas Brown's lectures, and this interest developed into a deep enthusiasm for the study. In fact, Brown captivated his boy reader, who for the time preferred that author's subtle analysis of the mental processes to the more solid work of Reid and Stewart, both of whom he ranks far higher than Brown in his history of the Scottish philosophy.

These earliest investigations, however, led the student to see that Hume had entirely undermined the old metaphysics. He turned, therefore, to the study of the great sceptic, carefully perusing his "Treatise of Human Nature," as well as his shorter and more ornate essays. These, it must be remembered, were the pursuits of a boy not yet sixteen! Partly for this very reason, perhaps, the reader was neither dazzled by the brilliancy nor convinced by the cleverness of Hume's undermining processes. Among his philosophical text-books were the dry, inadequate treatises of Mylne and Combe on the mind. The latter so exalted natural law as to supersede special providence, and a youth like McCosh, naturally devout, found no rest either in their pseudo-orthodoxy or in the negations of Hume. It was in consequence of his private study that as early as his sixteenth year he formed the plan of his life-work, resolving to throw himself into the metaphysical speculations of his day with a view to preparing a work which would express his own dawning convictions, and, as he hoped, have some influence for good. Thoughts

of the "Method of the Divine Government" were already floating in his mind. He had no sympathetic friend in whom to confide, because his cousin, room-mate, and mentor, Samuel, had sickened and died. Their common lodging was in a confined, unwholesome locality, and they had inadequate means of heating their rooms in raw weather, the chimney being smoky. The promising comrade was seized with a sudden violent illness, from which he did not recover. His cousin never forgot the sad and dreary journey on which he conducted the remains, during a dark "eerie" night, over Mearns moor to deposit them in the graveyard of his native parish.

It was perhaps as well that the sixteen-year-old metaphysician had no one in whom to confide his astounding aspirations, for the amusement with which the announcement would have been greeted by the closest friend might possibly have checked them. He was always sensitive to the indifference which his comrades and professors in Glasgow had shown toward him. But he was well aware that his own loneliness, and the self-introversion produced by it, were in no respect different from the experiences of all his fellows, except a very few. During the five years of his residence at Glasgow, sensible and able student as he was, not one of his professors showed him any attention, and being, like scores and hundreds of his comrades, without acquaintance in the city, he had no intercourse with the society of the place. This isolation of the student is, of course, characteristic of all institutions situated in great cities, and Dr. McCosh often remarked with anxiety that this was true not only of European but of American universities. He believed it to be abnormal and dangerous, calculated to quench the

energy and embitter the spirit of a nation's scholars, and consequently a phenomenon of capital importance. The notion that a professor's duty began and ended with the instruction and order of his class-room, was abhorrent to him. He thought it the most serious problem of the higher education to secure the oversight and unremitting care of students, without espionage or any "injudicious interference with the liberty of the young men." In Princeton, at least, he was untiring in his efforts to devise and carry out means to this end; but he felt that his success was only partial. But of one thing any Princeton student might be sure, that, as far as Dr. McCosh was concerned, no aspiration, however soaring, would ever be the object of discouragement, and that in all probability half-formed purposes would rather receive an impulse in sympathetic encouragement.

Moreover, as professor and president, Dr. McCosh struggled with splendid persistency to gratify the social longings of the students as far as in him lay. His house, his means, his family, his acquaintance, were all laid under tribute that no youth within the circle of his influence could ever say that, during his formative years, he had been destitute of the kind word and friendly handshake which he needed for his encouragement and happiness. In the same way the memories of Dr. McCosh's boyhood stimulated him to something far more than an academic interest in the spiritual welfare of those he considered as entrusted to him. There was regular preaching in Glasgow University, but the discourses were never interesting, and were often, from McCosh's standpoint, unsound. He and his intimate friends, therefore, frequented the city churches preferring the ministrations of three earnest

and devout preachers, Brown, Welsh, and Wardlaw. But they had no home feeling in those churches, as they would have had in their own chapel, and the memories of this made him anxious that extraordinary care should be taken of the students' religious life, especially when they were compelled, as he believed they should be, to attend religious services. He thought no preaching too good for them, and felt that the teacher was, like the pastor, bound to regard in paternal solicitude both the religion and the morals of his pupils.

The morals of Glasgow students reflected in all probability those of the homes from which they came, making, of course, due allowance for the relaxation of discipline in the entire absence of family and social control. In McCosh's time there were between twenty and thirty young men at Glasgow from the "Land of Burns," as they liked to call Southern Ayrshire. In the absence of other association they were naturally thrown much together, and for a considerable portion of his Glasgow life McCosh was constant in good fellowship with them. Their meetings appear for some time to have been harmless enough, their conversation being of familiar things, and their intercourse without serious blemish, though there does not seem to have been much seriousness, and frequently time hung heavy on idle hands. Toward the end, matters took a turn for the worse; and, finally, at a meeting in the room of one of the number, it was proposed that they should purchase a pack of cards. Play began, and was continued regularly night after night for some weeks. Though the stakes were small, yet they were sufficient to make gain or loss a serious matter, where all were of moderate means, with frugal allowances. McCosh was

ignorant of the game, whatever it was, but before long he saw that there was cheating, and his losses gave him serious anxiety. Meanwhile, most opportunely, the Christmas holidays came on, and being invited to visit a former master in Edinburgh, he gladly accepted. An opportunity was thus given him carefully to review his whole position. As a consequence, he never again was willing to play cards with or without stakes, and came to regard them much as the Puritans and Covenanters had done; not as they did, however, because their use was at that earlier day characteristic of the frivolous and vicious, but because from experience he had discovered in himself an instinct which he feared might develop into frivolity, if not something worse, and to permit this was, he felt, utterly incompatible with the lofty purposes to which he had devoted himself. "It is one of the bitterest recollections of my life," he wrote, "that of those who associated together more than one half fell into vice of various kinds, such as drinking, licentiousness, and gambling, and never came to hold any position of importance. I ventured to tell this to one of our professors, and was chilled when he remarked that what he had to do was to give instruction in his branch of study, and that it was not his business to look after the conduct of the students." Every reader will recall much similar talk in our own day and country, much fine language about treating students as capable of self-government, and responsible for their own conduct. With such theory Dr. McCosh never felt the slightest sympathy, believing that the formation of good habits was more than the half of education, and that the morals of the young, like their intellect and judgment, required

constant attention from their instructors. Within limits sufficiently wide he encouraged self-reliance and independent action, but he had no patience with the relaxation of discipline which made idleness, deceit, and the easy indulgence of vicious tastes possible for the great majority of college students.

He left Glasgow, having made, on the whole, very little impression upon his teachers and fellow-students, having formed few social connections, either in friendship or enmity, and without any new bonds destined to influence his later life. No one considered him as having displayed any great promise; but as he had found no special encouragement or stimulus, he had experienced nothing destructive of his personality. He was the same reflecting, cautious, self-reliant person on leaving that he had been on entering, but with a horizon greatly enlarged, and with an acquired wealth of plain, homely knowledge of human nature. It appears as if the simple lessons taught by the commonplace incidents narrated above had been in a sense the most enduring and valuable of his long life, and as if the intellectual experiences of his dull class-room work and of his closet had been determinative of his whole career. One thing is certain,— that he left Glasgow with his ambition fired and his conscience quickened. His long intercourse with good books had resulted in a glowing, overpowering desire for fame as a philosopher.

CHAPTER IV

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — LIFE AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

1829–1834

THE magnet which drew young McCosh toward Edinburgh, as it did many other ambitious young Scotchmen, was the teaching of Dr. Thomas Chalmers, then professor of theology in the most famous of the Scotch universities. At the same time, there were other powerful attractions. Like a true patriot, he rejoiced in the ancient and beautiful capital of his nation, believing that with its imposing castle rock, with the picturesque mountain of Arthur's Seat which overlooks it, with the deep ravines which intersect it, with the quaint, historic palace of Holyrood, the massive university buildings, the ancient High Street, and the modern quarters of handsome dwellings, it was, all in all, the grandest city of the world. And this, as he sometimes quizzically said, in spite of the constant mists or the "eastern haar," that local March fog which, creeping up from the sea, searches the inhabitants through and through with chilliness. To live amid the scenes and associations of Edinburgh was justly felt by the young divinity student to be an educational influence of the highest value; for the associations were even more important than the natural beauties of the place. The city at that time was the home of many

eminent men, being a literary centre which rivalled London at its best, if, indeed, its brilliancy did not outshine that of any other home of English thought and letters, earlier or later. Fortunately we have Dr. McCosh's own account of how the great masters of literature and learning impressed him:—

Chief of these in the city was the "Great Unknown," as he was called, but now fast becoming known, not so much by his poetry, which was full of life, as by the wonderful novels he was then writing, which show a greater knowledge of human nature in nearly all its moods than any work in the English language, except Shakespeare's plays. I relished Scott because of his exhibition of Scottish character, which in most cases was perfect. In all cases his pictures of men and women were unostentatious and healthy, and the style was simple and pure. I was never introduced to him, but I could get quite a near view of him when he occupied his place as Clerk of the Court of Session. As he sat there he had at times little or nothing to do, and his countenance, though pleasant, was then somewhat heavy and dull. But the young barristers were proud to have a brief talk with him, and to hear a story from him. He was always willing to gratify them, and as he roused himself his countenance was lighted up like the morning sky. In his works the pictures of scenery and of life and character are all natural and expressive.

We had other men, outside of the college circle, reflecting their glory on the students, and we were proud of them. There was Francis Jeffrey, who became a judge in the Court of Session, with his quick eyes, his

keen, restless expression, his somewhat affected English pronunciation, his fine and independent legal discernment. He was the terror of young ambitious authors, lest he should scourge them in the "Edinburgh Review." Though certainly not promoting genius, witness his prediction as to Wordsworth, — "This will never do —" he was nevertheless encouraging correct taste, good sense, and sound philosophy. Latterly he was a mighty favorite with Free Church people, as he defended the Free Church cause with great ability. We students had no access to these circles, but we heard rumors of them. We read regularly, and with great admiration, the "Edinburgh Review," "Blackwood's Magazine," and the books criticised in them. Both those periodicals held great influence at that time, not only over Scotland but over the three kingdoms, over the United States, and, to some extent, over the Continent. Their spirit was abroad in the very air, and we breathed it.

Within the college there was a number of almost equally eminent men: Sir John Leslie, John Wilson (Christopher North), and Sir William Hamilton, with memories of Dugald Stewart and Brown. Sir John Leslie was then seeking to clear up the mysteries of heat. John Wilson was a man of genius, and the professor of Moral Philosophy. He had no philosophy, but he often gave very fine lectures, and he was the author of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," being the virtual editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" as well. He usually came into the classroom fresh, as if he had just dropped from the lakes and hills of Cumberland, where he had lived at one time, and the students always received him with a loud burst of applause. He commenced by opening his portfolio, and

read from a number of scattered papers, — some of them the fly-leaves of old letters. I remember him giving a very stimulating lecture on the Association of Ideas in Imagination.

But the most eminent man in Philosophy, not only in Scotland, but throughout the world, was at that time in Edinburgh University. I allude to Sir William Hamilton, then professor of Civil History. M. Cousin complains of the British Philosophy, that it was insular. Hamilton was the first to remove this reproach. He had studied at Glasgow, and knew and appreciated the Scottish Philosophy. He had studied at Oxford, and was well acquainted with the Greek Philosophy. At the Oxford degree examination he presented a number of works which astonished the professors. He had studied many a forgotten or obscure writer, whom others did not think it worth their while to look into. I remember him as having a manly appearance, and uttering his views distinctly. Many of the commonplace students did not relish him because they could not comprehend him; altogether, his expositions were too abstract for them. But the higher class of students hung upon his lectures as showing a knowledge far more extensive than that of Hutcheson, or Reid, or Stewart, or Brown.

In the theological department there was, however, the man whom I regard as upon the whole the greatest I have ever met with, I mean Chalmers. He was great as a pulpit orator, as the leader in Church extension and philanthropy, as a methodical and stimulating teacher, and as a man full of love and humor in social and domestic intercourse. He was the most eloquent preacher of his age, being distinguished by the philosophic depths of

the truths he expounded, by the great amplitude and expressiveness of his illustrations, and by the force of his manner. I embraced every opportunity of hearing him. I was more moved by him than by any man I ever listened to. He had commonly only one idea, or rather one principle, in his discourse, but it was a grand one, lying deep down in the government of God, or in the depths of the human heart; and he so expounded it that he fixed it in the mind forever. His whole soul was evidently in his discourse, and, I may add, his whole body in action from head to foot. One Sabbath evening he complained to his wife that his leg was so sore. "No wonder," she said, "for you used it so vehemently to-day in the pulpit."

Some refined Englishman spoke of his language as barbarous, and no doubt it had a rich odor of Fifeshire, but it was throughout massive and expressive. I believe he exercised a greater influence for good on his countrymen than any minister since John Knox. He made the old Calvinistic creed of Scotland look reasonable and philosophic, generous and lovable. He will be remembered in Scotland as the deliverer from the moderatism of the eighteenth century, as the great promoter of Church extension when the population was growing beyond the means of grace, as the greatest defender of the spiritual independence and freedom of the Church when it was being enslaved by political patronage, and as the able leader out of the Church established by law. In particular, he devised and organized that General Sustentation Fund, which was the main support of the Free Church ministers when, by their secession, they lost their state endowments.

To us he was one of the great teachers of his age, he was certainly the greatest I ever studied under. He was methodical in his class arrangements and in the examination of his students; but his grand excellence lay in the enthusiasm which was kindled from the fire of his own heart, and propagated among all the young men under him. It may be allowed that he was not a minutely erudite scholar, and that his expositions of Scripture were not always critically correct, but he unfolded great principles which became the guides of our opinions and of our lives. He began, when minister in Glasgow, the great work of raising the lapsed classes who had been allowed to sink so low during the reign of moderatism. Not a few of us were sent out by him on missionary work in the Cowgate, and among the degraded districts of Edinburgh. He sent forth the great body of his students bent, when they became ministers, not merely on preaching the whole Gospel on the Sabbath, but specially on visiting among the people during the week, on looking after the non-church-going, and the outcast, and on securing, according to Christ's command, that the Gospel "be preached to every creature."

There was also in the theological department Dr. Welsh, sprung from a well-known Presbyterian family in Dumfrieshire, first a minister in a country congregation in the south of Scotland, then called to Glasgow, and at that time Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. He had earned a reputation as having been the biographer of Brown, the metaphysician who introduced the French analysis into the philosophy of Reid and Stewart. I am under great obligations to him. He pronounced a warm eulogium on

one of my discourses, such as I had never had before from any professor. I remember that I delivered it before him very sheepishly, but the students cheered me. He said he held his fingers in my manuscript counting, as he read it, the pages to the close, in the hope it would not end too soon. In subsequent years I owed my appointment to the church in Brechin to Dr. Welsh, who recommended me to Dr. Rutherfurd, then Lord Advocate. Dr. Welsh was a careful professor, but he did not wander into the wider fields which Hamilton was opening.

Such was the state of the University of Edinburgh when I entered it in 1829. I worked most diligently and conscientiously on the lectures of the professors. I was moved most by the lectures of Chalmers, which raised me from day to day above myself and above the world.

In my early Edinburgh life an incident occurred which led me to form a resolution which I have ever since kept. As I was paying my fee to one of my instructors, he made many professions of kindness to me. A few weeks after I called on him on some reason or pretext. On going out of the door I stood a minute or two, looking out for the next place in the college square I meant to go to, when I heard the professor scolding the servant who had let me in. "Did I not tell you I was not to be interrupted, and you let in that impudent fellow," he cried, as he imperiously threatened the man that if he ever again did such a deed he would be instantly dismissed. I formed a resolution on the instant never again to call on any one unless I had business with him. I believe our American interviewers are often led astray

in this way. I believe that our famous men often pose — that is, assume attitudes — when waited on by strangers, who do not, in consequence, get a correct view of their character. I believe I have carried my independence too far, and have avoided persons who would have treated me kindly, and have been of use to me.

I found that in Edinburgh University there was not as much commonplace, useful study exacted as in Glasgow, but the spirit of the place was literary and philosophical, and to a small extent scientific. There I entered on a new life. I had been five years at Glasgow, and was reputable in all my classes; but I was never in the house of any of the professors, nor had any private intercourse with them. I do not blame them for this, as the number of students was large, and they could not attend to them all. In Edinburgh, the Divinity students were asked regularly from time to time to the houses of the professors, and for years before I left I had a general invitation from Dr. Chalmers to take supper Friday night or breakfast on Saturday morning with him. Here I was sure to meet with many eminent foreigners from the Continent and America, and I profited by the contact with them. From this time any ability I had began to develop and show itself. My professors and fellow-students appreciated me as they had never done before. Dr. Chalmers criticised me kindly. I was particularly indebted to Dr. Welsh, professor of Church History.

In my theological course, my reading was extensive and promiscuous. I did not pay so much attention as I ought to the critical study of the Scriptures. I did not dive very deep into the Fathers, though I made myself acquainted with Justin Martyr, and admired his Platonic

spirit. I appreciated thoroughly the higher philosophy of Augustine; I dipped into Plato, and studied Cicero, all for theological purposes. In modern theological literature I read the common works which opposed or established the orthodox doctrines of divinity. I liked the works which dealt with high generalizations, such as Davison on "Prophecy." Butler's "Analogy" was one of our text-books. I profoundly pondered Jonathan Edwards, but was at times irritated by the severity of his system, and could never fully acknowledge as either philosophical or scriptural truth his denial of the freedom of the will. I lightened and brightened my severer studies by extensive reading in Christian biography.

I spent a considerable portion of my time in attending Jamieson's lectures on Natural History, and in studying Lyell's "Principles of Geology." I see a Providence in my continuing from that date to give a great deal of attention to the natural sciences; such acquaintance as I have with them has been of great service to me since I ventured to become a defender of the faith. I read a paper on the subject of geology before a large audience in the University of Edinburgh. Many years after, I did a little service in America to the doctrine of evolution, which was much doubted and suspected by the religious public. I may claim to have been the founder of a nice little school of Natural History in Princeton College, of which Professors Macloskie, Scott, and Osborn have been the able instructors.

But my taste all along was for Mental Philosophy, which I sometimes studied when I should have been attending to theology. At that time I was pondering the deep questions of natural law, with special reference

to Combe's "Constitution of Man," which was exercising a great popular influence. I gave to the Theological Society the ribs of what in after years, when clothed in flesh and blood, became my work on the "Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral." The most distinguished member of the Society, who afterward became the not very successful Professor of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh, attacked me ferociously, from what motive I never could determine. My spirit was aroused, and I defended myself with considerable pluck, and carried with me the students, who a short time after elected me one of their presidents. Henceforth I became one of the leaders in the theological department. In this, as in some other cases, I have got more good from my reverses than from my successes.

There were in the University of Edinburgh a number of literary societies, some of a more private, and others of a more public character, such as the Speculative, which had called forth some of the great public statesmen of the day. I was a member of several of these societies. We discussed the various topics with considerable keenness. In the Theological Society I twice opened the debate on our great Church question, in both cases having Mr. Henry Moncreiff, son of Lord Moncreiff, as my opponent. On the first occasion, the debate was on "The veto of the people on the presentation of a licentiate; shall it be with reasons or without reasons?" I argued that the reason should not be required, as it would leave the presentation in the hands of the Presbytery, who would have to decide the case. Next year the question was, "Shall patronage be abolished?" and I took the side that it should, and the election, under judicious restrictions,

left with the people. To this issue the Church was at last obliged to come.

The war against established churches began at this time, and was carried on keenly by the Dissenters in England and the Seceders in Scotland. The theological students in the university took up the defence. Chalmers was regarded in England, as well as in Scotland, as the ablest defender of the churches established by law. He was greatly impressed with the value of the parochial system of Scotland as providing ministers for every one of the people. His students all took the same side, and they issued some pamphlets arguing that, while the Church and state were different, the one caring for life and property, the other for the moral and spiritual good of man, they yet ought to unite, and would thereby strengthen each other, and accomplish high and important ends. Most of us were eager to reform the Church of Scotland, that it might fulfil these high purposes, and especially make the whole land Christian. I agreed with these views; but somehow I had a deep, unexpressed feeling that the time was coming when the variety of sects would make it impossible for any one church to be established. So I never wrote on the subject, nor took any active part in the struggle.

We students of Edinburgh had much intercourse with each other in our rooms. We discussed every sort of subject, political, religious, philosophic, and literary. On all points we had opinions, and pronounced an opinion which sometimes was and sometimes was not of much value. The consequence was that we had a great deal of life in the theological department; but some of us did not inquire into our spiritual state before God as

we should have done. Yet there were times when we did so.

It seems that I opened my mind fully to John Anderson, with whom I was in constant intercourse. He was the son of a poor blind man from the Water of Urr, in Kirkcudbrightshire, who came to beg his bread in the streets of Edinburgh. Both father and son made friends to themselves, and the son had passed through college. The son was tall and gaunt, but was possessed of considerable genius, and was of fervent, if not consistent, piety. He took a fancy for me on account of some supposed independence and originality in my views. On my writing to him on my spiritual state, he wrote me in reply:

"The truth is, I felt myself little in a capacity to answer the disclosure you then made to me of your spiritual state in a becoming manner. Neither yet do I feel myself able to do so. I have indeed often thought of you. I have thought of you with tears as a dear friend in great extremity; and I have prayed for you with all the earnestness that a miserable sinner like myself can feel and express in behalf of one he extremely loves, that God may be pleased to show you His glory in the face of Christ crucified, to let in so powerfully upon your soul that you shall be made willing instantly, and be filled with a determination to glory in nothing but in His Son, by whom the world is crucified to you, and you to this world. But who is this, you will say, who thus prays for me? My dear McCosh, it tortures me to think that you have such reason to say so. We ought to have spoken of these things before, like men in earnest. We who sympathize with each other so largely in everything else, ought to have opened our minds to each other on this most important of all subjects, and without reserve. But you know how we acted, and many a pang it has cost me

when I think how much the spirit of the world was in our intercourse, and how little of the meek and lowly spirit of the disciple of Jesus. You know something of my life, and you must remember some of my positive sins; but I can say that the happiest moments are those spent in converse with God and in reading His Word. My hopes for eternity hang on the finished work of Christ. I think I have begun the divine life. Sometimes I am full of life and spirit and joy; at other times I am dead and cold and heartless, exactly in proportion as I use the means and engage in my duties heartily as unto God, and not unto man, considering what has been done for me. I am a most unprofitable servant and a vile sinner. I am always striving to do better, but I feel every day more and more that I am far from what I ought to be. But I desire simply to rely on the aid of the Divine Spirit to enable me to work out my salvation with fear and much trembling."

John Anderson and William Wilson were both my very intimate friends, and yet they were of a very different character. The former became a missionary at Madras in India, and was very energetic and successful. The latter was clear, judicious, and cool, and was so known by all his fellow-students. After being minister in several country places, he took charge of the General Sustentation Fund of the Free Church, established by Chalmers to support in a decent manner the ministers who had given up their stipends.

CHAPTER V

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — FIRST PASTORATE. — ARBROATH

1834–1839

SO busy, useful, and happy was James McCosh's student life at Edinburgh that he was almost loath to enter upon what he then believed would be his mission, the work of the ministry. For nearly a year after the completion of his regular theological course, he lingered on, reading extensively in all departments of thought, but in particular, acquiring as thorough a knowledge of the physical sciences as the opportunities furnished by Edinburgh would permit. It is interesting to note at the close of the nineteenth century that at its opening an institution so famous as the University of Edinburgh furnished little or no instruction in the sciences of nature, and that McCosh was driven to extra-academic quarters in pursuit of those studies. The foundation he laid in this irregular way was nevertheless a solid one, and the acquaintance with physics, chemistry, geology, and biology which he obtained by his own exertions in youth was invaluable in middle and advanced age, when he came practically to deal with the encyclopædia of knowledge, the classification of the sciences, and the proportionate importance of various

branches of learning, both as a philosopher and an educator.

There was also something more than zeal for knowledge in the young theologian's lingering, — it was a certain hesitancy about taking the irrevocable step. Largely influenced by his parents' wishes, he had advanced from stage to stage of the course preparatory to entering the ministry without any special sense of being impelled by his own instinct or reason. Carefully trained in the precepts of strict morality, and inspired with high motives, he had led a life of purity and industry throughout his student years, and had found himself open to the influences of Chalmers's preaching and teaching, being far from averse to practical work among the lapsed classes in the Edinburgh slums. Nevertheless, having become more and more conscious of his bias toward an intellectual life and the pursuit of original investigation, especially in the line of mental philosophy, it was a real question whether he could abandon these enticing paths, in which he had received the personal stimulus and encouragement of such a man as Sir William Hamilton, for the less congenial work of a preacher and pastor, even though directed to the latter course by the precepts of Chalmers. Long afterwards, Dr. McCosh, conversing with a Princeton pupil about the personal influence of teachers, made a special reference to Sir William Hamilton and asked, "Do you know the greatest thing he ever said to me? It was this: 'So reason as to have but one step between your premise and its conclusion.'"

Doubtless this style of concrete reasoning was what had turned the scale in favor of the ministry at the

critical moment of choice in 1834. He had just completed an essay on the Stoic Philosophy, which his great philosophical master commended in the highest terms, and for which the University conferred on the author its degree of M.A., an academic distinction which was a very high and much coveted honor. But for all that, something was burning in his heart which could not be quenched, and the influence of Chalmers prevailed. Of what followed the account can be given in Dr. McCosh's own words.

I was licensed by the presbytery of Ayr in the Spring of 1834, a member being appointed to tell me that I must make my preaching less abstract, and leave out all such terms as "transcendental," which I had used. My conscience told me the same thing, and I labored with excessive care to acquire clearness in language, and to avoid metaphysical statements in my preaching. My aim was to become a minister of a country parish, and I determined to make myself understood by every one. In my carefulness about the future, I had written about a score of sermons, but the greater number would not preach, and in the course of time I burned them. I never could prepare useful and acceptable sermons until I became a pastor, visited among my people, and learned their wants from themselves. Meanwhile I formed the resolution never to preach anything but the gospel as alone fitted to move and regenerate mankind; and to do this in language which old and young, and rich and poor could comprehend. My ideal is carried out in the "Gospel Sermons," which I selected for publication upwards of fifty years afterwards.

I wrote my sermons with care, and committed them to memory. I believe that the delivery was felt to be stiff by myself and the people for many years. In the end, I had my papers before me in the pulpit, and I believe that my manner was more free than it had been before. If I had to live my ministerial life over again, I would read every Sabbath forenoon with as much freedom as possible, and suit myself to those who wished instruction, while in the afternoon or evening I would fill my mind with the subject, and seek to stimulate the people. In this way, I might acquire both methods, each serving a good purpose.

I preached all around, both in town and country, but chiefly in the country. I had a good horse, and set out on the Saturday with my sermons in a saddle-bag behind me, preached twice on the Sabbath, and returned home on the Monday, the minister on one occasion giving a hint to me by telling his servant to boil two eggs for me, as I was about to travel.

I was always received very pleasantly by the minister, and have very pleasing recollections of the manses of Scotland. At this time the "Moderate" regime was passing away in favor of the revived "Evangelism." I made the acquaintance both of the moderate and evangelical clergy. Both parties opened their minds to me. The former had little or no faith in the Westminster confession, to which they had sworn, nor in conversion, nor in the atonement for sin. They were rankled by the discrepancy between their real and their avowed creed, and often spoke bitterly of those opposed to them. The latter were somewhat afraid of the people having too much power, were trusting to the veto law, and were

not in favor of the abolition of patronage. Some of the best of the evangelicals were full of hope, expecting a new era in the Church of Scotland, and having no idea that it would be disestablished when reformed. This I confess was my feeling.

Having no particular office, and wishing to secure the influence of landed proprietors, I became tutor in the excellent family of Mr. Graham of Meiklewood, near Sterling.

Meanwhile a ministerial vacancy occurred in Kirkmichael, a parish adjoining my native place, by the death of a moderate minister of no great talent and no religious zeal, who had contented himself with giving sound moral advice on the Sabbath with a very uncertain gospel sound. The people, consisting of farmers with their families, of village tradesmen and shopkeepers and farm-servants, were longing for something better, and, being unable to secure access to the village church, they met in the street on a cold evening in March and resolved to recommend me to the crown, which had the patronage. In order to assure success they further resolved to petition their heritors,[1] as likely to be consulted. The whole parish, the whole district, became agitated. Mr. John McClymont, an accomplished farmer, corresponded with me, and urged my acceptance of the call on the part of the people. I resolved to stand by them, and they stood steadfastly by me. I got the favor of about one-third of the heritors, but the majority were against the popular movement, and against me; among my opponents was a vain merchant who had been appointed a trustee by my father to look after the family property.

[1] The Scotch designation for the proprietors or landholders of the parish.

The Tories were in power at the time, and issued the presentation to a rival candidate who had only one vote at the popular election. This was on a Friday; on the Monday following, the Liberals came into power in Parliament, and would certainly have given me the presentation had not the whole matter been foreclosed. There was some intention of vetoing the presentee, but a majority could not be got to do this. The case thus ended in a loss and heavy discouragement to the popular movement throughout the whole district. After the disruption, I helped to set up a Free Church in Crosshill, a village in the parish, and the Rev. John McCosh, a distant cousin of mine, partially endowed it.

I was now anxious to have a ministerial charge. The first place I was settled in was the Abbey Chapel, Arbroath, or as it is called in these advancing days, Abbey Church, being led thereto by my college friend, the Rev. John Laird, then assistant minister in the parish church. There I was promised one hundred pounds a year; afterwards I received a little more. It was about the midland of Scotland on the east coast, with very grand cliffs in the neighborhood, described by Scott in "The Antiquary;"[1] along these I often walked, and from them I got a clear view of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which shines so cheerily to save sailors from these terrible waves.

My congregation consisted mainly of small manufacturers, shopkeepers, artisans, tradespeople and laborers, with a considerable body of seafarers sailing upon vessels engaged in bringing flax from the Baltic, together with their families. There were also a very few from the higher class, such as lawyers, teachers, and doctors. I

[1] It is believed that Arbroath was the Fairport of Scott's famous novel.

prepared my sermons industriously on the first three or four days of the week, and committed them on the Saturday. The discourses were clear, full of truth, at times notional, — that is, full of my own notions. I really meant to be earnest, and the people believed me to be so. In looking back on my ministry, I see that I was wanting in tenderness. I had more of the manner of Paul than of Jesus or of John. Both fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, bore most generously with the young man settled among them.

I had a parish of about two thousand people allotted to me, and visited from house to house, passing by no one, but calling on all, according to the ancient parochial system of Scotland. The people of all classes and of the various denominations welcomed my visits. I had a deep interest in speaking to the families. I found out whether they attended church, and never found fault when they went to some other church than mine. I remember that a young man felt very much caught when, after declaring that he attended the Abbey Church, he admitted in response to my question if he had ever seen me there that he had not, though I had ministered there for months. I fell in with him when he was just giving up church attendance, and I managed to induce him to wait on my ministry. I inquired especially about the children, and thus secured the favor of the parents and of the children themselves. I spoke most earnestly to parents about their children, and we prayed for them. I often left the mother in tears. I got a great hold of the sailors' wives, and talked with them about their husbands away on the Baltic Sea, and the sailors were grateful when they came home for the attention I had paid to their wives and children in their absence.

I had at times difficult offices to perform. When a sailor was shipwrecked, the people came to me to announce the calamity to his widow. I tried to prepare her first by talking about death, or reading the chapter about the resurrection of Lazarus. But this scarcely alleviated the trial. She commonly anticipated the drift of my discourse and would burst out, "Tell me, is my husband lost?" I had to let nature take its course. I left her with her friends or neighbors, and came back a few hours later or the next day, when she could listen to me. I have at this moment a most vivid remembrance of these scenes, which were among an unsophisticated people with no deceit or disguises. I have a vivid recollection of an old man who fell dead in my arms, as I was praying with him. I remember how distracted I felt when I had to comfort a member of my church whose husband, a high class teacher, had committed suicide.

As I was trustworthy, I was able to gain the confidence of the people, and they often unbosomed themselves to me. Wives told me of their trials with their drunken or passionate husbands, husbands spoke of their difficulty with their capricious wives, and parents of the waywardness of their children. I always sympathized with them and gave them the best advice I could. I was able in this way to soothe many a sorrow, and to heal wounds that had been long rankling.

I organized Sabbath Schools, carefully looking out for competent and pious teachers. I was not particularly successful in addressing children, but I set up a special class for young men and women upwards of fifteen years of age. I had commonly seventy or eighty, often a hundred or a hundred and twenty, in attendance. I selected

a subject, such as a book of Scripture which we studied, or a particular topic, such as prophecy, or the history of an era of Old or New Testament History. I prepared with great care for my teaching and gave information not always of a commonplace kind, or else I sought to offer wise and useful reflections. I examined the young people regularly and systematically, always giving the subject a practical direction. In teaching such advanced classes, I prepared myself for my work in after years in the colleges at Belfast and Princeton. I cannot recall these scenes without the deepest emotion. I hope to meet with members of these classes in heaven. On these occasions I got acquainted with the character of young men and women, and was able to deal with them personally.

One day, in passing along the main street, I came upon a butcher who was cutting up a huge ox. I asked him to give me a few minutes to speak to him, his wife and family. His wife earnestly entreated him to do so, but he answered roughly that he did not wish for such visits. So I had to pass on, but I whispered in his ear as I passed that if ever he was on a bed of sickness he could send for me at any hour of the night or day. A few weeks after, I heard a loud knock at my door about two in the morning. and, on attending to it, I found a young woman, who told me that her father, this same butcher, was dying and wished to see me immediately. In a few minutes I was at his bedside. He apologized for his previous rudeness, adding that I was the only one who ever seemed to care for his soul. I addressed him earnestly, and he listened keenly. He died a few hours after. The news of this incident spread over the

whole district, and I never afterwards had a refusal of a visit.

In Arbroath we had a constellation of active young ministers, all of whom rose to eminence. There was William Stevenson, who preached the truth in a bright but somewhat artificial style, and who became a professor in the theological department of Edinburgh University. There was Robert Lee, born in Berwick on Tweed, of whom it was as difficult to determine whether he was an Episcopalian or Presbyterian, as to settle whether his birthplace was in Scotland or England, who was as sharp and quick as a wagtail, and who sought, in a theological chair in Edinburgh, to form the character of young men after the fashion of Episcopacy. There was James Lumsden, who preached a Calvinistic creed in the language of the seventeenth century, who became principal of the Free Church College, Aberdeen, and who defended, as a preacher, the doctrines of the Westminster Assembly. There was John Laird, who preached the gospel simply and warmly, who was a great favorite with the common people, and who was asked by a large body of the servant-girls to perform the ceremony when they were married. There was another, as bright as any of them, who fell into vice, and I will not name him.

Thomas Guthrie was at that time minister of the quiet country parish of Arbirlot, which lay in the immediate vicinity of Arbroath. He was sprung from a highly reputable and religious family, inhabiting the neighboring city of Brechin. We soon became intimate, but on one point we had no sympathy with each other, — he had no fondness for abstract thought, and he hated metaphysics. But he was very genial. We agreed on all great public ques-

tions, both of religion and politics, and we acted together in all church matters. He lived two miles and a half out of town; he always called on me when in town, and I spent the happiest hours of my Arbroath life in walking out, when I was wearied with my parochial work, and spending a time with him and his family. He had a great knowledge of human nature and of mankind, and I consulted him on all great occasions. Indeed, he and Dr. McLeod were the shrewdest men I ever knew in foreseeing the probable issue of complicated circumstances. He was ready, when I was a young man, to put himself to any amount of trouble to forward my advancement. He helped me more than any other to obtain positions of usefulness, and he continued to be the best friend I ever had beyond my own family.

It was said of Burke, that he could not meet a common man for a few minutes under a shed without the man feeling interested in him. This language might be used of Thomas Guthrie. He had a pleasant word for every one, that is, he said something which would gratify the man he addressed. He was particularly fond of talking to farmers and their servants, males and females. The consequence was that he became a great favorite in his parish. It is a noteworthy circumstance that he was five years a probationer without receiving a call. At that time he preached as others preached, and did not preach better than others; but when he became minister of Arbirlot he let out all his heart and genius, and followed a course of his own. He arranged to give a discourse, written and committed, in the forenoon, and to have a meeting with the young people in the afternoon; in the afternoon he was to catechise the young on the sermon

of the morning. He told me that he was never so humbled as when he found he could get little or nothing of his discourse from his country boys and girls. He felt that he was laboring in vain. From that date he changed his manner of preaching, and his mode of addressing meetings, allowing free space for his whole nature, knowledge, and experience to flow out. He made shrewd, practical remarks, told anecdotes of what he had seen and heard, and used illustrations from common life and scenes in which the people were interested. Now every eye was fixed upon him as he preached, and in the afternoon he could get all his discourse back from his ploughmen and servant-girls. There was an immediate change in the feeling of the whole parish, and nearly every one, old as well as young, attended the afternoon as well as the forenoon service. He preached in the same way when he went to other places. He was not known as yet in the great cities. But, in the country places around, whenever he preached crowds gathered to have their hearts warmed.

I remember as fresh as yesterday the first time I heard him. It was at a week-night missionary meeting, held at Barry, among an intelligent, old-fashioned, country people. He was appointed to be the last speaker, as nobody would leave the meeting till they heard him. He commenced with a plain statement, but he soon told a rich anecdote of a contest among the "shearers" or reapers who were cutting the grain, which had occurred over the Voluntary Controversy, at that time raging throughout the whole country. The story was so funny that the people began to laugh, and, as he continued, the laughing on the part of the entire audience became so

oppressive that an old man of seventy drew himself up, holding his sides, and with some difficulty got out the request, "Please, Maister Guthrie, *stap* (stop), we can stand this nae langer." The speaker at once changed his tune, and described a shipwreck which had happened on their coast. The young women began to hide their tears, and at last the whole audience bowed their heads like bulrushes, with the tears flowing from their eyes. The sufficiently conceited student who recites this, who had lately left Edinburgh University, said to himself, I am left far behind. Here a new man has appeared, a new fire, which will burn over the land.

At this moment I see him before me in the pulpit. He was tall, six feet two, bony and somewhat gaunt. His voice was loud but mellow; he could modulate it well, and at times it became low and pathetic. His preaching was distinguished by two very marked features, — he showed amazing sense, and great masses of practical wisdom came out. People did not say, but they felt "that man knows what is what; he knows what is in my heart; he speaks to my experience, to what I have passed through; he knows my labors and my troubles, and I feel that I can trust him and take him as my adviser." He was not a very deep expounder of Scripture, but in plain, graphic words he could make the Bible incidents stand before you, and make you acquainted with the men and women who then lived. As he brought the scenes before a promiscuous audience, perhaps he called forth deeper feeling than any preacher of his day. I remember sitting far back in an unobserved place in a church in Arbroath, and how my attention was called to a working man and his wife sitting beside me. I

watched their actions. The wife at first did not think her husband sufficiently attentive, and when the preacher was giving some good advice she nudged him. After a while the remark came from him, "I am sure that's true." The eyes of both were now gazing upon the speaker. By and by the tears were flowing from her eyes without her noticing it. The husband was determined on being manly and on not yielding to such womanly feeling; but I observed that he too had to form an awfully strong resolution to keep himself from bursting into tears. As this laboring man felt, so also felt the nobleman, so also felt the University scholar, in listening to him.

While thus immersed in my pastoral labors the following letter came to me very unexpectedly:

June 20, 1837.

As Clerk of the Kirksession of Old Grey Friars, in Edinburgh, and of a Committee of that Congregation, I have been requested that you will have the goodness to preach in that Church on Sabbath next, the 25th inst., in the forenoon, with the view of filling up the present vacancy in that Church.

I. O. Mack.

I felt this to be an honorable proposal. I had evidence that I owed it to Mr. Alexander M. Dunlop, the eminent church lawyer of Edinburgh. He had heard of me as a student, especially from Dr. Welsh. He was seeking with others to elevate the style and tone of preaching in Edinburgh; in other words, to set aside moderatism and revive evangelism. The session was particularly anxious to have a popular, evangelical minister to succeed Dr. Inglis, the

leader of the Moderate party, who had preached to a small congregation in Old Grey Friars.

Here, I may remark, that I look on Alexander Dunlop as one of the noblest of the men whom the Disruption struggle brought into prominence. I never knew a man of more sensitive honor or higher moral trust. He was the main guide of the Church in matters of law before the Disruption, and for years after. Seeking no remuneration, or temporal honor, or aggrandizement of any kind, he insisted on keeping the Church consistent to its principles, and carefully avoiding everything mean.

I took the whole subject of the invitation to Edinburgh into serious and prayerful consideration. I knew that a serious responsibility lay upon me, whether I accepted or declined: I knew that the Church had come to a crisis, I saw that there was a great field of usefulness opened to me in Edinburgh, provided I was fit for the charge; but I was aware of my own deficiencies. I knew that I was not an orator. I respectfully but firmly declined. Now, in my advanced years, as I review the whole event, I see that I did right in the decision I came to. I am sure that my style of preaching would not have kept up a congregation for a lifetime in Edinburgh.

In the same letter in which I declined, I strongly recommended the Rev. Thomas Guthrie for the office, stating to the council that he would greatly interest and attract the people, and would fill the church immediately. In my letter I said that Mr. Guthrie could move the people as Daniel O'Connell did, but told them that they would not find in him the polished speaker they had usually sought in Edinburgh. This language frightened some members of the council, for Daniel

O'Connell was at that time a great bugbear in Scotland, and I had to write an explanation which satisfied them. Mr. Guthrie was asked to preach, as I had been, but at once declined. In fact Mr. Dunlop had great difficulty in dealing with Mr. Guthrie, who was not willing to be regarded as a candidate, or disposed to leave his people. He wrote peremptorily, asking his name to be withdrawn.

It was agreed to send down a committee to hear him preach. I gave a hint of this to him. He wrote to me, "I have a plan in my head as to fleeing not the country but the parish on Sabbath first." I arrested this by telling him that this would be as bad as Jonah's deed, in fleeing when called to work in Nineveh that great city. The deputation heard him preach in his own church and then in the evening in Arbroath, where he happened to officiate, and strongly recommended that he should be called. He wrote me, "If I am elected I will go, and I go just because I would then feel it to be a call of Providence and duty, but if it has been the Divine will, it will give me greater pleasure to know that the election has fallen on another." In spite of these remonstrances he was elected, and he felt at once that he had to leave his quiet sphere which he so loved, and to engage in a great work in the metropolis of his country. He said to me, "I will give it a fair trial, and if I do not draw the people in Edinburgh, I will go down to some country parish."

When he was elected, a number of his co-presbyters, among whom he was a favorite, gathered around him and said: "Mr. Guthrie, you must change your style of preaching when you have to appear before an audience so polished as that in Edinburgh." When I heard this I implored him not to alter his mode of speaking, assuring

him that human nature is much the same everywhere, and that what had moved the people of Arbirlot and Arbroath, would also move the people of Edinburgh.

When he delivered his first sermon, many turned out to hear the unknown man from the country, who had never preached in Edinburgh before. He gained the people at once. Next Sabbath, and every Sabbath down to his retirement, so many people gathered that they did not know how to get them seated.

CHAPTER VI

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — SECOND PASTORATE AND DISRUPTION OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH

1839–1851

FULLY conscious of his own ability, young Mr. McCosh was nevertheless his own severest critic. It was a deed of great courage, an act of tremendous self-denial, for a country minister in a subordinate position, ambitious, vigorous, and confident, to refuse the tempting possibility held out to him by the authorities of Grey Friars' Church. In estimating his position before and during the disruption of the Scotch Kirk, it has been remarked with some degree of astonishment that he never held a commanding position either in the universities or in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland. The incidents narrated in the last chapter, taken along with another to be told in connection with a call to an important Scotch professorship, which several years later he virtually dismissed before it was made, are sufficient evidence that the position he did hold was altogether of his own choosing, and not determined by lack of appreciation or of opportunity. In 1838, the year after he had been invited to present himself as a candidate in the pulpit of Grey Friars, he received and accepted the crown appointment as minister in the Established Church at Brechin, a small but busy city of Forfarshire, at no great distance from Arbroath. This he owed to the watchful

solicitude of his former teacher, Dr. Welsh. Of his labors in the Brechin charge, which began in 1839, he has left an interesting sketch. His colleague in the pastorate was the Rev. A. L. R. Foote, a man of sound sense and excellent parts: —

I have a very vivid recollection of Brechin in Forfarshire, as I first saw it when I passed on horseback over Burghill, on the south side, and came in view of the valley of the river Southesk, immediately below and before me. On the slope on the opposite side of the river, I saw the gray old town with its two prominent towers: the one, the cathedral tower built in the twelfth century by King David I., "the sair saint for the crown," so called because he erected so many ecclesiastical buildings; the other and older, the Round Tower, built by Irish workmen about the year one thousand of our era, as I showed in co-operation with Mr. Black, the town clerk. Behind and beyond, a few miles on the north side, were the huge Grampian Mountains, forming a grand background. On the left side, were Brechin Castle (a somewhat plain building), and its rich domains; and on the right side, at the base of the Grampians, sweeping towards the east, the rich plain called the Howe [or Hollow] of the Mearns. It was destined that in this city I should spend several of the most active and enterprising years of my life.

Brechin, with its 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, might be regarded as a fit representative of the smaller Scotch towns. In it were a flax mill, a bleachfield, several manufactories of linen, a distillery of whiskey, several banks, and ordinary shops or stores. As an upper class, were ministers, lawyers, and teachers, then shopkeepers, mechan-

ics, dressmakers, servants and day-laborers. The great body of the inhabitants were hand-loom weavers, earning only eight or nine shillings a week, but carefully rearing their families. There were too many public-houses in the town and though the greater body of the people were sober, drinking was resorted to on all social occasions, and a number became victims of intemperance.

The parish was well provided with the means of grace. There was the Cathedral Church, with its two endowed ministers, and a Chapel of Ease, which had been made a parish church *quoad sacra*. There was an Episcopal Church, attended by the country gentry in the neighborhood, and by the descendants of the families that had stood by "Prince Charlie." There was an original "Secession Church," which clung resolutely to the principles of the Old Scotch Church, and vehemently opposed Patronage and all other evils. There were also two other "Secession Churches," and a "Relief Church," shortly afterwards united in one denomination, all of which belonged to bodies which had been out of the Established Church of Scotland, and were now opposed to the union of Church and state under every form. This may seem rather too large a number of denominations to be in one small town. The ministers of different denominations had little communication with each other, but they had no quarrels.

Keen and extreme dissenters received me gladly. I explained to the dissenting families that I did not mean to interfere with their attendance at their own places of worship. I devoted one day a week to the work of general visiting; I devoted another day to visiting specially the sick, the infirm and aged. This was the method of the Established Church, and it was a powerful means of

gaining the whole parish. Other days I wrote; and, in the early stages of my ministry, on the evenings of these days, I spent time occasionally at social parties; but far more frequently I spent my leisure in reading extensively, and often to a late hour, in literature and in my favorite subject of philosophy. In the winter I paid special attention to the families in the town district. Having announced on the previous Sabbath the locality in which I meant to visit, say, Cadger Hillock, I found all the people waiting for me, except those engaged in the factories, who had to take their places in the works. I took down the names of all in each household, inquired whether the young were attending a day school and a Sabbath class. I spoke briefly to them, putting a few questions, and commonly joining in prayer. I appointed a meeting in the evening at eight o'clock, never in a rich man's house, commonly where there was an aged or a bed-rid person. We had usually the whole people of the district attending. I gave an address on some practical subject. The whole exercise lasted one hour. In this way I got acquainted with the young and the old, and prompted children to join our Sabbath classes, and those a little further advanced in life to join my class for the young above fifteen years of age.

I visited the country district in the summer. After an early dinner, I started on horseback (I always kept a good stout horse), and put up at a selected farm-house, where the horse was sure to get a feed of corn. I visited all the afternoon in the district, and paid special attention to the young and the infirm. At five or six o'clock I was sure to have a grand tea provided at the place at which I had left my horse. At half-past six the whole

people assembled, and I spoke to them, often having an attendance of seventy or eighty. I rode home at night, feeling that I had spent a profitable day, and praying for a blessing on what had been done. When I got home, I often carried my reading far into the night. Take, as illustrating this, my visit to Barrelwell, a large farm-house, once a year. After breakfast I rode out to the farm-house. I spoke a few words privately to the master and mistress. I then went among the servants, and spent a few hours in making myself acquainted and conversing with them, especially speaking to fathers, mothers, and children. In the afternoon, all the people on the farm met in the farm-house. I catechised them in a simple way on the Shorter Catechism, or on some portion of Scripture made known beforehand. Afterwards I addressed the whole people, who might have amounted to sixty or seventy.

In this way I got thoroughly acquainted with the people, rich and poor, old and young. I encouraged them to open their minds and hearts to me, especially their troubles, personal and household, taking care never to repeat what was said to me, and checking scandal of every kind. I tried to make the people feel that they had a trusty friend in me. I felt the deepest interest in talking to the people, and often got much knowledge from them of human character.

The parochial system of Scotland was a most powerful means of sustaining and diffusing religion in the country. There is unfortunately nothing like it in America. There should be some substitute devised. When the disruption of the Church of Scotland came, this method had to be given up, and I cannot tell how much I regretted it.

The congregational system cannot possibly serve all the purposes of the parochial; it leaves gaps which are not filled up. It would be desirable to secure, among the numerous denominations in America, a modified system, a Federation of Churches, under which the minister would be responsible for every family in a certain district, though having no power of excluding any other form of Christianity from entering it. It is only thus that according to our Lord's command the gospel can be preached to every creature.

In these visitations, ludicrous incidents occurred on various occasions. In the parish, we had two wealthy women who kept a pawn-shop and lodged vagrants. I did not know very well how to reach them. It occurred to me that I should take a bold course, and ask them to open their house for an evening meeting. They felt pleased beyond measure, and spent most of the day in inviting their neighbors to attend. The people considered my choice of a house as very queer, but came out in great numbers. On that evening they had for lodgers a travelling company with an enormous monkey. When I began to address the people, the monkey came out from a side room and took his place on a table exactly opposite me, whether of purpose on the part of its owners to play me a trick I could not find out. To every motion of mine, whether moving my head or lifting my hands or stamping my feet, the monkey made a corresponding motion, all with a face of deepest gravity. What was to be done? I could not keep a respectful attention on the part of the people. The scene was inexpressibly ludicrous. No one had the courage to interfere. Attempts were made to suppress the laughter, which were not

successful. What was to be done? The people thought I was well served for selecting such a house. The thought occurred to me to make a vehement jerk to one side. The monkey, in copying me, fell on the floor, and was carried off in disgrace by his owner. I was deeply moved myself, and in my address I awed the whole people. I left orders there, and in all similar places, when I visited them, that if any beggars or vagrants became ill I was to be immediately sent for. I was occasionally called for, and had always eager listeners, at times on the part of some who had seen better days, and who drank in the truth which they had learned in their younger years.

My heart ever warms when I think of Brechin. Here I had the privilege of preaching the gospel from week to week to large congregations, and training thousands of young people in religion. Here I was pleasantly acquainted with nearly every one, and had not a few personal friends. Here my children were born. Here I buried a dear boy. The greatest gift which I got was my dear and excellent wife. She was the daughter (the second) of Alexander Guthrie, an eminent physician known all over the country, and a brother of the Rev. Thomas Guthrie. She has proved to be a most loving wife to me, and has constantly watched over me and my interests. She was an admirable household manager, and enabled me to live handsomely at times on a small income. She had a good deal of the Guthrie character. She was characteristically firm, and did not always yield to me. She advised and assisted in all my work as minister and professor. She visited sick students and looked after their welfare. A hospital costing thirty

thousand dollars has been erected in Princeton College, bearing down her name to future generations.

During the years I spent at Brechin I had to come through a great crisis in the history of the Church of Scotland, and therefore of Scotland generally, which was so identified with its Church. A great question came to a head at this time, and I threw myself into it, heart and soul. There were really two connected questions involved. The one was the spiritual independence of the Church. We believed that a church enslaved by the state could not fulfil the high ends contemplated by Christ in setting up his Kingdom. We believed that the Church of Scotland, established by law, greatly needed reformation. I entered and continued in it, believing that we could reform it. The other question was the right of the members of the church to have power in the election of their pastors. It was in this last question that I took the deepest interest.

As to the first question, I was deeply convinced that in order to accomplish the great moral and spiritual purposes for which it was instituted, the Church must be free, and not under Patrons and politicians. But somehow I had always a suspicion that a church fully endowed might be tempted into ecclesiastical tyranny, which could only be counteracted by control being given to the membership. I was of opinion that the Christian Church should at this crisis have demanded the abolition of Patronage out and out, and argued that it would be carried by the wave of popular rights which had given us the Reform Bill. The great body of the Church was not prepared to go this length. A large number of the ministers had little faith in popular elections, and were

rather favorable to a continuance of Patronage if it could be properly restrained. The proposed remedy, favored by Chalmers and Lord Moncreiff, was to give the congregations a power of vetoing any obnoxious presentee.

The great body of the church leaders being sure that an anti-patronage law would not be enacted by Parliament, this compromise measure was passed by the Church. We acted on it from 1834 to 1843; and good was done, as the Patrons felt that they had to inquire carefully into the character of the persons they appointed. Meanwhile, cases occurred in which congregations vetoed the presentee, as in Strathbogie, and in which presbyteries refusing to settle with the ministers, the affair was carried up to the law courts. The Court of Session, by a majority of eight to five, decided that the Church was acting illegally, the minority of five containing some of the ablest judges on the bench, such as Lord Glenlee and Lord Jeffrey. The whole question came finally before the House of Lords, which virtually decided that the veto law was illegal. It now became clear that we had to separate from the Established Church. A convocation of non-intrusion ministers was held with closed doors in Edinburgh. I was for continuing the fight, but the meeting unanimously resolved, more wisely, to make a final appeal to the national legislature. As again it declined to relieve us, we had no course left us but to retire. I made a motion in the presbytery, which virtually separated us from the church established by law. It was agreed between Dr. Foote and myself that he should go up to the General Assembly to take part in the formal separation, and that I should remain over the Sabbath in Brechin, to watch over the movements of the congregation. I went up to

Edinburgh on Monday, and signed the protest, joining with between four hundred and five hundred ministers in organizing the Free Church. This disruption was a great event in the history of Scotland. I certainly regard it as the greatest event in my life.

I passed through the crisis with very solemn feelings and with very deep convictions. On the first Sunday after, I spoke from the text, "But many of the priests and Levites and chief of the fathers who were ancient men, that had seen the first house, when the foundation of this house was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people, for the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off." I spoke of what we had lost by our giving up our connection with the state, but showed definitely that we could not have retained our emoluments in consistency with our principles, which we could never abandon. I dwelt fully on what we had secured in the full liberty which we now enjoyed, spoke encouragingly and hopefully to the people, and exhorted them to go forward in the great work allotted to them.

In the parish church we had upwards of fourteen hundred members. Of these, over eight hundred joined the Free Church movement, while about six hundred remained in the Established Church. I was disappointed, I confess, that more did not go with us. I felt keenly my separation from some who had been under my ministerial care, but who remained behind. The great body of those who were regarded by us as pious, of those who felt an interest in the advancement

and purity of the Church, went with us. All along there was a number of farmers and tradesmen satisfied with the state of the Church, and not willing to be burdened with the payment of a minister's stipend; these stuck closely to the state-endowed Church. There were a few who worshipped with us for some weeks, and then left us, including Alexander Mitchel, who afterwards rose to be a professor and a leading divine in the Established Church of Scotland. Those who adhered to us formed a happy union, and went on hopefully, subscribing liberally to our funds, and working steadily in our cause. On one occasion the collectors of our funds passed the door of a poor woman without calling on her, because she was so poor. She came out in an excited state, asking if they deemed her unworthy of the Lord's work, and insisted upon giving her mite.

There were painful scenes, husbands taking one side and wives another; young men and maidens going with us, while their parents remained behind. In some cases, fathers threatened to disinherit their children if they went with us. A young woman told me that her father said that he would give her nothing but bread and water to feed on until she returned to the old Church. I believe that in all these cases the threatened parties continued firm, and in most cases the hearts of those who threatened them relented.

I kept up my courage, and acted as manfully as I might. At times I had fears, but I carefully suppressed them, and they were immediately lost sight of in the midst of prevailing hopes which carried me on. Being accustomed to receive state aid, I had not so much faith in the willingness of the members to maintain their min-

isters as I afterwards had. I did not know, when I left the parish church, where I should have to go. I knew that I could never have so large and influential a congregation as I had had in the past. One of my difficulties arose from the circumstance that in the diminished congregation two ministers would not be required, and either Mr. Foote or I would have to retire. While I felt such trials as these, I did not feel it to be a trial to give up my large stipend, although I did realize at times that I had to suffer a degradation of social position. I can claim that in my state of greatest weakness and depression I never thought for one instant of abandoning our principles, — as we expressed it, of going back into Egypt.

Meanwhile, the church buildings of the United Presbyterians and of the Old Light Seceders were generously thrown open to us, and we preached in them. We proceeded vigorously with the erection of a new church, in which the congregation was comfortably housed. The minister of the other Free Church in town was often laid aside by frequent attacks of a serious malady. The congregation called me to be his colleague, and I accepted. I continued to minister in that church from 1844 to 1850, when I was called to a Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. I accepted because I had long had a taste for philosophy, and because I hoped to advance a sound philosophy.

The question is often put to us, "If you had foreseen the issue as it turned out, would you have started or joined the movement which led to your giving up your livings, and dividing the church members?" I think I can answer this question with truth and candor for my-

self and the company that went out. We were convinced of the truth and importance of the old principles of the Church of Scotland; we believed them to be founded on the Word of God, and were sure that we ought to act in accordance with them. We saw that great evils rose and reigned in the Church when it departed from them in the eighteenth century, especially in the greatly lower tone of religious life and activity, and the prevalence of intemperance and various forms of immorality. Where cases arose in which the Church was required to settle ministers obnoxious to the people, we felt that we could not yield without violating our principles. I acknowledge that as we were doing all this we claimed to be the true Church of Scotland, and fondly believed that we would continue in our connection with the state. I confess that we did not foresee what was coming. We were led by a way which we did not know, which, in fact, we could not ourselves have chosen. We followed implicitly the light vouchsafed. Forty of those who had hitherto gone on with us, drew back when the crisis came, but the great body of us went on courageously and resolutely. There was no one point in the way at which we could honorably turn back. At every step we took, we saw clearly that there was no other honest course open to us. And now, in reviewing the path followed by us, we bless God because he has enabled us to take it. We are sure that we have been led in "the right way."

The immediate result of our movement has not been so great as I expected. The example set by the Free Church of Scotland has not been followed by other Churches, as I anticipated; but the leaven is working.

Progress has so far been hindered by the unwarranted and heretical expressions of certain Free Church ministers; but an example has been set to which all state established churches will have to look. Were the example followed in Germany, and the choice of pastors given to the church members, we should be kept from those heresies which are at present coming in from that country.

The efforts we had to make in defending our principles of church freedom were very great. A number of us had to go, during the fight, to preach at Strathbogie. The presbytery there had inducted a minister against the will of the people. The Church had, in consequence, to deal with those who obeyed the civil courts, and it declared that they could no longer be regarded as ministers of their parishes. Certain parishes were considered as vacant, and we had to supply their pulpits. I was appointed to go for a time to officiate in these parishes. I knew all the while that I was liable to severe penalties in doing so. We were pleased to see the great body of the parishioners standing resolutely by church freedom. The deputies had large and very interested audiences, and came back quickened in their zeal for non-intrusion.

I was appointed one of a deputation to visit England, and make known the claims of non-intrusion. We went first to York, where the Cathedral has an overpowering influence, and thence to the fine old Puritan district of Northamptonshire and Bedfordshire, including Olney, the home of the poet Cowper. The Church of England avoided us: few of her clergy or laity attended our meetings, they seemed to feel that our movement did not favor their prospects, some of their clergymen spoke

against us from their pulpits. The Methodists showed us the very greatest kindness, opening their churches to us. They felt that they had often been in much the same predicament as we were. The Baptists were disposed to be friendly, but we did not always get on with them without friction.

I did not find the dissenting ministers of England so well educated as the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland, who are required to be eight sessions at college before entering their office; but the Congregationalists have often men of great natural gifts. They complained much of the superciliousness of the Episcopal clergy towards them. They favored our movement because it seemed to hasten on the disestablishment of the English Church. Their speakers at times expressed this strongly. This we felt to be awkward, as we were at that time in favor of an established church if we could have it in our own way, that is, free from state control. I had frequent and anxious conferences with the Congregational ministers as to church polity.

I observed that a number of their younger ministers were acquiring an excessive admiration of Thomas Carlyle, who was becoming the popular favorite. I have never copied him, but I have always maintained that more than any other author for two centuries he added to the strength and directness of the English tongue. Some of our young preachers made themselves ridiculous by imitating him, and speaking dogmatically without having the weight of Carlyle's sentiments.

I noticed that in the social circles of non-conformist ministers following Robert Hall, there was an immense amount of smoking; this I was led to observe because

scarcely any minister in Scotland dared to indulge in the practice at that time.

Among Dr. McCosh's papers were found letters to him from Chalmers, Cunningham, and Guthrie, which show that he was a trusted member of the inner circle which carried the Free Church movement to a successful conclusion. From these letters the editor has selected one of Guthrie's, which throws a flood of light upon the temper of those fearless champions of ecclesiastical liberty. It is as follows: —

EDINBURGH, 21 October, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: . . . We have had a very long meeting to-day, and saw more daylight on the subject of the convocation than I had yet seen. There is no difference among us here as to principles, as to our resolute determination at all hazards and risks to maintain our ground, and set at naught and treat as waste paper the hostile invasions and decisions of the civil courts. But there has been and is considerable difference of opinion what besides that it is the duty of the Church to do since the late Auchterarder decision. Some of us entertain very decided opinions about the unlawfulness of the Church continuing in connection with a state which insists on Erastian conditions, and draws the sound of persecution against the reclaiming Church. Our idea of the Church's duty is this, that on many accounts she should not rashly proceed to dissolve the connection, but should go to the government of the land, explain how the terms in which she was united with the state have been altered to all practical purposes by the late decisions, how the compact has been therein violated, how she cannot continue to administer the affairs of the Establishment unless she is to be free from invasion, and protected against persecution, and that,

therefore, unless the government and legislature shall within a given and specified time redress the wrongs we complain of, we shall dissolve the Union, declare it to be at an end, and leave all the sins and consequences at the door of an Erastian and oppressive state. There is some hope in this way. Were such a determination signed and sealed by each man for himself, say some hundred ministers, the government would be compelled to interfere and grant redress of wrongs, rather than run all the risks to the civil and religious institutions of this country which a refusal might bring with it.

There are others here, such as Brown and Elder and Begg, who are not prepared to take this step, — their idea is to remain in the establishment till driven out, doing all the duties that belong to them. Well, our manifest duty under the idea of remaining is to purify the Church of Erastianism, and preserve it from it, — so they agree that at this convocation the ministers should resolve to admit no Erastian into the Church, to license no Erastian student, to translate no Erastian, and to thrust out of the Church without any mercy every man and mother's son that avails himself of their Erastian decisions, acknowledges these as binding the Church, or would in any way apply them in the face of our own laws.

We who would dissolve after due warning can have no conscientious objection to continue for a time doing this work of excision. At the convocation we may agree on that ground, but we still think our own plan the best of the two, — it may secure a free and open establishment. The other plan must inevitably and certainly though slowly lead to the casting out of our party; it can in no case gain the object we may gain, — a pure establishment. We must cast out of the Church by this second proposal all that preach for or in any way by open acts countenance the deposed [minis-

ters] of Strathbogie. We must cast out of the Church the Moderate majority of the late synod of Aberdeen, and in less than two years we have all the Moderates declared to be no longer ministers of the Church of Scotland. They [then] constitute themselves into *law* presbyteries, depose our clergy within their bounds, declare their parishes vacant, ordain ministers of their own on the presentation of heritors, and then claim the stipends; they are given them. So, without the gleam of a bayonet, the ring of a musket or the appearance even of a law functionary, we are most quietly deposed and put down. This plan — and if we are to remain in the Church for any time we are bound to take it — this you see cuts us down in detail, disposes of us most quietly and peacefully for our opponents. By this plan we are most sure to be stripped in less than half-a-dozen years of our temporalities, and then we produce no effect on the land, on the government, on Christendom, or on an ungodly world by bearing the noblest testimony ever borne for the truth. I believe the bold course would save the Church, — under God, I mean, — and if it did not, men could not say we died struggling for a stipend. If it did not, the history of it would fill the brightest page in church history. It would do more to recommend religion as a vital, eternal principle than all the sermons we will ever preach.

I pray you, turn over this subject in your mind, and talk of it with your friends, and let us pray that the Lord would bring us all to one opinion and that is sure to be right.

Unless the last and lowest step is taken, some of us cannot remain in the degraded and dishonored Church. I would feel it to be committing fornication with the kings of the earth. In haste

Yours Ever Truly,

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

CHAPTER VII

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — MEN AND SCENES OF THE DISRUPTION

1843

THE reader of the preceding pages must have remarked that the pre-eminent characteristic of James McCosh was earnestness. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with all the might of a vigorous frame, a powerful will, and a strenuous soul. As a student, his labors were incessant; the time-honored curriculum being too narrow for his comprehensive mind, his lectures were richly supplemented by his wide reading, and his Christian zeal was quickened by regular missionary work among the outcast. As a hard-working country parson, ordering his pastoral work on the best models, exhorting his people in season and out of season, braving all weathers on his faithful horse to visit the sick and dying, shirking neither poverty, dirt, nor disease in the cure of souls, he nevertheless, by the systematic use of every hour, found time for society, study, and contemplation. Wisely shunning the distractions of life in a great capital during his formative years, his intellect ripened as his experience widened.

It was his fortune to live when great moral questions stirred Scotland to her deepest depths and it was significant of great strength that amid all the attendant turmoil and discussion of a national movement he yet found time to continue the philosophical studies which had

been his chief pursuit as a student. In these combined occupations was developed the metaphysical system which dominated his mind to the end, a system which asseverated the worthlessness of all speculation unrelated to reality, and found its most important problems in the sphere of general experience. As will be seen in the event, it was amid the throes of the disruption movement that the scheme of his first important philosophical work took final form, although he had dimly foreshadowed it while yet in Edinburgh.

The Church of Scotland long maintained that in her spiritual affairs, namely, discipline, worship, and administration, she had, through her assemblies, supreme authority. This claim she had been able to assert with various degrees of success, almost completely from 1560 to 1606, and again from 1638 to 1653, when Cromwell suspended the assemblies for political reasons. After the period of war and confusion attendant upon the Restoration and Revolution, she asserted these rights once more, and in 1690 regained them to a considerable extent; but in 1712 the Act of Queen Anne restored the system of lay Patronage, by which the state, through its agents, virtually appointed the parish clergy, and inducted them into their respective charges. For seventy years and more the succeeding assemblies strove for redress of this grievance, but in vain. Finally, however, toward the close of the century, the majority of the clergy, that is, the "Moderates," became indifferent to what the few ardent and historical minds stigmatized by the erroneous term of Erastianism, by which they meant the arrangement between Church and state established in the east Roman empire, whereby the jurisdiction of the

former in spiritual matters is made subordinate to the secular authority. In consequence, therefore, it was for a time only the remnant of Scotch Presbyterians which maintained more or less completely the primitive and historic doctrine of ecclesiastical supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs, or, as they designated it, the Headship of Christ. Many of these dissenters felt the bondage of state control to be so intolerable that they seceded from the establishment, and formed various voluntary sects, which remained distinct from each other, either for minor doctrinal or for social reasons, the most persistent and logically consistent of them all, the Covenanters, being composed for the most part of very humble folk, who felt they could exercise more influence by witnessing in complete aloofness for the purity of the faith as set forth by Knox and Melville, than in any other way. Although these seceding bodies were in the aggregate very respectable in point of numbers, and very influential in point of intelligence, yet, nevertheless, by far the largest portion of the Scotch people continued in the Established Church down to the date of the Brechin pastorate, which was described in the last chapter. But as early as 1830, when the evangelical movement began to be strong within the Church, agitation on the question of lay Patronage began again, and in 1834 the "Moderates" had so far lost power that the assembly passed an act declaring that no pastor should be intruded upon a congregation against the will of the people as expressed by a majority of the heads of families in the parish. In 1838 the attempt was made at Auchterarder to disregard this rule; the case was carried to the civil courts, and was decided adversely to the Act of 1834. An appeal was

taken to the House of Lords, and that body, in 1839, sustained the decision of the lower court. Meantime, in 1838 the assembly reasserted the position of 1834, setting it forth more fully and vigorously than at first, and certain parishes, like that of Strathbogie, defied the law. In 1842 the assembly, having carefully noted the extreme public agitation, sent up a protest to the government, complaining of state interference in ecclesiastical matters, and asking for the abolition of lay Patronage. Early in 1843 their agent was informed that the government would not grant redress, and in March a final appeal was made, this time to the House of Commons. It was rejected by a large majority, and on May 18 of the same year, at the next meeting of the assembly, the non-intrusion members to the number of two hundred declared their hopelessness of obtaining redress, and their intention to withdraw. On Tuesday the 23rd, an Act of Separation was signed by three hundred and ninety-six ministers and other ecclesiastical officials, and the number rose by rapid stages to four hundred and seventy-four. These devoted and fearless men thus resigned their places, and with them their incomes as far as paid by the state, a sum amounting to upwards of half a million dollars. To his share in these eventful proceedings, Dr. McCosh has already referred in his autobiographical notes. In what follows he describes the scenes in those districts where he labored, and displays without intention the gain to his own character which he secured by participating in them: —

I am not to give a general account of the disruption in the Church of Scotland, such as we have in Hanna's

"Life of Chalmers," in Buchanan's "Ten Years Conflict," and in the "Life of Dr. Guthrie," by his sons David and Charles. I am simply to give a picture of the scenes through which I had to pass in a country district. But as I would do so, the constellation of able and excellent men who led us stands conspicuously before me, and I must call attention to them.

Most conspicuous among them is Thomas Chalmers, the grand orator, unsurpassed in his day in Scotland, the disinterested philanthropist, and, I am inclined to add, the broad-minded philosopher. Since Knox, who was the greatest statesman among the reformers, no man has exercised so powerful an influence upon the religious opinions of his countrymen as Chalmers. There is the massive logical theologian of the Calvin type, William Cunningham, setting forth religious doctrine in powerful and definite terms, and assailing error as with a battering-ram. There is the subtle practical leader, Robert Smith Candlish, with more of what George Buchanan calls the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* (he had both the *perfervidum* and *ingenium*) than any man I ever knew. These were the three mighty men in the host. There is the gentlemanly, the graceful and politic Robert Buchanan, who guided the Church through its difficulties in a statesmanlike manner. Taller by a head's length than the others, there is Thomas Guthrie, the pictorial preacher, who every five minutes made his audience burst with laughter, or melt in tears; who showed at the same time amazing common-sense and deep knowledge of human nature. There is the tribune of the people, James Begg, ready, in clear and ringing language, to defend the principles of the ancient Church of Scotland. It is won-

derful that these men, so different in their temperament, should have so agreed in holding the same principles, and in conducting the great movement.

There were equally devoted men among the eldership and among the laity. I cannot name them all. Two are conspicuous. There is Alexander Dunlop, the man of the keenest sense of honor I ever knew, who in the days of his flesh fought a duel, and in the days of his reformation as legal adviser of the Free Church kept her on the straightforward, consistent, and honorable course. There is the stone mason, Hugh Miller, the man of genius among us, who, without a teacher, had trained himself to high science, and to expound it in perfect English, who maintained throughout the noblest independence, and who devoted his mature life to the defence of the Free Church, which he conducted so effectively in able articles in his paper, the "Witness," as to constrain all men to respect her. The aristocracy and the proprietors of the soil as a whole were hostile or looked askance, but there were a few, such as Fox Maule (afterwards Earl of Dalhousie), the Marquis of Breadalbane, Makgill-Crichton, and Hogg of Kirkliston, who resisted all the prejudices of birth and rank, and supported those who were fighting the battle.

All over Scotland there was intense eagerness, but, after all, of a quiet description. Sometimes, but very rarely, the feeling was excessive. It was so, for instance, on one occasion when at a public meeting in my church the orator was graphically describing the forced intrusion of unfit ministers into a parish. A man, standing upwards of six feet, rose in the church, and cried, "Let us rise," but he met with no response. Still, there was deep feel-

ing. Servants were afraid of losing the favor of their masters or mistresses, farmers were afraid of being cast out of their farms by their landlords; yet deeper than these was a strong resolution to hold by principle. For myself, I was quietly but deeply moved as I walked about among the parishes.

The Grampian Mountains, running from northeast to southwest, cut Scotland in two. The Romans could never cross that range; they were driven back at the battle of the Grampians spoken of by Tacitus. In my parish there were the remains of a Roman camp, which gradually disappeared in the progress of agriculture, the stones being used to build houses and fences. The place might as well be the scene of the great battle as dozens of others which have claimed it. The region which could not be conquered by the arms of the Romans was gained by the followers of the Cross, who planted churches in its wildest fastnesses.

The road from the lowlands led up a very pleasant valley, through which flows a clear and lively stream, the river North Esk. At the top there is a lake, sheltered by rugged mountains, and a waterfall; and the parish is called Lochlee. The slopes of the glen are covered with heather, rising out of which are rocks and graceful groups of birches. The inhabitants are chiefly sheep farmers and their shepherds, with their sheep and dogs. They are a hardy race, with a spirit of independence. It is a pleasant place for privileged sportsmen, who shoot grouse and deer on the upper heights, for tourists and summer sojourners, who, however, cannot easily find accommodations, as the landlord does not wish the game to be disturbed. Often have I ridden or walked up and down that valley

to get refreshing when I was weary, but more frequently to preach to the people, or address them on the freedom of the Church. The whole land belonged to Lord Panmure, who never went to any church, and was resolutely opposed to the whole Free Church movement.

The sphere of superintendence allotted to me by the General Assembly lay in the very heart of the Grampians at their eastern end, and in the wide and rich country lying below on the south, including the fertile "Howe o' the Mearns." It was a part of my office to see that the people who adhered to the Free Church should form a congregation, and have churches built for them. The people had for years been favorable to the principle of the Church's freedom, being instructed by their former minister, the Rev. Robert Inglis, and led by his brother, Mr. David Inglis, a very courageous and resolute farmer. The Rev. Robert and I often went up the glen to preach and speak to the people.

In order to explain and defend our cause, a meeting of the parishioners was called for a certain day in a Masonic Lodge, where it was supposed that the landlord could not touch them. I was invited to go up and address the people. Alongside of me as I rode was the agent of Lord Panmure, who went up to awe the tenantry and their dependents. Often did we pass and repass each other, I on horseback, and the factor in his carriage. The people were evidently very anxious when they saw the factor, and left the speaking mainly to me; but they kept firm and determined, and passed resolutions in favor of spiritual independence and non-intrusion. One of the most trying circumstances in the whole contest was that Lord Panmure's factor was the uncle of the two brothers

Inglis. The people kept their position, and made no disturbance of any kind, but were in constant fear of being driven out of their farms.

After the disruption, there was a great difficulty in finding a place in which to worship; but Mr. David Inglis built an additional room to his shepherd's house, believing that the landlord could not interfere. I remember preaching there to nearly the whole parishioners, who were much moved by the scene. The position was maintained till the death of Lord Panmure, when his son, the Honorable Fox Maule, one of the fast friends of the Free Church, erected a very handsome church where there meets every Lord's Day a considerable congregation.

With this glimpse at the movement in the heart of the Grampians let us next pass along at their foot.

Menmuir lies at the base of the Grampians, five miles northwest of Brechin. One market day I was walking along the streets of our city, when a decent man, a shoemaker, came up to me, and, lifting his hat, addressed me, "I hear of your doing good elsewhere; why do you not visit our place?" I asked him where he lived, and he told me, "Tiggerton, in the neighborhood of Menmuir." He assured me that there was a desire among a number of people, and especially on the part of his wife, to have the gospel preached to them, which they felt was not done in the parish church. I told them I was willing to go out next Sabbath evening, and asked whether there was any house in which I could speak. He replied that he knew of none. "Notwithstanding," I said, "you may expect me." After preaching twice at home, I drove out in a carriage which a lady lent me. I found fifty or more people assembled on the roadside. I took the horse

out of the carriage, and used the vehicle as a pulpit. I was in earnest and the people were in earnest. I believe the man who asked me to go out was converted that night, and all the people were deeply impressed by the scene. I announced that I would be with them the following Sabbath evening. I found them assembled in the heart of the village, on an artificial mound, which, in ages past, had been the mote or judgment seat of the baron who had the power of "pot and gallows;" that is, of casting the supposed criminal into a pool and drowning him, or of hanging him on a tree. I stood at the foot of the mound and preached to the people above me.

When I was about to commence the service, a fine-looking young man came up to me, his voice almost choking him, saying that he was forester to the Laird of Balnamoon (the proprietor of the land), who had bid him tell me that if I did any ill I would have to answer for it. I told him that he had done his duty to his earthly master in a modest and becoming manner, and I invited him to stay and see if I did any ill, and to listen to any message his heavenly Master might have to give him. I never saw a man more relieved when I spoke to him in this way, and he declared firmly and joyfully, "I am a Free Church man, and will worship with you whatever my master may do." On the following Sabbath a village carpenter, William Christie, threw open his shop to us, and I preached from time to time in it. He and his daughters, who were very accomplished women, persevered. Meanwhile the carpenter was annoyed by the local factor of the Earl of Fife, who was the proprietor of the ground, and was told that he might lose his shop next year. It ended in the daughters going

up to London, where they had friends, and they reached a good social position.

Being in Edinburgh, I thought it proper to call on the legal agent of the Earl of Fife. I told him how things stood. He listened and said little, but told me he would see me soon at Brechin. Not long after, this gentleman sent me word from the hotel in Brechin that he wished me to go out with him to Menmuir. I mounted my horse immediately, and rode alongside of him to the parish. He had with him in the carriage the local factor and a surveyor, a devoted Free Churchman, who was like to burst with joy at my success and the humiliation of the factor. The Edinburgh lawyer drove me to a very central spot in the district, and bade the surveyor mark out a few acres for us and give it to us with a certain privilege of cutting wood for the manse. We built the church and an attached manse. The people called an excellent minister, and there is a fine congregation there at this day.

Many years after, I visited the place and preached in the church. I had an enormous audience. Some men and women had walked ten or fifteen miles to revive old scenes. There were fathers who came up to me at the close of the service with their sons and daughters, and placing them before me, bade them look carefully in my face, and never forget the man who had guided them in the great movement which led to the building of that church, to the gathering of the congregation, and to the good which had been done.

The Laird of Balnamoon, at the time when I was working in the district, was on the Continent. When he came home he inquired into the state of things, and

showed that he had no resentment by asking me to dine with him, which I cheerfully did, and became acquainted with his estimable daughters, the descendants of an old Episcopalian and non-juror family. During those exciting times, while I spoke strongly against the enslaving of the Church, I took care never to say a disrespectful word against a master in the presence of his servant, or of a landlord on the land of his tenants.

Within two or three miles west of Menmuir there was a case of peculiar hardship. The Established Church minister had contracted debt. His creditors, anxious to get payment from his stipend, would not allow him to resign. He remained in his charge, fretting like a chained dog, ever denouncing the Established Church and praising the Free Church. I called on him, but had little to say to soothe him. With his consent I visited among his people, and a number of them joined the Menmuir Free Church. Busy man as I was otherwise, I visited from house to house through all that district.

In the parishes I have named I had a part in forming the congregations, and in building the churches. There were other places which I had to visit, and for which I had to provide supplies of preachers, which was no easy work. These were Laurencekirk, Fordoun, Drumlithy, Stonehaven. I kept a horse, and at times rode thirty miles, and preached two or three times in one day. I preached where I could get a roof to cover me, at times in the open air, once or twice in a village ball-room. It was very stimulating to ride along in the consciousness that I was promoting a good cause, through the rich valley of the Mearns, with the huge Grampians above me, and to meet the farmers and shopkeepers, with their servants, male

and female, to advise with them and encourage them, they and not I doing the principal work. I preached in places of which I believe I may say truly that the pure gospel of Jesus Christ had never been proclaimed there before. In the Middle Ages the truth had been mixed with the grossest superstitions. After the reformation, Episcopacy had set forth the Church and church ordinances rather than Christ. When prelacy was driven out, the Presbyterian Church took the form of moderatism, the proper product of Patronage, rather than evangelism.

In no place visited had I more pleasure than at Fordoun, where, as I recalled, the gospel had been introduced by Saint Palladius in the fourth century. When there I lived with Mr. Burnett, of Monboddo, in the immediate neighborhood. He was a grandson of Lord Monboddo, one of the most illustrious judges of the Court of Session, and perhaps the most erudite Scotch metaphysician, next to Hamilton. The judge was noted for his eccentricities both in opinion and conduct, declining to ride in a carriage when he went to London, but riding on horseback, dining after the manner of the Romans, and so far anticipating Darwin in holding that men had originally tails. His grandson was also distinguished for his ability and his eccentricity, but still more for his consistent piety. He guided the people in the formation of the congregation and the erection of the church.

Fettercairn lies at the base of the Grampians, immediately above the Howe o' the Mearns. Though I had taken some part in the disruption struggle, yet it was carried on very much by the people themselves; farmers, shopkeepers, and others, all panting for the reformation of religion. It was the policy of the Free Church to dispense

the sacrament of the supper on the same Sabbath as that on which it was wont to be in the parish church. Fettercairn was the first place in which we administered the Communion. Mr. Inglis and I went to the place on a Saturday, where a congregation of several hundred met us. We could not get a house in which to preach and dispense the sacrament. At last a poor woman, who had a small piece of ground leased to her for a year, said, "I will lose my field, but I give it to the Lord." They raised a small awning over the head of the minister, and the people stood or sat on stools in the green field. At the close of the service I requested those who wished to join the church to remain and give me their names, and two hundred and thirteen members did so; this in a district not thickly populated. Among them, a fine-looking young man came to me, wishing me to put down his name, adding, "I will have to suffer for this as you have done." "How will you have to suffer?" I asked. He replied, "I am Sir John Gladstone's head gardener, and he has written me, "You will go to the parish church next Sabbath." "And how have you answered?" I asked. He replied, "Sir John, you have been a kind master to me, and whatever happens I will not forget your kindness, but this is a matter of conscience between me and my God; next Sabbath I go to the Free Church." He then introduced to me a remarkably decent middle-aged woman, saying, "This is Sir John Gladstone's housekeeper, and she too has been ordered to go to the parish church next Sabbath." I asked her what she meant to do and she said, "I am not so good at the pen as the gardener," and she had bidden him write in his letter that she was to act as he did.

On the Sabbath I preached in the green field to a thoughtful, deeply-impressed audience of hundreds of men, women, and children who never forgot the scene, as I have never forgotten it. It was a beautiful clear day in June, — all the Sabbaths, it was remarked, were fine in that disruption summer and autumn, so that, being as yet without churches, we could preach, as most of us had to do, in the open air. Above me were the lofty Grampians; before me was an audience with earnestness on their faces, such as I never saw before in any congregation. I forget what I said, but I remember that I never addressed a congregation under such deep emotion.

In the course of some weeks a gentleman living at a distance said with an oath, "I do not care what becomes of either of the kirks, but if you give me my money I will sell my little property to you." This we did, and the people proceeded with the building of the church. When they came to lay the foundation-stone, a large company, estimated at eight hundred, gathered from the district; Sir John, the father of W. E. Gladstone, had meanwhile come from Liverpool to his country-seat. When the people were assembling, he rode through and through among them, speaking to no one and no one speaking to him. Every man in the meeting lifted his hat as he passed him, and every woman gave him her lowest courtesy. He went home to his castle and wrote to Sir James Graham, the Home Secretary, who had driven us out of our churches: "We have committed a great mistake. I have passed through the people laying the foundation of their free church. I saw among them the great body of my best servants and tenants." Certain it is that Sir James Graham, in his place in the House of Commons, as re-

ported in the "Times" newspaper, said: "I have committed the blunder of my life in allowing these people to be driven out of the Church of Scotland."

Every week or so I rode up eleven miles to see this people. One day I passed on the road a scholarly-looking gentleman, evidently not belonging to the district, walking thoughtfully along the public road. At the first farm-house I came to I asked who this gentleman could be. "Oh," they said, "that is Sir John Gladstone's clever son." The people of the place had already discovered his ability. My father-in-law, Dr. Alexander Guthrie, was the consulting physician of the family, and often spent days at Fasque when there was serious illness in the family. He described William Gladstone as spending a great part of his summer in reading Blue Books, and marking passages carefully to prepare for the parliamentary work of the following winter. He was astonished to find Sir John explaining his business to his son William when yet a boy, and seeming to take his advice.

Sir John, I may remark, was reckoned by his contemporaries as one of the shrewdest merchants of Great Britain. It was said that when he bought shares in a company it went up five per cent, and that when he sold out it went down ten per cent. The story went that he looked sharply after both worlds. He would play at cards till nine o'clock at night, when he ordered all the cards to be put down on their face, then summoned all the servants to family worship, taking care that no one was absent. When the worship was over his company took up the cards, and finished the game.

One day, as I was travelling along the road, I stepped

into a fine new Episcopal Chapel which Sir John was building. While there Sir John came in with another gentleman. Being old and deaf he was not aware how loud he was speaking, as I overheard him saying, "We would have gotten on very well in this district had it not been for a young fellow of the name of McCosh who has very much troubled us." I had to restrain myself from bursting into laughter. It is proper to add that when a young man of high character was settled as minister of the Free Church, Sir John within a few weeks of his ordination asked him to dinner.

A number of years after, the Duke of Argyll asked me, being in London, to dine with him on a certain day, saying he would introduce me to Mr. Gladstone. Unfortunately, an *émeute* rose in the manufacturing district of England, and Mr. Gladstone, being Prime Minister, was not able to come to the dinner. Had he been present, I would have asked him whether he remembered the event at Fettercairn, and whether it had any influence in leading him to disestablish the Irish Church, as he saw how a congregation could support its minister without state aid.

creteness which it never lost. The basis of his philosophic creed being the intuitionism of the Scottish school, experience modified it into the forms of his special philosophy. Many discriminating critics have seen in the heavy parish work of Green, during the years he spent as a hard-working rector in East London, the preliminary training which made him England's most noted popular historian. Similarly, McCosh, by his severe novitiate as a defender of spiritual truth among plain people, gained the ability to write profoundly and yet lucidly upon metaphysical questions, so that in the end he became essentially an interpreter, a philosopher for the many as well as for the few.

During the generation preceding his own it had been established by a long and varied induction in all parts of the knowable world, that nature was uniform, and this concept was expressed in his day by the formula that all events take place according to law. This thought was used for the purpose of undermining Christianity, and "Combe's Constitution of Man," a book to which reference has already been made, was considered by large numbers to have shown conclusively that God was but another designation for the "laws of nature." As if to fortify this position Mill's Logic appeared, containing what seemed to be a demonstration of the theory of uniformity which completely excludes the supernatural from the sphere of nature and man. The reading of these books made McCosh very uneasy, and in every leisure moment he pondered what might be meant by the uniformity of nature, and how such a uniformity stood related to the personal Creator. Considering the alternation of day and night, the rotation of the seasons,

and similar phenomena, he seemed to discern that the principle underlying them was quite different from the "law or laws of causation," as that fire burns and light shines, the former being complex, a result of combination which implies arrangement and design. His extensive reading in the sciences of geology and biology roused an intense interest in the religious problems arising from their development, and this was another element in his processes of reflection. Simultaneously, his sermonizing and spiritual ministrations impressed upon him, ever more and more deeply, the practical force of Scriptural teaching as to the law and government of God. This brought the whole subject of the divine government, physical and moral, into great prominence before his mind, and he found that there was no comprehensive book on the subject to guide his thoughts. He determined to write one, but as his scheme took form his self-examination suddenly revealed the fact that he had been trained in a philosophical system, the one so long prevalent in Scotland, which took no notice of so obvious a fact as sin. This called up the novel problem, novel, that is, to the Scottish philosophy, of the relation between moral law and sin. Meditating upon such themes, the clergyman seemed to feel as never before that the Creator is not only benevolent but holy, and thus, tracing natural and moral law alike to their source while at the same time taking cognizance of sin, he concluded that God governs this world by laws much mightier in their sweep than is ordinarily apprehended, and that these so cross and co-operate as to secure the accomplishment of the divine purpose, in spite of apparent contradictions and interruptions. The

conclusion of the whole matter was that God's moral nature makes man both moral and responsible. And if this were true, religion could not be what Morell's "Philosophy of Religion," a rationalistic book imbued with transcendentalism, antipodal in its teachings to Combe's "Constitution of Man," and also widely read, taught that it was: namely, the possession of certain religious intuitions, the examination of these by the reason, and the rising by reflection upon them from the particular to the general.

No sooner did McCosh's heavy though pleasant labors in founding congregations of the Free Church throughout the district assigned to him relax a little, than he began the composition of a book for the purpose of setting forth this line of thought. The result was "The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral." During the period of writing, the author received much encouragement from his intimate college friend, William Hanna. It was he, likewise, who aided in the work incidental to publication. The author showed his book in manuscript to Dr. Cunningham and Dr. James Buchanan. Both approved, and the latter suggested some changes which were adopted. The volume was published in 1850, and through Dr. Guthrie copies were sent to the two Scotchmen then most eminent in the world of abstract thought, Sir William Hamilton and Hugh Miller. The former announced his decision at once: "Aloof from any difference of opinion, and though I have as yet only read the work in part, it appears to me worthy of the highest encomium, not only for the excellence but for the ability with which it is written. It is refreshing to read a work so distinguished for originality and soundness of think-

ing, especially as coming from an author of our own country." Hugh Miller said, in the "Witness," that the work was of the "compact and thought-eliciting complexion which men do not willingly let die: and we promise such of our readers," he continued, "as may possess themselves of it, much entertainment and instruction of a high order, and a fund of solid thought which they will not soon exhaust." Many of the author's personal friends had thought that it was risky to publish so stout a volume as a first venture; but under the sanction of men like Hamilton and Miller, the first edition was exhausted in six months. An American edition was published very soon afterward by the Carters, and that, too, sold rapidly. The book passed through twenty editions in less than forty years and still has a sale in both Great Britain and America.

Time, therefore, may be said to have passed its judgment upon the "Divine Government." The book succeeded for two reasons, because it was timely, and because it had intrinsic worth of a high order. Although Hamilton had spent twenty years expounding Kant, though Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" had attractively presented transcendentalism, and though Carlyle was turning German thought into English literature, yet German speculation had for all that exercised little or no influence on the British public. Cousin had been rather the fashionable novelty, and the "Positive Philosophy" was attracting attention. The distinction between Mental and Natural Philosophy, which was then well-nigh universal, is most enlightening for the comprehension of contemporaneous opinion as to the classification of the sciences, their relation to each other, and to philosophy. From this some-

what circumscribed and chaotic condition of thought, the two tendencies noted above had already emerged, each in its own way doing great harm. McCosh was not concerned to write anything which would be in the air; he desired to combat, and did attack concrete thinking as it then existed. Consequently, although it is possible to trace in this his first volume the origins of all his subsequent philosophical writing, the book is in no proper sense a constructive essay. The style is easy and flowing, popular and in places picturesque, sometimes even rhetorical as the taste of the time required. The contents display the writer's most striking characteristics: passionate earnestness to battle for the right, keen perception of an enemy's snares and wiles, catholic comprehension of the intellectual state among those whom he seeks to win. His readers were in the main not philosophical experts, but laymen; professional men in law, medicine, and theology, but not metaphysicians; merchants, teachers, bankers, — the thoughtful multitude which wants to know in the vernacular, and dislikes the fog of technical terms too often used by experts to hide the lack of definition in their conceptions. Such men rose from the perusal of the "Divine Government" with the assurance that they were more reasonable in their Christian faith than those who sought to substitute for it a vague materialistic interpretation of the universe. In later years its author thought the volume "lumpish," and disliked the passages he had introduced to win readers not disposed toward philosophy. He felt that he could either have lengthened or have abridged it profitably, but like every man with a message to deliver, he was unwilling to tamper with what had been his best work at the time it was done.

In 1850, the year in which the "Method of the Divine Government" was issued, the British government established in Ireland a Queen's University for the promotion of non-sectarian education. It included three colleges, situated respectively at Galway, Cork, and Belfast. That in the last-named city was the strongest, and there were many candidates for its chairs. An old Edinburgh University friend of the author, Professor Gibson of the Theological Seminary in Belfast, sent a copy of McCosh's "Divine Government" to Lord Clarendon, the famous Whig statesman, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. This was done on the professor's own responsibility and without the knowledge of his classmate. The volume was accompanied by letters recommending McCosh for the vacant chair of Logic and Metaphysics in Belfast, both from the sender and from the president of the college. The recipient sat down on a Sunday morning to glance through the volume, and becoming interested read throughout the whole forenoon, forgetting to go to church. Convinced that such a book could come only from the pen of a competent and sound thinker, the Earl inquired further as to its writer's qualifications as a teacher. The replies were enthusiastic, and McCosh was appointed to the professorship without any application on his own part, directly or indirectly. The letter informing him of the fact was therefore a surprise, and threw him into a dilemma. On the one hand, he was reluctant to leave his ministerial office; on the other hand, he had the opportunity to follow his natural bent, to cultivate his aptitude for metaphysics, and to exercise a powerful influence on the opinions of young men. He turned for advice to Thomas Guthrie and Hugh Miller, both of whom felt he should at least consider the offer with care.

Professor Gibson wrote on October 4, 1851: "I can readily sympathize with you in your perplexity. It is a serious thing to abandon, under any circumstances, the direct work of the ministry, and the step should not be taken unless the way were made plain. There is no doubt, however, but the person who may fill the vacant chair will be brought into immediate contact with the future pastors of the church."

Such considerations induced McCosh to pay a visit to Belfast, in order to see how the position and its opportunities might appear on closer inspection. He found that there existed considerable local jealousy, a feeling directed not so much against himself or the doctrine he had expounded, as against the introduction to so important an office of a stranger from over the sea. Careful scrutiny showed that the whole movement turned about the disappointment of one man, who had considered himself the most prominent candidate. Being an editor, his journal had been able to create the antagonism without revealing its true cause. Professor Gibson, who was McCosh's host, had invited a company of gentlemen to dine with his friend, carefully selecting those whose favorable opinion would be most influential in the community, among them Dr. Cooke, the leading Presbyterian clergyman of the city. After dinner, the host, with a somewhat quizzical expression, addressed his guest very pointedly, and inquired whether he was familiar with the Irish custom of singing at that hour. Without awaiting an answer he introduced his son, a lad with a fine voice, who immediately began to sing Thackeray's now well-known ballad, which had just been written to satirize the Irish exclusiveness that had flickered up in relation to the recent appointment, and

which had been published in the latest number of "Punch." The verses and introduction, as there printed, are as follows:

THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE.

On reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch Professor to one of HER MAJESTY'S Godless Colleges, MASTER MOLLOY MOLONY, brother of THADDEUS MOLONY, ESQ., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines:

As I think of the insult that 's done to this nation,
  Red tears of rivinge from me faytures I wash,
And uphold in this pome, to the world's daytistation,
  The sleeves that appointed PROFESSOR M'COSH.

I look round me counthree, renowned by exparience,
  And see midst her childthren, the witty, the wise, —
Whole hayps of logicians, poets, schollars, grammarians,
  All ayger for pleeces, all panting to rise;

I gaze round the world in its utmost diminsion;
  LARD JAHN and his minions in Council I ask,
Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pinsion)
  But children of Erin were fit for that task?

What, Erin beloved, is thy fetal condition?
  What shame in aych boosom must rankle and burrun,
To think that our countree has ne'er a logician
  In the hour of her deenger will surrev her turrun!

On the logic of Saxons there 's little reliance,
  And, rather from Saxon than gather its rules,
I 'd stamp under feet the base book of his science,
  And spit on his chair as he taught in the schools!

O false SIR JOHN KANE, is it thus that you praych me?
I think all your Queen's Universitees bosh;
And if you 've no neetive Professor to taych me,
I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon M'Cosh.

There 's WISEMAN and CHUME, and His Grace the Lord Primate,
That sinds round the box, and the world will subscribe;
'T is they 'll build a College that 's fit for our climate,
And taych me the saycrets I burn to imboibe!

'T is there as a Student of Science I 'll enther,
Fair Fountain of Knowledge, of Joy, and Contint!
SAINT PATHRICK'S sweet Statue shall stand in the centher,
And wink his dear oi every day during Lint.

And good DOCTOR NEWMAN, that praycher unwary,
'T is he shall preside the Academee School,
And quit the gay robe of ST. PHILIP of Neri,
To wield the soft rod of ST. LAWRENCE O'TOOLE!

The stranger's amazement, not to say consternation, under the amused observation of the merry company, was a better introduction to their good graces than any other which could have been devised by his host. When it was announced that the verses were by no less a man than Thackeray, the guest was quite as merry as the others. The poem was copied into all the local journals, and dissipated all opposition in the truly Irish way, — a fit of laughter. Soon afterward, McCosh accepted the appointment, and when he removed to Belfast he was received with heartiness and true Irish kindness.

The first care of the new professor was to fix upon the method he should follow in his teaching. He had no

faith whatever in an argument for the teaching of mental science sufficiently common, both then and now, that even if there be no truth in its subject-matter, it is fitted to brace and discipline the mind. Throughout life he remained firm in the conviction which in later years he thus expressed:

If truth is not aimed at and gained, the tendency will be to bewilder the mind, and the end will be a feeling of disappointment, discontent, and *ennui*. There will always be a painful contrast drawn between the solid results reached in modern physical science and the inanity and emptiness of mere speculation, and the student in his struggles will be as one that beateth the air. It is a realistic philosophy founded on the facts of our nature that is fitted profitably to exercise the minds of young men, to stimulate and cultivate their observing and thinking powers, and to send them forth with important principles incorporated into their very being, to interest and guide them through all their future lives.

Trained in the Scottish school of philosophy, he was not satisfied either with its methods or with its results. It seemed to him, when confronted with the solemn responsibility of training unformed and receptive minds, that he should in the main follow the experimental method, emphasizing what he found by introspection in his own mind, and in that of others as he could discover it, either by personal intercourse with his fellow-men, or by the perusal of the best biographies. This principle he sought to follow in his teaching of philosophy in the wider sense of Psychology and Metaphysics. But he had also to teach Logic, and in that department espe-

cially he felt the method of the Scottish school to be loose and unscientific. This had been pointed out by both Hamilton and Whately, who sought to restore both theoretically and practically the rigid correctness of Aristotle.

Accordingly, in the composition of his lectures, Professor McCosh strove earnestly to supply the omissions of the Scottish school. In his conclusions, Psychology was held to be the first discipline of all mental science. In constructing a system he gave a new and improved arrangement of the relations which the mind can discover, which he held to be those of identity, of whole and parts, of comprehension, of resemblance, of space and time, of quantity and action, of property and causation. Following Aristotle, he introduced into his teaching a discussion of the phantasy or pictorial power; and from his own speculations he brought forward what he called the recognitive power, that by which the idea of an event happening in the past is obtained. The mental powers he divided into two classes, the cognitive and the motive, including under the latter the feelings, the conscience, and the will. What was then designated as Metaphysics he sought to strip of the mystery which had been thrown around it, regarding that department of mental science as concerned with the fundamental laws of the intellectual faculties. As to Logic, he became persuaded, after a long course of careful reading and reflection, that no improvement was possible in that portion of it which deals with reasoning, but he was otherwise impressed with that part which deals with the notion in thought and form in language. Accordingly, he examined that division of his subject with interest and zeal, and concluded that in the notion were three simple forms, the singular,

the abstract, and the general, with a fourth, which was a compound of these. These views he developed in the treatise on Logic, which he afterwards published.

Queen's College had not, of course, the prestige of the ancient universities, like Dublin, Edinburgh, Oxford, or Cambridge; but it had a very enthusiastic, ambitious, and active body of students, young men for the most part who had no particular influence of birth or wealth, but who knew that the authorities, in their zeal for securing the most efficient public service possible, were scouring all the institutions of learning, and that their chance in a new institution would be better than in an older one. Among such students, Professor McCosh was able to arouse a lively interest, and one more general, as he always felt, than any he was afterwards able to awaken in America. It was his delight to encourage the most promising, to stimulate their ambition, and to assist them in securing employment suited to their powers. One portion of his method as a teacher, and that upon which he laid the greatest stress, was his requirement of written work from every student of his class. These papers he criticised, and such portions as seemed original or excellent in any way he was accustomed to read to the class as a whole. This exercise brought him into very close contact with his students. He was fond of examining their aptitudes and characters, partly from human sympathy, partly as a portion of what may be called his laboratory work. From the first he was astute in his judgments, and his greatest pleasure was to see his predictions verified. No one can have so vivid a picture of a great teacher as his pupils. Two of the most distinguished have recorded their impressions

of Professor McCosh as he appeared and taught in Belfast, and one of them has added an account of his other activities at the same time. The first of these relations is by Sir Robert Hart, whose extended fame as the director of the Chinese custom-house was a source of unceasing satisfaction to his former teacher. Professor McCosh recognized his eminence, as only one very able man can recognize another, in the beginning of their relations, guided his studies, and pointed out his career by choosing him as the candidate of Queen's College to compete in an examination for a position in the consular service of Great Britain in China, open to all the colleges of the three kingdoms. Hart stood first, received the appointment, went to China, won the confidence of the Chinese by his integrity and ability, and is now the first among all foreigners in the Emperor's service. He has done much for China in the institution of reforms, and is the mainstay of his country's relations to the Empire. Among his many important enterprises, that of establishing an institution of western learning for the Chinese is not the least worthy of mention. The gratification felt by Dr. McCosh when, on the graduation of his son from Princeton, Sir Robert Hart wrote to offer the young man a position in China, was very great. Sir Robert Hart writes as follows:

"I have a very vivid recollection of Dr. McCosh's first appearance at the Queen's College, Belfast, in 1851. His name was already on people's lips, and the large classroom in which he was to deliver his introductory address was filled to overflowing, everybody having hurried there to welcome the new arrival, and show Ulster's sympathy with Scotch learning. I can see him as he passed up the hall to the desk in the corner, — a tall, broad-

shouldered man, with a fine head and handsome face, somewhat bent forward, and a general look that was more clerical than professional. The paper he then read was long, learned, and eloquent: it spake the thoughts of a man who believed what he said, who regarded mental science as the study of studies, and who, as its teacher, magnified his office, — and it was pervaded by freshness of mind and clearness of expression.

"I presume his lectures at Princeton were the same he delivered at Belfast, but probably retouched and expanded. I wonder, however, if he ever took up one point on which I once asked him for an explanation without getting it, and that was the process the mind goes through in questioning, — ought there not to be an Interrogative faculty on the list? He pulled his long nose for a moment, and then left me, but never recurred to the matter.

"His lectures were quite captivating, but dealt with very dry subjects, and, although I followed the Logic course at sixteen, and took Metaphysics at seventeen, they interested me so much that for a time my chief ambition was to win the lecturer's commendation, and head the class. I wrote quickly in those days, and so, noting down most of what he said, I was able to reproduce his own language at examinations and in essays, and with this he was always much pleased. He held that mind and universe, being the creation of the same hand, correspond, — that the one knows, and the other is known, and that reality corresponds to knowledge. This agreed with what consciousness tells everybody, and supplied a firm foundation to build on. To all of us he was very kind, while somewhat exacting, especially so

to the more earnest students; and he was also very stern, although readier to help them out of a difficulty than to push them further into it, with the idlers and the inattentive. He used to invite us to his breakfast-table occasionally, and in that way set up a bond of sympathy between his classes and himself which did not exist in other departments. Professors, as a rule, held their heads very high, and it was only in the lecture-room that students came in contact with them. On special occasions he sometimes consented to appear in the pulpit, and then his sermons draped orthodoxy in robes that told all it was Professor McCosh who was preaching.

"During my last year at college he talked with me very kindly about my plans for the future, and very frankly told me in what directions he thought I might prove a failure, and in what others a success, but it certainly never occurred to either of us to foresee where the fates would carry us, or what work the future really meant for us. Since parting in 1854, we never again met, and the letters that passed between us have not been numerous. He always evinced a very friendly interest in my person and in my work, and on my side I always cherished the hope of seeing him again, and looked forward with very pleasant anticipations to visiting him at Princeton when crossing America some time on my way to Europe, but the dear old man is dead, and the expected meeting will not come off as planned."

The other account is by Dr. Macloskie, professor of Biology in Princeton University. It displays with great fulness the characteristic will-power and tenacity of

purpose which Dr. McCosh displayed in championing what he believed to be right, whether it was popular or not.

"We were a noisy crowd of undergraduates who were assembled, somewhere about the year 1855, in the Library of Queen's College, Belfast, for the reception of the noblemen, distinguished judges and divines, whom her gracious Majesty had sent as Triennial Visitors of the Institution. The group about myself set themselves to the interesting problem of determining by personal inspection which of the great men on the platform was the finest-looking, and possibly there was some prejudice in our unanimous decision that the handsomest and most commanding of them all was our own Professor McCosh. Yet even then he was beginning to show the studious stoop which somewhat marred his noble bearing. We were also well aware how much his personality of mind preponderated over President and Vice-president and our other distinguished professors in the administration of the college; and when the news spread that the only Professor whom we regarded as a Black Sheep had been detected in his delinquencies, and had decamped, we learned that it was McCosh who had secured the evidence and raised such a stir that the culprit adopted the better half of valor. Hence the Doctor's name became a terror to evil-doers; and in his class-room the most unruly of the students was absolutely quiet.

"His class exercises and lectures were then at their best. He was not good at declamation in public; there was a slight hesitancy in his extempore utterances on the platform, and perhaps too much logic and too little "padding" for popular assemblages. But in expounding

philosophy or drilling students the hesitancy disappeared; and his written lectures and carefully prepared sermons were very fine, not even omitting "padding" or illustrations of high order. As, a few days ago, I sat beside his coffin in his library there rushed up before my memory the lecture on the Association of Ideas in which he described a funeral, the death-scene, the hearse and the mourners, and all the accessories, as here realized over himself. Before leaving home on that morning of the funeral I had stated that I would read the passage of Scripture from which he preached about thirty years ago at the opening of Lecumpher Church (County Londonderry, Ireland); whereupon my wife promptly told me what was the subject of the sermon; and on my inquiring how she knew that, she replied that her friend, Mrs. Robson, had been present, and had afterwards given her an account of it. It is not bad preaching that makes an impression lasting even at second-hand for thirty years. And in fact it was a sermon that none but a great man and a true Christian could preach, showing expository power, fire, and poetic imagination, and exhibiting Christ alone as the sinner's Friend. Another of his best appearances was before the Young Men's Association in Belfast, where he gave lectures on Renan's "Life of Jesus," shortly after its publication. I have before me a newspaper cutting of the first of these lectures, and I regard it as the finest specimen known to me of vigorous and profitable apologetics. It would be as racy and acceptable in 1894 as it was in 1864. I would also add that all his college lectures, as well as his philosophical books, are illuminated with "bits" in defence of Christian truth, which greatly helped the faith of his students.

"Among the community at large he was singularly active in promoting good objects, and his fertile mind was always devising new schemes for advancing morality and religion. During all his life his plans never lay dormant; but so soon as his mind was clear about the plan, he attempted its execution. In this way he did not fail to disturb the peace of those who wished to be let alone; so that whether we judge him by the good he attempted, or by the sort of opposition he encountered, the verdict will be the same. In the year of the Great Revival (1859), whilst some worthy men held aloof, or even attempted to condemn the movement, and to forebode evil results, Professor McCosh was active in trying to give it a right direction. He conducted Bible classes, and encouraged others to the same. One of his Bible classes, which required long journeys across Belfast, was at Lepper's Row, for the mill-workers, where with the help of his distinguished pupil, Mr. Thomas Sinclair, he started the organization which has developed into Duncairn Church. About the same date he united with Rev. L. E. Berkeley in founding the Bible and Colportage Society of Ireland, which has ever since continued to send trained missionaries with the word of God and other Christian literature to all parts of that country. McCosh to the last regarded colportage as the most suitable form of evangelization for the circumstances of Ireland. It was the sight of the great philosopher going about in Belfast with his collecting book in hand trying to secure support for colporteurs, that first made me a convert to the cause.

"The ecclesiastical condition of Ireland was at that time anomalous: the rich Episcopalian minority being

sustained as the Established Church; a sop thrown to the Presbyterian middle-class minority in the shape of a Regium Donum or partial endowment; which helped them to acquiesce in the wrong done to the Roman Catholic majority, who were poor and left out in the cold. When the right time arrived Dr. McCosh lectured and wrote in favor of Disestablishment and Disendowment, and argued from his experience in Scotland for the inauguration of a Sustentation Fund by the Irish Presbyterians. This was the opening of a struggle, which ended in the carrying out of all his views, greatly to the furtherance of religion as the people of Ireland now confess. But he gave offence by his first advocacy of such measures, and he was reproached with intermeddling in what he as a foreigner could not understand. After disendowment had become an accomplished fact, and McCosh had gone to America, one of the ecclesiastical leaders said to me that the incident in his own public career which he most bitterly regretted was an unkind speech which he had delivered against McCosh in the debate on disestablishment. This may go beside the fact that the American ecclesiastic who wrote most severely against Dr. McCosh for his advocacy of sustentation, afterwards delivered an enthusiastic eulogy of him at an annual meeting of Princeton Theological Seminary. It is pleasant to recall these things now that all the actors are gone to their reward. McCosh's utterances on behalf of a Sustentation Fund in America were the sequel of his observing the benefits of such measures in Scotland and Ireland; and notwithstanding opposition his proposals are already bearing fruit in this country It was characteristic of the man not to be

frightened by personal criticism from the advocacy of a good cause (and I have never known him to advocate what was not good).

"During my student-days the great work on 'Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation' was published under the joint authorship of Dr. McCosh and Dr. George Dickie. I call it a great work as my verdict after having read it over again within the last year. The contributions of both authors were excellent, though possibly one of them may not have estimated at its full value the share of his colleague. Dickie was a man greatly beloved, of fine scientific genius, and a Christian through and through, in his quiet manner a contrast to McCosh, and he put into this book the careful observations of his life-time. The book, though presenting what I regard as the best summary of the old argument for Natural Theology, would not apply in our time without some readjustment. Its 'Typical Forms,' borrowed from Goethe and other Nature-Philosophers of the last century, would need to be transformed into the Types or Phyla by heredity of our day; and its 'special ends' are very like Darwin's 'survival of the fittest,' but giving prominence to the principle of Design, which Darwin so carefully eliminated, and which is now forcing its way back even into Evolution-Biology. Dickie's method of argument by marshalling long hosts of carefully observed facts, which point towards the goal, is so strangely suggestive of Darwin's method, that if the relative dates of their works were reversed, one might imagine that Dickie copied Darwin.

"As McCosh was the only name then known to the public for authorship, he got the lion's share of the

praise; Dickie's share was naturally overlooked, and he felt disappointed. Some of the Dublin University professors remarked to me at the time that the mistake consisted in not publishing two books; as the part of each, if made a separate work, would have been more popular than their joint production. What really ruined the run of this book was the appearance soon after its publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' which carried the whole controversy into new regions. This may explain, in part, the hostility to Darwinism of my revered friend, Dr. Dickie, whose carefully drawn and really sound lines of argument were overwhelmed by the new theory; just as Louis Agassiz, in the New World, was annoyed to find all the speculations which had lifted him to eminence buried by the same influence. Asa Gray tried to show to the American people that Darwinism was probably true, and was quite consistent with Christianity; but Gray's influence was confined to scientific circles, and he had as little success in his efforts to Darwinize the American public as he had in his effort to lead Darwin himself back to theism. Agassiz was the scientific oracle, and when he called Darwinism infidelity, the popular response was: Just so.

"It was in this juncture that McCosh showed his characteristic readiness to learn, his honesty in discarding his published opinions, and his courage. First in his 'Christianity and Positivism,' he pointed out the religious bearing of Darwinism, and signified his acceptance of it when properly understood, and he followed this up by a series of contributions and booklets, as 'Development: what it can do, and what it cannot do,' and by his paper before the Presbyterian Alliance in Philadel-

phia, 1880. He knew enough science to keep clear of mistakes on that side, and he got all his later works read in proof by some of his scientific friends; so that his writings are respected by scientists, and they always commanded a hearing from the public. During those years there was much agitation among the churches about Darwinism, or as we have come more conveniently to term it, Development or Evolution. Our Methodist brethren dismissed one of their professors, and the Southern Presbyterians dismissed another for teaching it; a good and wise divine of our own made a dangerous mistake when he published a book on the subject, treating it as if it were a theological or anti-theological dogma, himself grievously misunderstanding it (as non-scientific writers nearly always do), and so far misleading the people that an attempt was made in the Presbyterian Church to do for Evolution what another ecclesiastical body once attempted to do for the movement of the earth. I could give many illustrations of the blunders and bad spirit which I observed among able Christian men on this question, and the brunt of the storm fell on Dr. McCosh, whose religious sincerity was sometimes questioned.

"But these matters may now rest. He, by his writings, averted a disastrous war between science and faith, and in 'his' college, men have studied Biology without discarding their religion. At length over all America a happy *modus vivendi* has been reached; whilst the intelligent public are not sure whether Evolution is sound or erroneous, they are convinced that it is not dangerous to Christianity. I suspect that future writers will represent this as the best service that Dr. McCosh or any other Christian apologist has rendered in our day."

CHAPTER IX

PUBLIC LIFE IN IRELAND

1856–1868

THE benevolent and religious work of Dr. McCosh during his residence in Belfast deserves more than passing mention. As is so often the case with strong natures, his avocations were as useful and arduous as the business to which he had devoted his life. His social connections were from the beginning very extensive, men and women of all classes recognizing in him that vigorous humanity which transcends the limitations of birth and station in all directions. Accordingly, he secured invaluable assistance from every social rank. One of the outcast districts in the great manufacturing city was Smithfield, and in that slum quarter, with the assistance of two noble co-workers, Miss Stevenson and Miss Simms, he established a school which grew to have six teachers and sometimes as high as six hundred pupils. Though it was ultimately connected with the national system, the teachers were then as always expected to inculcate piety and morality both by precept and example. Nearly two-thirds of the scholars were of Roman Catholic families, and sometimes the priests grew alarmed at the possible religious influence which might be exerted over the members of their flocks, at intervals even forbidding their attendance at school. But such episodes were of

short duration, and the school continued to thrive until it was firmly established.

To a man of Dr. McCosh's ardent piety, such philanthropic work seemed secular, and he yearned for more spiritual exercise. Selecting as a coadjutor Mr. Thomas Sinclair, his ablest student at the time, he began in a large, neglected quarter of the city the work of building up a congregation and organizing a church. Visiting from house to house, they inquired for the Presbyterian families which they knew to be sparsely scattered through the neighborhood, and when one was found the well-known name of the younger man served as an introduction for both. These families had for the most part come from the country, and sadly needed pastoral attention. If any proved indifferent, Dr. McCosh suggested communicating with their former pastors, and, as he soon had an extensive acquaintance with the ministers throughout the north of Ireland, he would thus have been able to establish a personal influence. But ordinarily even the most careless were startled by the thought of permitting those they had loved in their country homes to be informed as to their present condition, and consented to reform. A little knot of regular hearers was soon gathered in a school-room secured for the purpose. With his old habits of parochial visitation strong upon him, Dr. McCosh then began a regular canvass of the quarter, passing no door without a summons. The Roman Catholics were at first very hostile, but as he avoided all controversial questions he made many warm friends among even them. He was fond of recalling that they were never unwilling to talk both of the Saviour and of his love for sinners, and especially anxious that the Protes-

tants who attended no place of worship should be cared for. Concerning the latter, he thus obtained much invaluable information, and within a few months he had collected an audience of a hundred and fifty for his regular services. On one occasion only was a threatening demonstration made against the two evangelists. They wisely avoided a conflict, but as they displayed no fear the surly working-men who threatened them dispersed. Choosing his opportunity, Dr. McCosh made ready to organize his congregration, and to that end invited the people on a certain week-night to hear a sermon from Mr. Killen, a clergyman located at no great distance in the country. They came and listened eagerly. On the next Lord's Day, their leader plumply suggested that they should elect officers, and call the preacher. They were amazed, and at first declared themselves utterly unable to pay a salary; but finally they yielded to persuasion, and took the proposed steps. The benevolent and wealthy father of young Mr. Sinclair came forward at the crisis, and erected a church and school-house, thus giving the final impulse to a movement well started. The congregation soon became numerous and strong.

Dr. McCosh was among the first to recognize a fact which in our day is thoroughly understood, that the hold of the saloon upon the masses lies partially in its social attractiveness. His intimacy with working-men convinced him that their intemperance was often incidental to the desire for relaxation, which took them to the comfortable and cheerful resorts where drink is sold. Accordingly, he interested his friends in a project to provide the temperate working-men with a similar meeting-place, where drink was not sold. A house was secured

and furnished for the purpose; the men who frequented it were made to feel a sense of responsibility and proprietorship. Dr. McCosh gave his constant personal supervision to the enterprise, and the place soon became popular. Many were preserved from temptation, and the organizer felt amply repaid for his labors in the opportunities he found for the study of human character, which in its different phases was the subject-matter of his investigations. In fact, he looked upon such observation of mankind, which to many others would be casual, not merely as instructive amusement but as the indispensable complement of his metaphysical speculations.

Probably the most important of Dr. McCosh's avocations was the scientific study of educational systems in their relation to the people. The inhabitants of Belfast, which is a great manufacturing centre, and confessedly the most enterprising town in Ireland, were much like those of similar cities elsewhere. The Scotch professor found himself at home among them from the beginning, for they seemed to him refined and highly intelligent; taste and culture being fostered by the Royal Academical Institution, which they had founded for the purpose. In their manners he found them to combine the stability of the Scotch with the liveliness of the Irish, very many of the upper classes being, in fact, of Scottish origin. The successful and wealthy families, like those of Great Britain, were aristocratic and exclusive, and during the American War of the Rebellion, then raging, they sympathized for the most part, like the English upper classes, with the South. In this, Dr. McCosh was utterly opposed to them, and he made himself heard with no uncertain sound. The plain people, on the other hand,

were earnest in their devotion to the cause of liberty, and so also were their friends and relatives among the Ulster farmers. The classes of Queen's College had many members from among these enterprising, industrious, serious people, and Professor McCosh became deeply interested in them, studying their needs with care. In so doing he was thrown much with the Presbyterian clergy. The Free Church movement in Scotland had been followed with great sympathy by the orthodox Presbyterians in Ireland, and the consequence was that a movement for establishing more rigid tests had been successfully inaugurated. Those who would not subscribe to the Westminster Confession, a considerable number, were compelled to leave the church, and they formed a denomination which was similar in character to the American Unitarians of the Channing type. The leader of the orthodox was Dr. Cooke, the ablest of the Unitarians was Dr. Montgomery, both men of great power. Irish Presbyterianism, therefore, became rigidly Calvinistic, and as the people were now harmonious, they also became combative, in particular they met the Roman Catholic intolerance with equal narrowness, emphasizing the political tenets of the Revolution of 1688, and identifying themselves with the Orange societies until the enmity between the two classes had become bitter. The Presbyterians were the stronger, and their aggressive attitude barred the way to any missionary work among the Roman Catholics. This was a source of disquietude to McCosh, and he often censured the Protestants severely for repelling rather than wooing their fellow-countrymen. Of course the Presbyterian clergy were quite as resolute as he was. Their people were shrewd, intelligent, and

laborious, but poor, so that their stipends were small, and the Regium Donum, a gift from the government of some seventy pounds, which each settled pastor received as a supplement to his salary, was of great importance to them. Hence they stood in a conservative relation to the state, were stanch in their attachment to Church and creed, and polemic in their attitude generally. Dr. McCosh was not the man to fight with negative weapons. He desired the abolition of the Regium Donum, in order to give the clergy their independence, but suggested the raising of a great sustentation fund to take the place of the government bounty, as had been done in Scotland to make good the absence of state support to the Free Church. In order to counteract the tendency to narrowness and exclusiveness which sundered the various classes of the Irish population, he devoted himself to the reform of education, both primary and intermediate.

This involved him in a great agitation, but throughout he kept his intimacy with the able ministers of Belfast, — Dr. Cooke, Dr. Morgan, Mr. McNaughton, Mr. William Johnston, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Knox, — a fact most creditable to them and to him. Dr. Cooke was a thorough conservative, eloquent as an orator, magnetic as a leader, abounding in pointed wit, in readiness of repartee, and in genuine feeling. Of course he and Dr. McCosh disagreed on vital points, and the latter was often exposed to the artillery of his opponent's wit, but it was characteristic of both that their final parting was emotional even to tears. The force of the double agitation against state interference in the Church, and an imperfect educational system, lay of course in its righteousness. The religion of great numbers among the Protestant laboring-classes

was nothing but a hatred of "Popery," and the faith of the Orangeman was his antagonism to the Romanist. Many of the Orangemen attended no church, and, being powerful and fearless, felt they had done their whole duty when they had defeated their opponents in the too numerous riots which were called Catholic disturbances. The ignorance of the masses was as complete as their indifference, at least in regard to anything beyond the rudiments of education. The primary schools were excellent as far as they went, but, leading to nothing, the formal knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic had no civilizing influence. In order to support the colleges, grammar and high schools were essential, but quite as much so in order to foster habits of reading and meditation among the masses; above all, in order to encourage the able and ambitious, an easy path upward must be provided. The material was admirable; what was needed was the machinery and the emancipation of the most powerful class, the clergy, which might be expected to carry on the work.

Thus it was that the two projects, that for a Presbyterian sustentation fund and that for strengthening and completing a national, as opposed to a denominational educational system went hand in hand. Dr. McCosh never claimed to have originated either, but he took up both, and infused new vigor into them. The Sustentation Fund he saw established and increasing to such an extent as to assure him, before he left Ireland, that when the day of disestablishment came and the Regium Donum was withdrawn, the Presbyterian Church would not be left crippled and inefficient. He was fond of recalling his co-laborers, Sinclair, Gibson, McClure, Hamilton,

Kirk, and others, who were also his intimate and dear friends. His efforts in the cause of Intermediate Education brought him into contact, not only with these admirable men, but also with others of even greater eminence. The Endowed Schools were all in the hands of the Irish (Episcopal) Established Church; consequently, both that body and the Roman Catholics were opposed to any measures of reform which would strengthen Presbyterianism. Dr. McCosh wrote a widely circulated pamphlet advocating the completion of the National System as inaugurated by Lord Derby. Although himself an integral part of it, he thought it imperfect. Nevertheless it seemed to him the best possible in a country so divided, and he took every opportunity of defending it, not only in its then existing form, but also in its proposed extension. It was attacked on the ground of its irreligion, as being non-sectarian, and Mr. Gladstone, then prime minister, sympathized with those who brought the charge. To Dr. McCosh it seemed that for the sake of diffusing education throughout the country it would be well to take the risk of not providing a sufficient religious training in government institutions, leaving home and church to supplement the school. The more earnest he became, the more he was brought into prominence, and finally he was a champion, making frequent journeys, first to Dublin and then to London, in behalf of his cause. This threw him into closer contact with those who had before been friendly acquaintances, — with Mr. Kirk of Keady, with Sir Hugh Cairns, then member of Parliament for Belfast, with Lord Dufferin, and with Lord Meath. The result of their united efforts was to save the National System for many years. This success has been one of the factors

in the steady elevation of the Irish masses, and of their emancipation from the destructive superstition to which for so long they seemed bound.

Of course Dr. McCosh was not forgotten in the land of his birth. In the spring of 1856, his tried and true friend, Dr. Guthrie, wrote gleefully that the directors of the Theological College of the Free Church in Glasgow needed a professor of Apologetics, and that their hopes were centred on the professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. "There stands Glasgow College," he said, "and I am for making the very best of it. You would make a grand professor, — no doubt of that. Then our Church would be much the better of your practical wisdom; then we would get you among ourselves, no longer sundered by that abominable Irish Channel; then I think you would like it to be engaged in the direct service of Christ and the Church." This was an honorable and attractive call, and as such required serious consideration, the more so as some opposition was speedily developed among the ultra-conservatives of the Free Church, "John Hieland men," as Dr. Guthrie called them, and it might clearly be Dr. McCosh's duty to lead the opposition to a dangerous movement. But, after long and careful deliberation, the offer was declined in these words, which were read to the General Assembly on May 31, 1856:

About eight or nine years ago, after I had, in my own limited sphere, fought the cause of the Free Church, and when public matters had settled down into a quiet state, and my position locally was a little ambiguous, I had occasion, apart from all human counsel, to review myself,

with the view of deciding (so far as man can decide) my future career. I came to the conclusion that, beside the ministerial office, which I was fond of, God gave me but one other means of usefulness, and that he had bestowed one, just one, special talent; and I resolved, instead of dividing my energies, which I had previously done, among several things, henceforth, after discharging my primary duties of preaching and visiting, to devote my remaining life, shorter or longer, to the cultivation of a Christian philosophy. In coming to this conclusion, I did not find it necessary to estimate the extent of my power in this respect; it was enough for me that it seemed to be my gift bestowed by God, and to be used by me to His glory. I have adhered hitherto to that resolution, and hence my published works and my acceptance of the chair here; and all my plans for years to come (if so spared, and if not spared, God may raise up a far fitter instrument) are in the same direction, and look to the establishment of a philosophy prosecuted in the inductive manner, resting on facts, and confirmatory or illustrative of true religion.

But apparently the General Assembly had become convinced that they needed the man. In spite of Dr. McCosh's stand, he was formally elected "to be Professor of Apologetics and Theology in the Divinity Hall at Glasgow." The call seemed urgent, but the unwilling candidate knew himself better than his friends, and firmly declined.

The fact was that Dr. McCosh's many activities had made him a personage in Great Britain as well as in Ireland. One of his interests was the substitution of examinations for patronage in the appointment of candidates for the civil service. Having given important assistance

to that much-needed reform, he was one of the first chosen to be examiners. Among his associates were many men of great eminence in the world of philosophy. One of these was Principal Grant of Oxford, who said that Dr. McCosh's Moral Science Papers were considered by many to be the most judicious of all which were set, and most generously complimented his colleague on a result so satisfactory. This success was not strange, because in his hours of leisure the busy professor and philanthropist was acquiring a thorough knowledge of German, and was using it to become familiar with German philosophy. Without any rigid and enslaving division of his time he was nevertheless so diligent and so versatile that he kept steadily onward in many different fields simultaneously. The British thinkers had just discovered the world of German learning, and constructive thought was no longer possible without some familiarity with it. McCosh was immersed in a new philosophical investigation, and determined to know what had been done on similar lines among Continental thinkers. In a few years he became adept and to such a degree that his horizon was far wider than that of any except a very few of his contemporaries. Aware of all that had been accomplished in the home of Kant, it was a natural curiosity which prompted him to journey thither. Some account has already been given of the volume entitled "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation." Dr. McCosh himself recalled its origin and fate as follows:

As I walked or rode out in summer to visit my country people, I looked at the trees and shrubs. Notwithstanding that these were so torn by the wind or by cattle,

I noticed that there was some sort of order in their growth, and in the forms that they took. I had never studied botany, which was not in the College Course, and in Glasgow and Edinburgh was taught in the summer when we had gone to our homes. Despite the difficulties I felt, I resolved to study the forms of plants, and made myself, if not a scientific botanist, at least an enthusiastic amateur, observing some fresh points which botanists had not noticed. I found that, when normally grown, the leaf resembled the tree, and that the branches took the same general shape. I saw that the venation of the leaf corresponded to the branches of the tree, and to its general ramification. I noticed, in particular, that the veins of the leaf went off at the same angles from the midrib as the branches did from the trunk, and as the smaller branches did from the larger; that when the angle of the veins was narrow, the leaf became linear, and the whole tree and its branches also became linear; and that when the angle of the leaf was obtuse, the tree and its branches were also swollen out. I became intensely interested in these discoveries. The tree stood before me as a unity in its branches and in its branchlets and its leaves.[1]

[1] (Note by Professor Macloskie of Princeton.) "When Dr. McCosh's theory about leaves was first published (1851), it excited interest; and it is summarized in Balfour's 'Classbook of Botany,' with some suggestions of difficulties because of variations of angles of ramification within the same plant. His argument has been reinforced, and has received scientific explanation by the discovery of the continuity of the tissues of leaf and stem. The leaf is now regarded as a projection in a plane surface of the stem, or branch, which bears it; and their correspondence is not a matter of type but of genetic identity. This fact is demonstrated in Part II. of the splendid Memoir of Gravis on the Vegetative Organs of *Urtica Dioica* (1886), which was crowned by the Royal Academy of Belgium. Since the branches are a fragmentation or tributary system of the mother-stem, the results of Gravis's investigations amount to an indorsement of McCosh's theory."

Surrounded by these objects I went out to my parish work, and addressed the people with additional zest from having such proofs of the order of the works of the God I served. I did not know German at that time; but I turned to the ordinary botanical works in English, and could find no traces of such a correspondence of leaf and plant being known. I sought the acquaintance of Dr. Balfour, professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, and was encouraged by him in my researches. I read a paper before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, and another paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. They listened to me very respectfully; but they were afraid to commit themselves to my views. I remember that one of them thought that the branches of the tree, instead of going out according to strict mathematical law, went out as they best could. Others looked on my discovery as a pleasant fancy. I challenged my critics to go with me into any botanic garden, and I convinced all who had the courage to go with me.

Notwithstanding the doubts of British men of Science, I persevered in my researches in various countries, in different parts of Scotland, in some parts of England and Germany, and on the High Alps.

I had the happiness of securing the concurrence of my colleague, Dr. Dickie of Queen's College, Belfast. My views, meanwhile, of the order of nature were enlarging. Dr. Dickie and I agreed to publish a joint book on "Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation," in which was expounded the general order which runs through Creation, while we showed that there were special ends served in the different organs of plants.

We expected that this would be a contribution to natural theology.

When I went to Berlin in 1858, I took this volume with me, and presented copies of it to such men as Alexander von Humboldt and Professor Braun. I have referred elsewhere to the reception given to it by Humboldt. I was delighted to find that the views I presented of the forms of plants were already familiar to Dr. Braun and others, and that Dr. Braun had given to his views a mathematical organization, such as I had not done. I confess that along with my joy there was a slight mortification that I could not claim the discovery, which had been previously made by certain German botanists. From this date I gave less time to my botanical researches, as I knew that the interesting views which I had presented would be preserved.

Dr. McCosh's travels on the Continent have fortunately been described by himself. His first journey to America, though preliminary to the most momentous change of his life, he briefly mentions. Before giving his account of both we may be permitted to give the record of a few more incidents of his Belfast life. Among other distinguished Scotchmen who had been interested in his career was the Duke of Argyll. They had met frequently and corresponded with more or less regularity as topics of common interest arose in the world of thought. To this friendship was due one of the professor's greatest social pleasures which he thus described:

I have not had much intercourse with the aristocracy of the Old World. With one family, however, I was in-

timate, that of Viscount, afterwards Earl, Dufferin, and now Marquis of Dufferin. His mansion "Clandeboy" was within eleven miles of Belfast. He was a descendant of the great orator Sheridan, a graduate of Oxford, and of a fine literary taste. He had more special tact than any man I have known, — a tact, springing not from cunning or deceit, but from a keen sympathy with those he met with, and a desire to gratify them. I believe I owe my acquaintanceship with him to a good word spoken in my behalf by the Duke of Argyll.

He was anxious in his retired place to have some literary intercourse. He kept what he called a prophet's chamber for me, and often invited me to dine and spend a day or two with him. He was laying out his demesne, grading it, and forming small lakes, and, as I was fond of these pursuits, he consulted me at times. He provided a good horse for me, and we rode, often galloped, over his extensive grounds.

He entertained a large amount of company, and I met with a kind of people whom I did not usually fall in with, — noblemen and artists; and it was a new life to the abstract metaphysician. He honored me on one occasion by inviting me to meet Earl Carlisle, at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. There was a very distinguished company, and they all placed me on an equality with themselves. Earl Carlisle drew particularly toward me, and we talked much on religious and literary topics. Ever afterwards I was invited to pay my respects to him at the Castle when I visited Dublin, and was commonly asked to dinner.

At Clandeboy all was becoming. Every morning there was family worship, in which all the household

was assembled. His Lordship conducted it himself, even when the Bishop of Down and Conner was present.

One day as we were riding in the park, after a gallop we loosened reins, and were walking leisurely. I had the courage or impertinence to say to him: "My Lord, I fear you are not fulfilling the end of your life." He looked at me sternly, and asked me somewhat imperiously what I meant. I told him that I said what I meant, and meant what I said. I told him that he had high talents and accomplishments; that he had extensive patrimonial influence in his descent, and extensive property, and that something great and good was expected of him. "But what," he asked, "do you expect of me?" I at once answered that I expected him to devote himself to statesmanship. He inquired thoughtfully and earnestly, "Do you think I have the talents for this work?" I answered him that I thought he had, and that he had only to devote himself to the work to do much good, and rise to distinction. We rode very leisurely the rest of the way to the castle. It was evident that he was thinking earnestly. I know not for certain whether this conversation had any influence on his future career, but very soon after he was deep in political affairs. He was sent out to Syria to quell a disturbance. I congratulated him on his return on his success in pacifying Syria. "Yes," said he, "as the sand of the desert is pacified till the next breeze." I did not wonder when this youth rose to be Governor of Canada, and then Governor of India, in both of which positions both he and his most estimable lady did much good. I may be allowed to add that it was thus that I dealt with my higher students, and often stirred them up to high efforts in their various vocations.

His mother, a granddaughter of Brinsley Sheridan, commonly lived with him. I never knew a son more attached to a mother. I remember on one occasion of his taking me into a quiet room where there was a portrait of his mother; and then how he devoted an hour to pouring out his affection, and reciting her high qualities. I believe that he regularly devoted such an hour — a sacred one — to meditation on his mother.

After Lord Dufferin was launched upon his distinguished career, he appears to have cherished the memory of his acquaintance with Dr. McCosh, and among the latter's papers is a letter requesting an opinion on the then absorbing question of intermediate education. There are also many charming and intimate letters from the Duke of Argyll, whose correspondence ceased only with the close of his friend's life. The following is characteristic of the relations which existed between them:

Machairioch House, Campbelltown,
Sept. 21, 1867.

My dear Dr. McCosh, — The sight of the Belfast hills from this coast, as well as the paper you lately sent me containing a letter from you on the Endowment question, remind me that I have not yet thanked you for your very kind review and criticism on the Reign of Law. I received it when in the thick of the Reform Discussions in Parliament, and I laid it aside till I should have some leisure to read it with care. Since I came to Scotland I have been as busy as out-of-door pursuits would allow me in preparing an opening address for the Young Men's Christian Association in Glasgow, and this I have just completed.

It gave me great pleasure to find that on the whole our agreement is so great on the questions raised respecting "Law in the Realm of Mind." I think that substantially we are at one, and I find this impression strengthened as I read more carefully over again your excellent metaphysical works.

I hope during this winter to be able to devote some time to a revised edition (the fifth) of the Reign of Law, when I shall take advantage of the notes so kindly supplied to me by you.

I am afraid I must avow on the other hand, substantial disagreement with you on the Endowment question. I think indeed that "Free churches are the future of the world," and that the upshot of present controversies will be a general severance of churches from Endowment; but though this result may at any time be rapidly precipitated, yet in the ordinary course of events it is still a long way ahead of us. But what I clearly hold is that "the state" is not a person, with the same duties and obligations as an individual; and that there is no violation of any duty in the payment of more churches than one, should other considerations, or existing facts, recommend such a course.

It seems to me as clear a proposition as any proposition can be that money derived from a common fund to which men of all creeds contribute, not only may, but ought to be divided on a common and not on an exclusive principle of distribution. The state is nothing but an aggregate of individuals, and if they are divided between (what you or I may deem) truth and error, so likewise must be the influence they exert in matters of religion. I confess I do not think it *just* — consistent

with that primary virtue which Christianity enforces as much as any dogma — that all the funds provided by ancient laws for pious uses in Ireland should be appropriated exclusively to the pious use of a small minority of the People. Would the Irish "state," if it were separate, tolerate this distribution?

Pray let me have your paper, — to be read before the S. S. Association.

ARGYLL.

CHAPTER X

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — TRAVELS IN GERMANY AND AMERICA

IT was on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 18, 1858, that I sailed from Leith on a steamer bound for Hamburg. I had better spare the details of a voyage by no means pleasant, in a strong, clumsy vessel fitted for freight rather than passengers, vigorously ploughing its way through terribly angry waves, bent on tossing us up and down on our berths, and pulling our stomachs into as agitated a state as they themselves were. For our comfort, the stewardess informed us that she had never been out on so fearful a night except once, when one of the ships of their line had been wrecked. It is curious that on such occasions our feeling is apt to be callousness. All next day we were in the midst of fearfully agitated waves, which would have looked grand if we could have calmly contemplated them. Beyond them the piercing eye could discover no land on the British or Continental sides. On the third day, the wind was in a balmy humor, and the sea, his passion exhausted, was rocking himself, like a passionate child, to rest. Passing some interesting villages we arrived at Hamburg on Thursday night.

Perhaps the most eminent man in intellectual philosophy in Berlin, at the time, was Professor Trendelenburg. I attended some of his lectures. His class, which amounted

to only thirty-three, met at a quarter past the hour, — this seems the custom in Germany. He came in quick, — a tall, thin, somewhat ungainly, intellectual-looking man. He mumbled so fast, and in so low a tone, that I scarcely heard him, and did not fully understand him. One-half of his students were languid, and took no notes. He is an Aristotelian, and has written fully on the Categories. He invited me to his house, and was very kind to me. I got much instruction from him. For scholarship he may be regarded as the Sir William Hamilton of Berlin, but he had not the impetuosity of the Scotchman. He did much to undermine the supremacy of Hegel.

The most striking metaphysician I met with in Berlin was Michelet. He was first pupil and then assistant to the great speculator Hegel. He was an extreme and decided pantheist. He wore spectacles, had rough hair, and had on a somewhat ungainly dress. He began his lectures before he sat down, and after he sat down he rose up as if by impulse. In delivering his lecture, he was now sitting and now standing, waving his hands in all directions, now touching his head with them, and now whirling them all around. His face was now grave and earnest, and anon covered with smiles. The attendance in all was only twenty-one, and not more than half of them took notes, but a few big-brained, bewildered-looking fellows drank in the whole discourse greedily. His utterance was clear, and I understood him thoroughly. He showed that all things are identical, — God and the world, you and me, truth and error. It would have been amusing, had it not been melancholy, to hear a mature man uttering such extravagances. He has for-

tunately outlived his day, and now there are few even in Germany who believe in him. I got from him a list of late philosophic works, all of them of a low tendency.

After visiting the graveyard together, we drove out to Charlottenburg. There we saw the monument to the late King and Queen, — the patriotic Queen who resisted so vigorously the inroads of Napoleon. This is the finest monument to the dead I have ever seen. The repose is so perfect, — "She is not dead, but sleepeth." We returned to the city in an omnibus. We had carried on the philosophic discussion all this time. Two ladies in the omnibus joined in it. They had seen me at some religious meeting, and probably knew who Michelet was, and they attacked the Hegelian philosophy, and defended Christianity very keenly. Being very wearied I gave up the discussion to them, and sat rejoicing in it, the more pleasantly as I found that the ladies discomfited the philosopher. On coming into the city he took me into a cool restaurant. I had been obliged to think in English, to translate it into German, and turn the answer back into English. I retired to my hotel towards one in the morning, so completely exhausted that it was not till next morning that I understood the message left me by Graf von Goltz, Secretary to the King, offering me a seat in his box in the theatre on the next Sabbath evening. I hastened to explain to the Count my conscientious convictions against theatre-going on the Sabbath, and had difficulty in making him understand me. On that Sabbath evening it was said there was a masked ball in the city, with an attendance of thirty thousand.

I also got acquainted with Hengstenberg, an eminent

evangelical divine at that time. He, like most other distinguished men, had an hour, a *Stunde*, for receiving visitors. I went at the hour, and found him walking up and down his garden at the rate of at least four miles an hour. I joined him, and we talked of English theology. He approved of the Puseyism, and high churchism at that time prevalent in England, and fighting with the rationalism. I could not agree with him, as I believe the Romanist tendency leads intelligent young men to scepticism, which, as its blankness is discovered, drives people to high churchism. I found Hengstenberg very impetuous, and we had not much pleasant intercourse.

The best known physical philosopher in Germany at the time was Alexander von Humboldt; Dr. Sydow introduced me to him. At the time he was living with the King at Potsdam; but in a few days he came into town, and it was arranged that I should meet with him at his house. He received me most graciously, giving me a seat of honor while he sat beside me. He was rather a small but handsome man, with not a very large, but decidedly marked head. He asked in what language I should wish him to speak, German, French, or English. I told him that I would understand him either in German or French if he spoke slowly, but would take it as a compliment if he spoke in English. Upon this he immediately addressed me in my own tongue, with a slightly German accent; but his English flowed easily and gracefully, and was thoroughly correct grammatically and idiomatically. The story in Berlin was that he was learning his thirtieth language to keep his mind from failing. I had sent a copy of my work on "Typical

Forms in Creation and Special Ends" to him, and I was specially anxious to know what was his opinion of my theory of the forms of plants, — that there was a beautiful correspondence between the form of the tree and its several branches on the one hand, and of the leaf and its leaf-stalks on the other. He told me that he had noticed the correspondence, but added that he thought he had discovered two exceptions, one a South American plant which I had never seen, the other the Portugal laurel. I explained to him how I could reconcile to my view certain forms which seemed to be exceptions. Upon this he at once declared that I had established my point, and added, "You may say that I think so to any one." On getting this sanction, I stopped giving so much time to my botanical observations, and turned towards psychical studies, which were ever my favorite ones.

After having been with Humboldt a quarter of an hour, and gained my practical end, I proposed to depart; but he would not allow me. He insisted on my remaining with him some time longer. We discussed all sorts of topics secular and sacred.

He passed on to discourse of the injurious imputations which had been cast on his religious principles by certain Jesuits, and in doing so, spoke in terms of strong indignation of the way in which the great German Leibnitz had sought to prejudice the Electress of Brandenburg against the English Newton, because of the supposed irreligious tendencies of his works. He branched off into the latest discoveries in science; showed me curious natural objects which he had picked up in various parts of the world, and he encouraged me to speak of religion and of the reconciling work of the Saviour.

Finding that I was going to Heidelberg, and that I would there see Bunsen,[1] he sent through me his warm regards to him. "You are going to visit Bunsen," he said; "you must by all means do so;" and he proceeded to speak of him in the language of the greatest admiration and affection, adding, "I do not understand some of his writings, but I have formed the very highest opinion of his Bibelwerk." It is not for one who had so imperfect an acquaintance with Humboldt as I had to attempt to reconcile what he said to me with harsh expressions about Bunsen, scattered throughout his letters to Varnhagen. Were his feelings toward Bunsen softened in his later days, or was he rejoicing in the *Bibelwerk* because he saw that it would further very different ends from those contemplated by Bunsen?

In speaking of the controversy going on between Brewster and Whewell as to the plurality of worlds with living inhabitants, he expressed his astonishment that Whewell should have taken up the position so perversely, of denying that the planets and stars must be inhabited. He thought it very unreasonable to suppose that God should have left so many material bodies uninhabited. I regarded him as here expressing unequivocally his belief in the existence of the good God.

On parting he held my hands for several minutes, and I pressed him strongly with the obligations and privileges of the gospel.

It was on the afternoon of Tuesday, August 4, that I waited on Bunsen at his pleasant villa, near Heidelberg, with a letter of introduction, with which I had been

[1] Christian Karl Josias, Chevalier von . . . The distinguished scholar and diplomatist.

favored, from the Duke of Argyll, a special friend of Bunsen's. As I went up to his residence, a carriage passed out having in it a gentleman of a singularly grave and noble countenance, and I was sure this must be Bunsen himself. Not finding him at home, I left my card and introductions, and in the same evening I had a kind letter[1] from him, inviting me to visit him next day, and pressing me to give him as much of my time as possible. Next day I secured my first interview with him, and on each successive day, to the Sunday following, inclusive, I waited on him by appointment, at dinner, or for coffee, or for tea, and on each occasion had lengthened conversations with him.

And what a talker! Interesting as many of his writings are, they are not nearly so much so as was his conversation. The man himself was an object of the highest interest to all who could appreciate him. With a head that rose like a dome, he had a heart from which there glowed a genial heat as from a domestic fire. He talked of education in Germany and in England, of religion, of theology, of philosophy, of the state of the

[1] CHARLOTTENBURG, 5th Aug. 1858.

DEAR SIR, — Although I hope to see you this afternoon at 3 o'clock, as you kindly promised to my daughter yesterday, I cannot wait so long to bid you a hearty welcome at Heidelberg! I have so long wished to know you personally (as the Duchess of Argyll, our common kind friend, knows) that I am desirous of securing as much of your time as you can bestow upon Charlottenburg.

If you make a prolonged stay, I will not monopolize you, but if you should remain here only to-day and to-morrow, I hope you will have your tea with us at h. p. seven both days

The most remarkable establishment here is Bunsen's great Laboratory, the greatest, I understand, in Europe. You will find in my very learned and acute (only a little deaf) cousin a man whose simplicity equals his science. Yours sincerely,

BUNSEN.

Romish and Protestant Churches on the Continent, and interspersed the grand theoretical views which he delighted to expound with anecdotes of kings, statesmen, philosophers, and theologians of the highest name, with whom he had been intimate. But his noble enthusiasm ever kindled into the brightest flame when he spread out before me his own intended works, as illustrative of the Bible, of philosophy and history, and as fitted to help on the education of the race. I have met with many talented men, with many good men, with not a few men of genius; but I have had the privilege of holding confidential intercourse with only three whom I reckoned "great men." One, the greatest, I think — Dr. Chalmers — ever rises up before my memory as a mountain, standing fair, and clear, and large. The second, Hugh Miller, rises as a bold, rocky promontory, covered all over with numberless plants of wild exquisite beauty. The third, Bunsen, stretches out before me wide, and lovely, and fertile, — like the plains of Lombardy which I had just passed through before visiting him.

I have referred to the fondness with which he dwelt on his contemplated publications. He was now, in his retirement, to give to the world the views on all subjects — historical, philosophical, and theological — which had burst upon him in their freshness when he spent so many of his youthful years in Rome. I confess, however, that, deeply interested as I was in his speculations, — as these came forth with such a warmth and radiance from his own lips, — I had all the while an impression that he would require to live to an antediluvian age in order to commit all his theories to writing, and also a very strong conviction that his views belonged to the past age rather

than to the present, and that some of them would not, in fact, promote the cause of religion which he had so much at heart. It ever came out, that he drew no distinction between the natural and preternatural. He was a firm believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance (in favor of them he mentioned some circumstances which seemed to me to have no evidential value), and was apt to connect them with the inspiration of the writers of the Bible.[1]

He talked in terms of intense affection of Alexander von Humboldt, with whom I had had some intercourse a short time before. On my reporting to Bunsen how kindly Humboldt had spoken of him, he said, "I am bringing out a certain portion of my *Bibelwerk* before other parts which should come earlier, in order that it may fall under the eye of Humboldt ere he is removed from us." The way he said this showed the great love he had for Humboldt; and he intimated pretty plainly that he hoped the part of the *Bibelwerk* to which he referred might help to draw Humboldt towards deeper religious convictions.

Whether any such end was accomplished, I have no means of knowing. I have doubts as to whether the means were fitted to attain the object fondly desired, for Bunsen was already in a very ambiguous position in his own country. Respected and beloved by all,—except the enemies of civil and religious liberty,—his

[1] In Schleiermacher's letters, written in 1817 (Life, translated by F. Rowan, p. 260), the writer says of animal magnetism: "My opinion, in regard to the nature of these mental phenomena, and to their truth, is this: any distinction between the natural and supernatural, between the comprehensible and the incomprehensible, I do not, upon the whole, recognize."

speculations, philosophical or theological, carried, I found, very little weight in Germany. The great divines of the orthodox school, while they loved him for his piety, just regretted the more that in his opinions as to the authenticity and inspiration of the Old Testament he was adhering to views which had been very prevalent in the earlier part of the century, but had been for years abandoned by all who had given their attention to the subject. The rationalists, who, in the days of their strength, had hated Bunsen for his warm evangelical piety, were rejoicing, now that the tide was against them, that they had in him an unconscious auxiliary in their work of undermining the inspiration of the Bible; but they set no value whatever on his own speculations and opinions. His venerated name is being extensively used by the rationalists of this country; it is right that they should know that he ever spoke of rationalism in terms of strongest disapprobation and aversion, and he wished it to be known everywhere that he identified himself with the living evangelical piety of Britain. While Bunsen was able to retain his piety, in spite of the vagueness and wanderings of his speculative opinions, it is difficult to see how any young man, trained in Bunsen's creed, could ever rise to a belief in the Saviour.

What I have now said indicates pretty clearly the state of theological belief of late years in Germany. The rationalists of the two last ages, though their immediate power was restricted to their students in the universities, had yet, through them, as they were scattered over the country, spread a most baleful influence, resulting in a general disregard of religion among all classes, beginning with the educated, and going down to the lowest. But

since 1848, — when the country became alarmed at the extremes to which infidelity led, — there has been a slight reaction in favor of orthodox doctrine and evangelical sentiments. This has been specially felt by students aiming at the pastoral office, who have very much abandoned the old rationalistic and Hegelian professors, and are crowding the class-rooms of those who defend the inspiration of Scripture, and the old doctrines of salvation by the Cross of Christ. The great German theologians of the age now passing away, and of the present age, have, with unmatched erudition and profound speculative ability, defended the Bible from the assaults made upon it; and as it was from Germany we got the bane, so it is from Germany, or rather from English writers who can use the stores of German learning, that we must look for the antidote.

But to return to Bunsen. I am able to say — what I believe I can say of no other with whom I had so much intercourse — that we never conversed during these five days, for ten minutes at a time, without his returning, however far he might be off, to his Bible and his Saviour, as the objects that were evidently the dearest to him. Some of my British readers will be astonished when I have to add, that one evening he told me that he "was not sure about allowing that God is a Being, and that he certainly could not admit that God is a Person." The question will be asked, "How was it possible for one entertaining such theoretical views to love his God and Saviour, as Bunsen seemed to love them, supremely?" Having a considerable acquaintance with the Hegelian philosophy, and having only a short time before listened to the lectures of some of the most devoted disciples of

that school, I think I can understand this inconsistency, though I would never think of defending it. Bunsen had been trained in the first quarter of this century, when Schelling and Hegel (of whom he always spoke with profound admiration) ruled in the universities, and he had so lost himself in ideal distinctions and nomenclature that his words were not to be interpreted as if the same expressions had been used by another man. He was forever talking, in Kantian phraseology, of the forms of space and time. I labored to show that there were other intuitive convictions in the mind as well as those of space and time, and, in particular, that we all had an immediate consciousness of ourselves as persons, and that this conscious personality, duly followed out, raised our minds to the contemplation of God as a Being and a Person. One evening, in his house, I thought I had shut him up to a point, but the conversation was interrupted by the breaking up of the large company, and I had not another opportunity of taking up the subject.[1]

The following letter written to Mrs. McCosh from Berlin is inserted here at the risk of repetition, being as

[1] INVERARY, Sept. 2, 1858.

DEAR DR. MCCOSH, — It gave the Duchess and myself much pleasure to receive your note, showing that you had so fully appreciated one of the most remarkable men of our age. You would probably not fail to discover the wide difference between Bunsen's views on many points and the popular theology of all the British churches. A vague sense of the difference has always attracted a certain amount of jealousy and suspicion to him in this country, but no man can be with him without feeling that he is — what you describe.

I am, dear Dr. McCosh,
Yours very truly,
ARGYLL.

it is so interesting in itself and so characteristic of the writer's keenness in observation: —

BERLIN, Thursday, June 17, 1858.

MY DEAR ISABELLA, — Yesterday I received your letter with Councillor Gibson's inclosed, and to-day his pamphlet has arrived. I am delighted to hear that the question of intermediate education is being kept alive. I could not write prior to the Board meeting, but will answer his note soon.

I proceed to make you acquainted with some other persons I have met with since I wrote you. I had better finish off the Divines. I called on Hengstenberg at his hour for receiving calls, four to five, and found him walking up and down his garden at the rate of four miles an hour, and those who wished to converse with him were expected to walk along side of him. A succession of young men came in and encompassed him on each side and behind. I found that his son, who visited Ireland and lived with Professor Gibson, and was in my house, was here on a visit from his parish in a country town, and I conversed with him. In the short conversation I had with the father he spoke against the British members of the Evangelical Alliance for favoring Bunsen. I told him that in Britain Bunsen was much beloved personally, but that his theology and philosophy had little influence; that Dr. Hengstenberg himself had greater influence, and that his influence was for good, inasmuch as he brought men back to the study of the Word. As he has a strong tendency to high churchism, I told him that in Oxford the younger men in the natural recoil were becoming naturalists. He asked where I lived, but neither he nor his son has returned my call.

From Trendelenburg, the greatest logician here, I have received much kindness. I told you that I heard him lecture. On calling on him with a letter from Thomson of Oxford he asked me to his house, and I went at eight in the evening. His wife is a thin, retiring, kind lady. She had been a short time in the scientific Mrs. Somerville's family, and gave me some anecdotes of that lady, all showing how humble and Christian she is. There were three daughters present, half between girlhood and womanhood, bashful and somewhat awkward. A few students had been invited for the same evening, and sat on the one side of the table, and the young ladies on the other; the latter cordially enjoyed the scene, and looked and whispered to one another knowingly, but scarcely ever took part in the general conversation. As eatables, I had first presented to me sour curds with the mouldered black bread of Germany, and sugar to mix with them. I took some, and found it palatable enough; then we had weak tea in very small cups, and the offer of little slices of ham, which I declined. Dr. Trendelenburg talked at times to me, and at times to his students, and when he was occupied with the latter I conversed with Frau Professor (be sure when you come to Germany to give people their proper title). I asked where she went in the holidays — alas — the holidays of her boys were in summer, and of Dr. Trendelenburg in autumn, and he was so busy she seldom had any opportunity to leave town. I left a little after eleven, pleased with my evening. I came home with a law student. He told me he would have to serve a whole year as a soldier, and this at his own expense. All young men must, between eighteen and twenty-three serve three years for pay or one year for

nothing. He spoke of the soldiers as spreading immorality. I confess that they do not appear to be so immoral as our own. As we crossed the Unter-den-linden, we saw great floods of people coming home from the gardens beyond the gates; men and women, old and young, and certainly all were conducting themselves most appropriately.

Lest you complain that my friends are too learned, I will now introduce you to a very different person. I long hesitated whether to deliver Lord Dufferin's letter to Graf von Goltz, who is Aide-de-camp, Adjutant-General, and chief friend to the Prince of Prussia, brother to the king, and now, in fact, sovereign, as the elder brother's mind seems hopelessly gone. At last I picked up courage and presented myself. Never man got a warmer reception! What could he do for me! He would make his servant go round with me! He would take me to the theatre and opera on Sabbath! He would introduce me to a gentleman who had made Shakespeare the study of his life! I was determined not to go to the theatre; determined especially to keep the Sabbath as I keep it at home. I did not know well what to say, but I turned off the conversation to some things I wanted to see. He told me he would call on me, and I bolted off. Not wishing to have another talk about Sabbath theatricals, I actually left my hotel at the hour I expected him to call. When I came in I found he had been here, and I was congratulating myself upon my cleverness in avoiding him. I thought myself as clever as the preacher in Greyfriars who, when he went out of [*anglicé*, forgot] his sermon in the pulpit, pretended to faint and had to be carried out into the vestry where, when all the people had left him except a few, he

opened his eyes and said, "Have I not done this cleverly?" But I was premature in my vanity, for the count left a message that he was sorry he had missed me, that he had been summoned to Potsdam to wait on the Prince, but that he had handed me over to Dr. Firmerich, who would expect me "Nach Mittag" on Sunday. Here I was in a fix, and my first idea was to write Dr. Firmerich, but this was formidable, so I put a bold face on it, and after being at church in the forenoon, and taking dinner, I slipped over to Dr. Firmerich's, and found him a most gentlemanly and accomplished man, and his wife a most delightful creature. I let them know at once that I had not come to Berlin to see plays, told them how the Scotch people read their Bibles on Sabbath. Like a thorough gentleman, he saw my meaning and intimated he would call on me the next day. This he did, and he gave me two hours of his time; took me to the office of public instruction, one of the great government offices; introduced me to Dr. Schultze, the acting minister of education, who told me to use his name and visit any school in Prussia; talked most volubly of the system, to which I said "Ja" now and then, though I did not understand one-half; told me where to get documents, and promised to answer any inquiries I might make at any future time. I must call once more on Dr. Firmerich, as his lady lent me a book.

After this interview with the nobility, you must allow me to go back to the scientific gentlemen. I have been a good deal with Professor Braun, the great botanist, a kind, benevolent old man. He drove me on Saturday last to the Botanic Garden, where we would have spent a few pleasant hours, but we were overtaken with a

dreadful thunderstorm with impetuous rain, which drove us home sooner. The Botanic Garden has an immense collection, but is greatly huddled. This afternoon at four he took me to the meeting of the Academy of Science, where I saw the most distinguished scientific men in Berlin, such as Dove; the two Roses (one of them, the chemist, like Grattan but with a bigger head); Mitscherlich, a big-bellied old man; Du Bois Reymond, a fiery-looking, rising physiologist; Poggendorff; Encke, who gave a name to a comet. I did not understand the papers read, and had time to look at the men and at a bust of Leibnitz, the founder of the Academy, and who has the fullest head I ever saw. Professor Braun took me home with him for an hour, and showed me books and papers of his own and others, and I am satisfied that he anticipated me many years in his discoveries as to the spirals of cones.

I think I told you that Sydow proposed of his own accord to introduce me to Baron von Humboldt, the man of greatest scientific reputation now living. I thought it best to give Sydow a copy of "Typical Forms" to present to him. And here I may as well mention that on the forenoon of Sabbath last I went to the Neue Kirche to hear Sydow. His audience could not be more than two hundred and fifty and of them two thirds were females. He is a very able man, but his preaching was not the simple gospel as we understand it, and hence, I suspect, the thinness of his audience. After the public service there was a baptism in the vestry at which I was present. A good many ceremonies are added. Five men and one woman put their hands on the feet of the child, and took an obligation. There was more than one cross-

ing; in particular, the water was sprinkled with three crossings as the names of the persons of the Trinity were pronounced. After the baptism we returned to the church, where was a marriage before the altar; it was done with rings, the minister blessing the couple as he laid his hands on them.

But to return to Humboldt, Sydow told me that the old Baron had been at Potsdam, but that he had appointed Tuesday at one to meet me. On Tuesday I was at his house at the very hour, entered a large gateway, and went up a stair as in all houses here, rang a bell. A servant appeared, and in a minute I was in the presence of the venerable old man. He is a little man, with his chin leaning on his breast, but particularly lively in his countenance and manner. He told me that he was not strong, but strong enough to see me; quite as strong as a man of eighty-nine could expect to be. "Typical Forms" was on the table; he said he had been reading it, — so he expressed himself, — not only with pleasure, but with the highest admiration, and was struck with the large knowledge displayed in it, not only of what had been done in England but on the Continent. I told him I followed the inductive method, building my views on facts. "Yes," said he, "but there are fine generalizations. . . . You are associated with another in the work," he said. "Yes," I said, "my colleague, Dr. Dickie, who has large scientific knowledge." "This is wise," said he, "for some of our German philosophers have committed great blunders from theorizing without knowing the facts." He agreed that there was a general conformity between venation and ramification, but doubted whether it held in every case, and instanced certain laurels.

Often had I measured the laurels, and told him so, and was on the point of disputing with him when I thought it better to stop. The conversation flowed on — Where was I going? To the Rhine? I would see Bunsen, and he spoke of Bunsen. He liked the first volume so far of his great work, but did not fully understand the second, but was deeply interested in his new work, the translation of the Bible. He took great pains to show me he was no materialist; he thought materialism unphilosophical. He had been charged by the Jesuits with being a materialist, but it was wrong to bring such charges; even Leibnitz had traduced the great Newton to the Electress of Brandenburg. He talked of Whewell, and the plurality of worlds; thought it most accordant with his view of God's character that the worlds were inhabited, and might have many common bonds of union. I added they might have all some connection with the work of Christ. He spoke with fervor of the late discoveries as to the sun being the source of so much influence. He would have spoken much longer, but I thought it wrong to trouble him more, and rose. He held my hand in his, "But I hope you are not dissatisfied with my religious views!" I told him I was pleased to find him this very day speaking of God, and I hoped also of Christ as connected with His works. I parted with him, but he followed me through the anterooms, and pointed me out curious things found in his wide travels. "You must call on Ehrenberg, and speak of your views, and say that Alexander von Humboldt sent you." He shook hands a second time at the door, and I found that I had enjoyed one-half hour of continuous talk from this eloquent old man.

But you will be complaining that I am getting scien-

tific again. So I will conduct you to a very different scene, Mr. Solly, Lecturer on English Literature in the University, had asked me to go with him of an evening to a garden concert. I went at six to his house, and we walked, only a mile, into the Thiergarten. Then we entered the Concert Garden. The entrance cost us five pence each. . . . I did not see a person, male or female, misbehave. It was a most pleasant German scene. . . .

Dr. McCosh returned from Germany in September, 1858. For eight years he led the regular, laborious life of his profession, and then desiring a thorough change he sailed for America. Throughout the war of the Rebellion he was a stanch supporter of the Union. His books had an extensive sale in the United States, and he was desirous of correcting by observation the many impressions he had derived from his extensive reading. His journey included the cities of New York, New Haven, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia. Besides he visited Harvard, Yale, Princeton and many other institutions of learning. He has left only the following paragraphs as a record of this journey:

I had conducted large classes through Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College; I had written and published my examination of Mr. John S. Mill's "Empirical Philosophy;" I was wearied, and I put my feet into a ship to take me to America. I travelled some thousands of miles in that country, and visited some of the most important colleges and theological seminaries. But I am not to describe the scenes I looked on, — they are all known;

nor the persons I met with, and from whom I received kindness, such as the Rev. Dr. Adams, the Rev. Henry B. Smith, the Hodges, Mr. Carter the publisher, and others, all of whom have been described by others better than I could do it. I made, at the time, however, one or two general observations which may be of some value as coming from an impartial stranger.

The first is that on attending the churches of various denominations, especially the Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Congregational, I was ever constrained to ask, "But where are the laboring classes?" No doubt they were in many cases concealed by the circumstance that they often dressed as well as the classes above them in the social circle; but it is certain that as a rule the working-classes do not join so heartily as in Great Britain and Ireland, with the middle and upper classes in public worship. I am afraid there is a greater separation of classes in the new and democratic than in the old and aristocratic countries. Though I have abandoned State Churches, yet I believe they tend to bring the rich and the poor classes together. In Brechin, Lord Panmure, with seventy thousand acres of arable land, including whole parishes of hill land, sat on the opposite side of a church passage, and could have shaken hands with a weaver earning two dollars a week. The Americans will need to learn a lesson from the history of the Church from early times, and mix somewhat of the territorial with the congregational system.

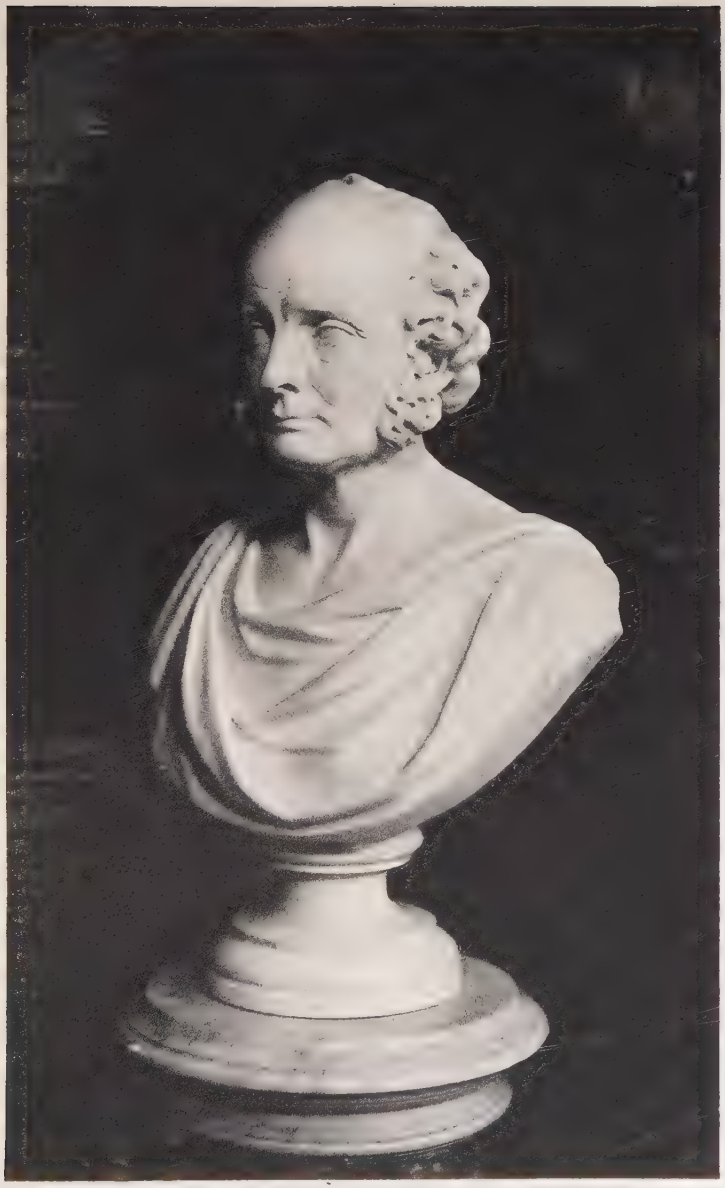
Another observation made by me was that the colleges, while they had not the prestige nor the consolidation of the European ones in such departments as classics and mathematics, had nevertheless a better capacity for

development in a variety of ways. It was long before European colleges would admit the modern languages, and the later sciences, such as geology and palæontology, into their academic curriculum; whereas those branches were admitted at once into the American colleges.

CHAPTER XI

PHILOSOPHY AND TEACHING

THE indefatigable assiduity of Dr. McCosh's daily life as a teacher, philanthropist, preacher, and public agitator, was simply the reflection of an intellectual activity so restless that sluggish minds can scarcely grasp it. Or rather, it was the complement of a restless thinking, both constructive and critical, which soon found expression in a third important work. In 1860 appeared "The Intuitions of the Mind, Inductively Considered," a volume of marked originality and vigor, which contains the author's systematic philosophy as he had finally developed it. The great truths of which he was for nearly thirty years to be the champion are all clearly stated in it. With natural affiliations to Reid and the Scottish school, he had been a pupil of Hamilton and a diligent student of Kant. Hegel he never understood, and the Idealists he underestimated. From Hamilton he accepted the philosophy of consciousness and the chief elements of his psychology, but, in opposition to the negative Hamiltonian metaphysic, he reasserted the positive principles of the Scottish school as represented by Reid. He was vastly superior to Reid in scholarship, his reasoning being more comprehensive and more convincing, the apprehension of his task clearer, and the mastery of his materials more complete. What he took



from Reid he appropriated more completely than Reid himself had done. Mansel recognized the "high merit" of the "Intuitions" immediately. John Cairns of Berwick thought it "original in not a few things," especially in the discussion of the relation between knowledge and faith, and in its "unwinding of recent Kantian threads off the old spindle of Scottish realistic philosophy." Trendelenburg in Berlin, received it, strangely enough, as the work of a kindred spirit, and the Duke of Argyll called it a "strong book," strong especially in its defence of intuitional beliefs, much needed in days when "Manselian paradoxes passed current for very profound logic and metaphysics."

Dr. McCosh's training and experience had confirmed his conviction that the human mind had not been left to wander darkly, but that in its constitution were certain fundamental principles which, though not directly known, were a sufficient guide to truth both in cognition and in judgment. These ultimate principles cannot be reduced to lower terms, and it was the aim of the "Intuitions," for thus they were designated, to discover and formulate them. On primitive cognitions, as of body and mind; primitive beliefs, as of time, space, and the infinite; primitive judgments, which comprise the relations of identity and difference, whole and part, resemblance, active property, cause and effect, — on this foundation rest all the common truths of sound philosophy and vital religion. They are, in fact, generalizations of individual experience, but are not derived from it; although their final, special tests are not empirical alone, being, namely, self-evidence, catholicity, and necessity, yet nevertheless one test of their reliability is experience,

and the system which expounded them was thirsty for the results of investigation. A philosophy thus comprising the sciences not alone of being, but likewise of knowing, must be hospitable to new ideas. Professor Ormond, who knew and understood his great teacher better than any other, has said of him: "A devout Theist, he yet welcomed evolution, in which he saw an unfolding of the divine plan; an ardent intuitionist, he planted himself solidly upon experience, believing that when the voice of experience is adequately interpreted it will supply the best testimony to the intuitional springs out of which it emerges; an unflinching foe of materialism in all its forms, he was yet one of the pioneers in America in recognizing the dependence of mind on body, and in welcoming the new science of physiological psychology, having an abiding faith that the most searching investigation in this field would only render more clear the impossibility of reducing mind to any materialistic formula." Dr. McCosh's final stand, expounded in 1860, and defended to the end, was made on the doctrine of the immediate knowledge of reality. This he debated incessantly, and with antagonists from all schools, — Hamilton, Mill, Mansel, Spencer, and Mahaffy. It was impossible, he felt, to accept the relativity of knowledge, and construct a sound philosophy of life, to accept evolutionary empiricism on the one hand, or idealism in any form on the other, and avoid drifting into agnosticism.

Dr. McCosh was original in the use he made of the intuitions; he was original in his enforcement of realism as both the alpha and the omega, the source and the end, of speculation; he was original in the place he made for experimental psychology; he was original among his

contemporaries in his view that philosophy and religion are not merely ancillary the first to the second, but that they are chapters of the same book; he was original in the treatment of evolution, which enabled him to wrest it from the hands of atheism and irreligion. There is nothing new under the sun, the idea is his who uses it best, originality is the combination of known elements into new compounds for present use. In this sense Dr. McCosh was a truly original thinker.

Dr. McCosh's reputation as a constructive thinker will always rest on the "Intuitions," and it may well do so. The book is throughout well considered, well constructed, and well written. The style is almost a model of what a philosophic style should be, — lucid, adequate, and readable. Throughout there is a marked independence and vigorous personality behind what is stated, and this gives a certain fascination to the argument which is almost irresistible. The reader has not the slightest sense of complexity or intricacy in the steady flow of the discussion. So taking is the language and treatment that, in the first perusal, uncommon usages of terms and a bold disregard of time-worn distinctions passes unnoticed. This may be well illustrated in the use of the word induction for the process of extricating the self-evident universal out of the self-evident singular, the derivation of general truths or intuitions from the individual mind, — a process not in the least related to that indicated by the same word when applied either to physical science or the experimental investigation of the mind. There is also a certain surplusage of subdivision, which detracts from the unity of the discussion. These faults were pointed out when the book appeared, and they are all that can be pointed out. The

treatment of a profound and difficult subject is not vitiated by them in the slightest degree.

But it has not generally been considered that the "Intuitions" was its author's greatest work, the palm of merit being awarded by those who knew him most sympathetically to the volume entitled: "An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy, being a Defence of Fundamental Truth," which appeared in 1866. The title exactly designates the contents, which are searching criticisms of Mill's entire philosophy. The circumstances which gave rise to this controversial book were these. Hamilton died in 1856, leaving the most of his mature thinking in fragmentary notes uncollected and unpublished, or else in the form of lectures. In 1858 his lectures on metaphysics were published, as a posthumous work, and in the Bampton lectures for the same year "On the Limits of Religious Thought" Mansel applied the metaphysical agnosticism set forth in Hamilton's system to Christian dogmatics. Dr. Charles Hodge, and other theologians of less note, attacked the doctrine thus expounded, and there was wide-spread uneasiness in Great Britain and Ireland as to the influence of both Hamilton and Mansel, not merely among the Protestants, but among the Roman Catholics as well. Finally, in 1865, Mill published his "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy," attacking it in every point except the condemnation of German transcendentalism, which Mill approved. Early in the following year Mansel published two articles in the "Contemporary Review," defending Hamilton, touching upon the philosophy of the conditioned, on the relativity of knowledge, on causation, and on the doctrine of immediate perception. Mansel, like Hamilton, had drawn

chiefly from Aristotle, from Kant, and from Reid. The reality of knowledge was the gist of the whole discussion, since Reid's was essentially a philosophy of perception. Mill had planted himself on the assertion that sensation is the antecedent condition of matter, just as feeling is the antecedent condition of mind, thus reducing both to a sensational origin. The late Dr. Henry B. Smith, of Union Seminary, Dr. Ward, an Irish Roman Catholic, Professor Masson, of Edinburgh, and Dr. McCosh, all took up their pens to enter the lists of debate with Mill. The latter was the most forcible, as he was the most elaborate in his treatment of Mill's fallacies. Carpenter, the eminent London physiologist, wrote at once that he was in sympathy with McCosh's views as to the existence of original mental properties, or tendencies to thoughts in certain directions, whether called Intuitions or anything else; Mansel, though vexed at what he thought was an avoidable divergence in application between McCosh's philosophy and his own, gave the volume high praise; and the Duke of Argyll thought it "clear, cogent, and true." President Patton has admirably characterized the book as displaying the author at his best: "his subtlety, his grip upon the point in question, his power of statement, his wit, and his clear, straight-forward style, — all these with the manner of one who is not giving an exhibition of sword-play, but of one who fights for life, and with a foeman worthy of his steel, are apparent in the 'Defence of Fundamental Truth,' I cannot but believe, as in nothing else that ever came from Dr. McCosh's pen." The book was also attractive because of its fairness. While defending his system as a whole, it denounced Hamilton's views as to the relativity of knowledge, and

criticised his theory of causation. As to the question of immediate knowledge, it was unflinching, and unsparingly condemned Mill for conceiving that from sensation we could get ideas of relation.

It agrees partially with Mill in his theory of objective causation, that is, causation in nature; but it differs entirely on the question of the causal judgment, McCosh regarding this as an intuition, Mill deriving it wholly from experience.

In addition to the substantial books already mentioned, Dr. McCosh published a fourth during the years of his Belfast professorship; namely, "The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural," which appeared in 1862. Though not so widely read as the others, it contained matter of importance concerning the relations of philosophy and religion, passing through two editions. The enormous influence of Dr. McCosh may be seen in the circulation of his works, — "The Method of the Divine Government" has run through eight editions; "The Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation" through seven; "The Intuitions of the Mind" through five, and the "Defence of Fundamental Truth" through six. This is a very remarkable record of production, especially if we add to it the two volumes of collected "Philosophical Papers," published in 1868, which contain "An Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Logic, a Reply to Mr. Mill's Third Edition, and The Present State of Moral Philosophy in Britain." But a consideration of the output, amazing as it is, will give no just idea of the extent to which Dr. McCosh's writings were read. At a time when the associational psychology of the Mills and Bain, and the agnosticism of Spencer were capturing the

minds of thinkers in about equal measure, the clergy of the evangelical churches and the thinking laymen of evangelical faith greatly needed leaders of unclouded intellect and spiritual force. One of these they found in Dr. McCosh. His books were part of the apparatus to be found in every divinity school, and on the shelves of many working ministers. They were literally read around the world, for they had a great circulation in India, and the important ones were translated into Chinese by the missionaries. Certainly, as far as the Presbyterian family of churches was concerned, he was the foremost man in the field of religious and secular philosophy; but his catholic and liberal spirit made him prominent in the thought of other Protestant churches as well.

Among the last things Dr. McCosh wrote, in extreme old age, was a short confession of his faith, — first, that by the senses external and internal we discover and know real objects immediately, and not by any intermediate process; second, that by the induction of facts we rise to the knowledge of the laws of nature and of mind, of the more obvious ones, such as the length of the day and year, or the more recondite ones, such as gravitation and chemical properties; that this realistic view, as the true one, is the one most favorable to religion, which proceeds on facts, and not phenomena, in the sense of appearances. Dr. McCosh was unwilling to be ranked as an Augustinian, or as a Calvinist. This was due to an unwillingness to call any mere man his master, and a sense that with the capacity for religious thought he had the responsibility for his own opinions. Augustine he admired as a profound thinker, ranking

him with Plato and Aristotle; but "his superstitions so weighed him down that they degraded the grandeur of Christianity, and rendered him obsolete." Calvin he estimated as less original but more judicial. "He might be the Lord Chancellor of the nations," were the words used. "He is one of the most judicious expounders of Scripture that ever lived. He should be consulted whenever there is a difficult passage to be interpreted. He is not afraid to make admissions which the timid fear to make. He sees no inconsistencies in passages of Scripture which some regard as contradictory, believing that there may be some means of reconciling them. His interpretations are commonly characterized by clearness and good sense, *par excellence;* but sometimes, perhaps, he pursues his logic too far, drawing consequences which may not follow, if we saw the whole deep and complicated case as it is known to God. It is admitted that he was often harsh in his temper and in his expressions, and drove away men from Christ when he should have drawn them towards him. There are many sensitive minds which should be brought to a loving Saviour rather than to Calvin, though it might be advantageous to bring that same mind in connection with the grand Genevan reformer."

One who could write and talk thus at the hearth-stone of Calvinism must be admitted to have had the courage of his convictions, and the fearlessness of a born leader. This quality was displayed in his persistent assertion that a realistic philosophy was the only basis for true religion, which in his view proceeds on facts, and not on phenomena, in the sense of appearances. Quoting Romans i. 20: "For the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being

understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead," he declared, with the fine certainty of a prophet, that both "the invisible things of God" and the "things that are made" are facts, and not mere phenomena. Passages like "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," carry with them our conviction and our confidence, because they refer to facts, and not to vague appearances. On the last occasion when he addressed the Princeton students, and while reading from the pulpit to a vast audience of young men the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, he uttered with great impressiveness the ninth verse, "For we know in part and we prophesy in part," then pausing he thundered forth, "Yes, gentlemen, but we know." His explanation of German theological aberration was that the German thinkers had all been led by Kant to regard what we discern as phenomena, and that in consequence they had by analogy come to regard what is revealed in Scripture as phenomena also, that is, as appearances. "The view which they take is in consequence flexible and insecure, first in their philosophy, and then in their theology as swayed by their philosophy. These views, fermenting in Germany, come over into Great Britain and America, and trouble our theology and our students."

The further volumes of prime importance which came from Dr. McCosh's pen were his "Logic," published in 1870, "Christianity and Positivism," published in 1871, "The Scottish Philosophy," 1874, "The Development Hypothesis," 1876, "The Emotions" and the complementary volumes of his Psychology, appearing at intervals between 1880 and 1887, "The Conflicts of the Age," 1881, "The Philosophical Series," published in parts

from 1882 to 1885, and reprinted in 1887, "The Religious Aspect of Evolution," 1887, "Gospel Sermons," 1888, and lastly "First and Fundamental Truths, Being a Treatise on Metaphysics," 1889. His other pamphlets and papers are too numerous to be mentioned except in an extended bibliography. It is no easy task to characterize this voluminous literary and philosophical production. In the first place, everything the author wrote during his long life was timely. It was a keen vision with which he scrutinized the world of facts and ideas, marking every tendency, and estimating its force with sound judgment. Wherever a word in season could be spoken, wherever experience or theory, as he knew life, could be made to tell, whether in book, pamphlet, or in the secular and religious press, there Dr. McCosh was sure to be found with suggestion or admonition. Touching the thought of his time at its salient points and with tremendous vitality, he constantly insisted on the few central truths of his system in their application to each new question as it arose. Incisive, intense, and real, or rather concrete in his thinking, he felt a loyalty to truth which he sought to instil with all his might into the minds of others. Every one who aspires to be a leader of thought must be judged in two ways, — as to the influence he exerted on his contemporaries, and as to the lasting effect of his work among his successors. We are too close to Dr. McCosh for any final judgment as to the perspective in which he will be seen; but perhaps we may get a glimpse of what it is to be when we recall that Edinburgh, after a cycle of antipodal currents swirling around Hegel and Spencer respectively, has in her most important

philosophical chair a distinguished professor, Seth, who is appreciative of the old Scottish philosophy, and that Apriorism has secured its innings among English philosophers with its defence by Green in his introduction to Hume.

But the men of learning who controlled the middle years of the nineteenth century have frankly recorded their views of McCosh's power. Dorner, the great Berlin theologian, reviewed "The Scottish Philosophy," in glowing terms, and Zeller, the equally great Berlin philosopher, said that nowhere else could be found an account of "a not unimportant branch of the newer philosophy in such extension, and with so careful an elaboration of all details. The clear and able exposition of the author made on me," he continues, "the impression of great reliability even where I could not judge of his sources from personal knowledge." Throughout the English-speaking world it was received with equal warmth. Ulrici said of the "Logic" that it was the best text-book on the subject in the English language; Francis Bowen, of Harvard, said that it had "a distinctive and independent character." The successive volumes of the "Psychology" were hailed in many quarters with such delight as perplexed men display on the appearance of a trusted guide. The "Indian Witness" hoped the system would be "introduced into every Government, missionary, and private college in the land," a wish which was in large measure gratified. An Italian reviewer of the first importance, Professor Ferri I believe, declared that no other philosopher had so completely examined the emotions, and that the portion devoted to æsthetics was the most complete and broad ever written on the subject. Ribot's *Revue Philosophique* signalized the chap-

ter on the association of the Emotions and Speech as particularly instructive. Professor Lassen, President of the Philosophical Society of Berlin, thought the "Psychology" especially interesting, as seeking to construct a positive mental science without the errors of the positivistic school. Concerning the "Metaphysics," Dorner wrote in the "Yearbook of German Theology," that he admired the moderation as well as the comprehensiveness of the author's views, which, though exhibiting due respect for the masters of Scottish philosophy, had not restrained the writer's independent judgment, or kept him stationary. It is needless and would be wearisome to repeat any more of the numerous similar testimonials to Dr. McCosh's influence on contemporary thought, and to the deferential respect paid to him by the ablest of his fellow-workers. A reviewer of the "London Quarterly" clearly stated the whole matter in reviewing the "Metaphysics." "No philosopher before Dr. McCosh," he wrote, "has brought out the stages by which an original and individual intuition passes, first into an articulate but still individual judgment, and then into a universal maxim or principle; and no one has so clearly or completely classified and enumerated our intuitive conclusions, or exhibited in detail their relation to the various sciences which repose upon them as their foundation. The amount of summarized information which it contains is very great; and it is the only work on the very important subject with which it deals. Never was such a work so much needed as in the present day. It is the only scientific work adapted to counteract the school of Mill, Bain, and Herbert Spencer, which is so steadily prevailing among the students of the present generation."

The strongest testimony to Dr. McCosh's pre-eminent ability as a teacher of philosophy has already been given in another connection; but a few words must be added here to enforce the connection between his personality and his instruction. His presence was impressive and stimulating to such a degree that, in a sense, what he was and what he believed were a challenge to all comers. There could be as little indifference in hearing him as in reading his books. He was both tall and massive. His head was large and symmetrical, his features clear cut, and his expression intense. When to the impression created by observation was added the knowledge of his extended reputation, his pupils felt a certain sense of awe. But no sooner did he begin to speak than his humor began to play, and his marked mannerisms to be displayed. Reasoning by bounds, his extempore talks were often so elliptical as to be nearly incoherent to the mediocre mind, but the carefully prepared lectures which he read to his classes were concise, consecutive, and convincing. Carried away by his subject, he left sufficient room for the mischief of the inattentive or indolent among his hearers to display itself, but when recalled to mundane things by its excess, his ebullitions of scorn were terrible, and quickly restored the equilibrium of the class-room. His nervous temperament was highly organized, the activity being indicated physically by gestures, or by involuntary motions, like rubbing his hands, or smoothing his brow, which were constantly repeated, and became a source of amused interest to the otherwise indifferent. In his speech there was sometimes hesitancy, sometimes a torrential flow, but always the indication of powerful accompanying brain-work. The

combination of natural beauty and grace with the evident subjugation of his body by stalwart, rugged thinking, produced what at first seemed jerkiness, but was soon felt to be an absorbing interplay of mind and body. Such a personality was almost unique, and his students soon came under its spell. Subordinating the text-book to the position of an aid to memory, Dr. McCosh enforced the spoken word of his lectures into a powerful stimulus, and used his discussions as a spur to original thought in his hearers. He thus created an enthusiasm which made those who felt it designate him as a man of Socratic mould. Even in that most difficult of all teaching functions, the oral instruction of large classes, Dr. McCosh was able to keep every mind in the room under the spell of his own movement. There were many amusing *contretemps* on such occasions, and occasionally some turbulence, with a corresponding display of righteous indignation from the chair. But there never was languor, and never the feeling that the class, like a skittish steed, had even momentarily escaped from control. The born teacher, like the ship-master in a gale, simply exerted himself as the occasion demanded, and all was well. In this connection, it should be noticed that Dr. McCosh was one of the first to introduce into the United States, under the name of "Library Meetings," what is now known by the German designation of Seminar. In the hospitality of his own study his best pupils assembled at regular intervals to hear living problems stated by graduates of special power, or by strangers invited for the purpose, and then to participate in a long, lively discussion, of which the host was the instigator and the moderator.

CHAPTER XII

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — TWENTY YEARS OF PRINCETON

1868–1888

DR. McCOSH'S most distinguished services to philosophy, in the broad sense, were not destined to be either as a constructive thinker or as a teacher of metaphysics, but as an educator. During the extended tour he made through America in 1866, he had been much fêted, and had made many influential acquaintances in all parts of the United States. Although it was ostensibly a holiday journey, yet he was ever revolving many important schemes in his mind, and among these was a plan for the alliance of Presbyterian churches throughout the world, concerning which he spoke and conversed much with the leading men of all the various Presbyterian denominations. Moreover, he was then at the height of his power as a preacher, and he was gladly heard by numerous congregations at the leading centres of influence. Though preaching had not been ostensibly his profession for ten years past, yet he might justly be reckoned as a great preacher. As a religious philosopher, as a hard-working Christian philanthropist, as the master of a strong and lucid style, he could not fail to write sermons of great power. But he could do more, far more: reading with close attention to his manuscript,

he yet was always vivacious and frequently dramatic; his eye flashed, his hands moved, his figure swayed with that natural adaptation of delivery and gesture to the theme which characterizes true oratory. Besides, he was a born pamphleteer, quick to seize the points of interest in any discussion, able to present them with picturesqueness and ample illustration, and sure to conclude his remarks with a penetrating home-thrust, which said in plain English just what he desired to have remembered. These powers were complemented by a rare social gift, not the smoothness of pleasant speech, nor the elegance of polished manners, nor the deference of courtly self-restraint, but the gift of perfect naturalness, of keen appreciation, of forcible statement and quick retort, of wit both conscious and unconscious; — in short, of a most uncommon individuality which interested and attracted men and women of sound sense, — the good breeding which makes every one feel his or her own worth. Such were the qualities which made him so widely known and appreciated in the United States, and gained for him many choice and influential friends. One of these was the late Dr. Samuel Irenaeus Prime, for many years the editor of the "New York Observer," a man who was in some respects a kindred spirit.

In 1868 the president of Princeton College resigned. One of the three or four most ancient and distinguished of American universities, that institution, famous in colonial and revolutionary days for the learning of her professors, and for the extended influence in public life of her sons, had for a time been sadly crippled, partly by poverty, and partly by the absence of enthusiasm among her graduates as a whole. Founded in the most catholic

spirit as a protest against the Old Light conservatism of certain leading men in New England, Princeton had had among her governors men of many evangelical denominations, and among her children citizens of every school in Church and state. In the main, her endowments had come from Presbyterian sources, her presidents had been Presbyterian clergymen, and her affiliations had been with the various Presbyterian churches. At the same time, her charter was absolutely unsectarian, and she had never come under the control of any ecclesiastical court. At a time when sectarian bitterness was at its height, this fact was a source of weakness, but in a moment when interest in the higher education for its own sake was reviving throughout the country, such liberty might be made under the leadership of a firm but catholic-spirited man a source of great strength. Dr. Prime had suggested the name of Dr. McCosh to some of Princeton's earnest and intelligent trustees as that of a man commanding great respect throughout the country as a defender of the faith, but entangled by no local party allegiance. After careful deliberation, and the free expression of widely divergent opinions the governors of Princeton College elected McCosh to be its president. It was a curious coincidence that just a century earlier another Lowland Scot had, for similar reasons in a similar crisis, been chosen to the same office. John Witherspoon, by descent a Covenanter, in position a leader against Moderatism, by instinct a statesman, had, in 1768, been called to Princeton from Edinburgh, and in the unfolding of events had become an ardent American, the trainer of a generation of public men, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a champion of liberty in Church and state. There were to

be many striking parallelisms in the American careers of the two great Scotchmen. Dr. McCosh received the news of his election in May, 1868, and after due deliberation accepted the appointment in these words: "I devote myself and my remaining life under God to old Princeton and the religious and literary interests with which it is identified, and, I fancy, will leave my bones in your graveyard beside the great and good men who are buried there, hoping that my spirit may mount to communion with them in heaven." After spending the summer with his father-in-law, Dr. Guthrie, on his farm at the base of the Grampian Hills in Scotland, carefully recalling the American College system as he had studied it in 1866, and devising plans for his great work, he bade tender adieus to friends in both Ireland and Scotland, and reached Princeton in the autumn of the same year.

It was with many pangs that Dr. McCosh severed his connection with old friends and old duties. He had passed his fifty-seventh birthday, having reached an age when many begin to see the limits of their powers. But, exceptional in his energy and enterprise, he was still vigorous in health and young in feeling, eager for wider fields of influence than any which had so far opened to him; blessed with a wife whose views of life and duty were as large as his own, — a true helpmeet, who, with the indomitable energy of her race, and the refinement of her gentle blood, was fitted to further their common interests by her tact and her power, — he was doubly strong for any undertaking, however enormous. Neither the Irish nor the Scotch could feel that Dr. McCosh was going to a strange country. He had early discerned the

unity of the two great English-speaking peoples, and had enforced that important fact upon the older one so that all who knew him were clear as to his position. Accordingly he was, after warm expostulation, suffered to leave with every manifestation of respect and affection. In Belfast there was a public banquet, with the most complimentary speeches, and a presentation of handsome plate, the presiding officer being Lord Dufferin. In Brechin there was an equally splendid demonstration at a public breakfast, with Earl Dalhousie in the chair. The temper and feeling of those who thus bade their tried and honored friend a hearty good-by is well summarized in the following letter from Lord Shaftesbury, written on the eve of Dr. McCosh's departure.

London, September 27, 1868.

Dear Dr. McCosh: You are, I hear, about to leave us, and commence a new career at Princeton in the United States. We ought, perhaps, to rejoice that so worthy and efficient a man is going to be the principal of a transatlantic college; and so to impart to our American brethren a portion of the advantages we have so long enjoyed ourselves. Nevertheless, we are selfish enough to regret a little what we shall so soon lose; and we may boldly and truly clothe our sentiments with the name of Patriotism. But is there not as much room for the spirit of British patriotism in the country of your adoption as in the country you will have left? Can there not, by God's blessing, be much done to smooth differences, round angular points, and harmonize the sentiments of the two nations, the one towards the other?

That declamatory sentence which we so often hear "A

common freedom, a common language, a common religion," should become between us a practical reality, and keep in uninterrupted peace, the mother and daughter, who, did they break out into open war, would be guilty of the biggest wickedness, and the biggest folly, ever yet exhibited among the families of mankind. But such a friendship, to be cordial and lasting, must rest on the communion of the great principles and doctrines laid down at the Reformation, not in any spirit of aggression, but on a grand basis of mutual assistance and defence. Popery is not our only enemy; rationalism is as hostile as the Church of Rome to the cardinal points, the "plenary inspiration of the Scriptures," and the "supremacy of the Word of God as the sole guide and rule of life." Now, although on these matters the dangers of America may not be so imminent, at the present time, as our own, she will have them, before long, in the richest abundance and variety.

All deep and sustained earnestness in religion (as distinguished from the feeling and action in support of establishments, political and ecclesiastical) seems to be fast declining. The determination of Saint Paul to know "nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified," will soon be accepted or understood by a few only either here or elsewhere; and yet between the religious people of America, and the religious people of England, there cannot be, except in this principle, any firm bond of union. The feeling it inspires, and the habit of thought it both creates and maintains (I speak not here of eternal things), are the sole guarantees for the harmony of nations, and for perfect freedom, collectively and individually, under either a monarchy, or a republic.

With earnest wishes and prayers for your success, believe me,

Very truly yours,

SHAFTESBURY.

P. S. Every one must contemplate with peculiar interest the proposed gathering, at New York, of delegates from all the Protestant nations to take counsel together on religious matters. Here would be a noble opportunity to propound, and perhaps to carry out, the great plan you have in view.

Dr. Charles Hodge declared, in his address at the ceremonies attending Dr. McCosh's inauguration, that never in the history of the college had an academic election been received with such a universal expression of approbation. This was literally true, and the welcome which the new president received when, on October 27, he took his seat, swearing loyalty to the constitution of the United States, and that of the State of New Jersey, was a fitting compliment to the farewells so tenderly spoken across the sea. The trustees, the alumni, the students, the friends of the college, felt that a new epoch in the history of Princeton had been opened; the press throughout the country considered the occasion as one of high importance; and the few careful students of American education realized that a new factor had been added to the problem, not a complicating factor, but a helpful systematizer. The president's inaugural address was a pronunciamento. With high appreciation of the American colleges, it analyzed the educational systems of Great Britain and America, deducing by comparison and exclusion a very definite forecast of what was the course to be taken

in the latter. Of Princeton, he used the word University by the figure of speech known as anticipation, but this he did of intention; announcing the relative values in a university scheme of the classics, mathematics, mental and moral science, political economy, literature, æsthetics, modern languages, and, what was then a high novelty, physical training. He likewise discussed modes of teaching, the uses of fellowships, standards of scholarship, and the superlative importance of professorial teaching as opposed to the tutorial system. Yet this was done without any sense on the part of his hearers that a stranger was assuming to dictate; the feeling was as if a powerful compatriot, or even fellow-scholar, had put his shoulder to a wheel just turning out of the old ruts. This instinctive perception was prescient, for within less than a quarter of a century some of the American colleges have been transformed in scope and spirit, and in that transformation Princeton has moved as one of the controlling forces.

The higher education was at the ebb-tide of its fortunes during the sixties, throughout the whole United States. This was in no sense due to the lack of great scholars and able teachers, as a glance through the catalogues of those years will conclusively prove; it was owing to an inadequate, crystallized system, and the neglect of educational interests incident to the great struggle for nationality. Young men of intellectual aspirations were turning their eyes toward Europe for the stimulus and opportunity they so eagerly desired. Since both England and France were slightly disdainful of American learning, and their universities, in consequence, were not entirely hospitable to American students, the eager youth of the United States were

thronging the halls of the German universities, which were not merely hospitable but pressing in their invitation, opening their doors wide, making easy the entrance to all their stores of science and learning, and holding their academic prizes at the disposal of all comers who could prove their fitness to receive them. This movement had created much alarm among those who desired that American institutions should be the peers of any, and who saw the possible dangers in foreign influence upon a class of students who had great powers of acquisition but a slender gift of discrimination, — a considerable body of able men, who, for a normal development, require not merely the spur of intellectual competition, but the wholesome restraints of home standards as to conduct, in order to reach their highest usefulness as scholar-citizens. Four years previously, Columbia had called Barnard to lay the foundations of her regeneration; Harvard had chosen Eliot for the same purpose; Gilman was soon to be intrusted with the organization of the Johns Hopkins as a hearthstone of the highest specialization; Yale was sowing the seeds of prosperity under Woolsey, and Princeton was now to enter the lists under McCosh. In situation, in social connection, in ecclesiastical affiliation, in patriotic tradition, the last-named college was very strong; but her resources were very slender, and, with a few notable exceptions, her devoted supporters were stronger morally than financially. There was no great commercial city to feel a local pride in her upbuilding, no close-knitted organization of graduates to stand jealous guard over her interests. Located midway between New York and Philadelphia, she had enjoyed the favor

of neither, and her graduates, except the large number resident in New Jersey, were scattered throughout the length and breadth of the Union, many of them disloyal, impoverished, and embittered, living secluded as best they might among the southern States so recently scourged by war. Besides, the college had been waging relentless warfare upon the Greek-letter fraternities in the interest of its ancient literary societies, Whig and Clio Halls. As a consequence, the friends of the former institutions were more or less hostile to Princeton, and many of its former students who had been disciplined for joining them were fierce in their enmity. Add to these considerations the fact that many evil practices, like hazing, dishonesty in examinations, or faculty espionage, were rife in Princeton, at least to the same extent as in other colleges, and we shall have some conception of the task before a foreigner, well on in middle life, who expected to evolve a new system, to win public confidence, to regenerate student manners, and to secure the endowments necessary for a work of such magnitude. How this difficult task was accomplished was told by Dr. McCosh with honorable pride when he resigned the president's chair in 1888. His narrative is as follows:

In speaking of the progress of the college, I do not claim any exclusive merit. The credit is due first to God's Providence, which has favored us, and under this to trustees, to faculty, to students, to munificent benefactors, to innumerable friends, who have prayed for us and practically helped us,—they are so many that I am sorry to find that I have not space to name them all. All that I claim is that I have had the unspeakable

privilege of being in all the work, and in every part of it.

I came at an opportune time. I owe any success I have had to this circumstance more than to any other. The war, so disastrous and yet so glorious, was over. Princeton College had suffered, — not, however, in honor, — but she had numerous friends, and nobly did they gather round her, and they said, as it were, to me, in language loud enough for me to hear, "Do you advance and we will support you." In those days I was like the hound in the leash ready to start, and they encouraged me with their shouts as I sprang forth into the hunt.

When called to this place, I was a professor in the youngest of the universities set up by Great Britain; I had helped somewhat to form it, and in doing so had to study the European systems of college education. But I announced: "I have no design, avowed or secret, to revolutionize your American colleges, or reconstruct them after a European model. I have seen enough of the American colleges to become convinced that they are not rashly to be meddled with. They are the spontaneous growth of your position and intelligence; they are associated with your history, and have become adjusted to your wants, and whatever improvements they admit of must be built on the old foundation."

I became heir at once to a rich inheritance handed down by a long line of presidential ancestors, in Dickinson, Burr, Edwards, Davis, Finley, Witherspoon, Stanhope Smith, Ashbel Green, Carnahan, and Maclean. It was my privilege to reap what others had sown; I was awed, and yet encouraged, by the circumstance that I had to follow such intellectual giants as Edwards

and Witherspoon. My immediate predecessor was John Maclean, "the well beloved," who watched over the young men so carefully, and never rebuked a student without making him a friend. But I did not allow myself to fall into the weakness of trying to do over again what my predecessors had done, and done so well. My aim has been to advance with the times, and to do a work in my day such as they did in theirs. My heart has all along been in my work, which I commenced immediately after my inauguration.

I am now to give some account of that work under convenient heads. I may begin with the buildings, not because they are the most important, but because they strike the eye. Every alumnus of the college should come up once a year if he lives not far off, and once every three years if he resides at a distance, to pay his respects to his Alma Mater, who will be sure to give him a welcome. To all who have performed this filial duty, she has shown every year for the last twenty years a new building, a new fellowship, or a new professorship.

Those present at my inauguration heard the shout, sufficient to rend the heavens, when I declared that every college should have a gymnasium for the body as well as for the mind. Mr. Robert Bonner and Mr. Henry G. Marquand answered the challenge on the part of the students, and as our first benefactors engaged to raise a gymnasium, which was opened in January, 1870, and the most accomplished gymnast in America appointed as superintendent.

I confess that I was disappointed, when I came here, with the state of the buildings. Some of the recitation-

rooms, especially those in the building now called the college offices, were temptations to disorder, of which the students took advantage. At times they would take out the stove, and when the class met in the morning they cried "cold," "cold," and the professor had to dismiss them; some of the instructors, however, keeping them in the whole hour. I remember one night when they took out the furniture of a room, and made a bonfire of it. In these circumstances we saw the need of having new recitation-rooms of a higher order, and the stately structure of Dickinson Hall, commenced in 1869, appeared completed on the campus in 1870. There the chief lectures and recitations in the academic department have been held ever since, and there, from day to day, an intellectual gymnasium is kept up for the strengthening of the mind.

Meanwhile, our students increased, and Reunion Hall, so called in honor of the reunion of the Old and New School branches of the Presbyterian Church, was begun in 1870, and finished in 1871. The library and its contents were unworthy of the college, — the number of volumes was under 30,000, — and a new library building, I believe the most beautiful in the country, was finished in 1873, and the number of volumes is now towards 70,000.

All this time Mr. John C. Green was our greatest benefactor, and his brother, Chancellor Green, was always working with him. In 1873, Mr. J. C. Green started the School of Science, the most important addition which has been made to the college in my day. Since his decease, in 1875, his wishes have been carried out most honorably and generously by his trustees; the

sum contributed by his estate to the good of the college must be upward of a million and a half, perhaps two millions. Of them, we in Princeton may say, in the language applied to Sir Christopher Wren, 'Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." These were the days of our prosperity, which was powerfully promoted by the wise counsels and the constant energies of the Hon. John A. Stewart and Mr. Henry M. Alexander, without whom I never could have done what I have been enabled to do.

In 1875 we were all touched by the gift of $15,000, left us by a very promising young man, Mr. Hamilton Murray, who perished at sea in the "Ville du Havre." That sum was devoted by his brother to the erection of the hall which bears his name, and which has become the College Oratory, in which prayer is wont to be made by the students, and of which it may be said: This man and that man was born there.

In the same year our visiting alumni would see in old North College the beautiful E. M. Museum, constructed by Mr. William Libbey, and arranged so tastefully with geological specimens by Professor Guyot. To the same gentleman, Mr. Libbey, we owe University Hall, erected at an expense of nearly $200,000, first used as an hotel for the friends of the college, and now as a dormitory for our students. Our numbers were increasing, and in 1878 Witherspoon Hall was built, with its elegant rooms and grand prospect, where the students have not only every comfort, but every means of refining their tastes. At this point, 1878, I have to speak with gratitude of the gift bestowed on the college and on me by my friend, the late Alexander Stuart, of the president's

house, with the lovely accompanying grounds, forming the finest residence occupied by the president of any college in the world, and where I have spent in comfort and elegance nine years of my life.

In 1878–79 a telescope, provided by a few friends, was placed in the observatory, which had been built in 1868 by General Halstead, and by it observations have been made which let us know something of the sun and planets. In the same year houses were built for Professor Young and Professor Brackett, and Edwards Hall was erected to give students rooms at a lower rate.

In 1881–82 Mr. Henry G. Marquand erected the College Chapel, the most beautiful in America, and there the members of the college will worship on Sabbath and on week days for ages to come, and draw down blessings on the college and its students in all future time. And now you see that Biological Laboratory completed, the noble gift of the Class of 1877, where experiments will continually be made, by a number of our professors, to throw light on the mysteries of life.

As the Marquand family had done so much for Art, — Mr. Frederick Marquand's trustees having given $60,000 for the endowment of a chair, — I was determined that there should be an Art Museum for carrying out their intentions; and, departing from my usual practice, I went round to receive subscriptions, and raised $42,000, given in the most generous manner by about a dozen contributors. That museum has been erected, and has received the fine collection of pottery and porcelain promised by Dr. W. C. Prime.

I remember the first view which I got of the pleasant height on which the college stands, the highest ground

between the two great cities of the Union, looking down on a rich country, covered with wheat and corn, with apples and peaches, resembling the south of England as much as one country can be like another. Now we see that height covered with buildings, not inferior to those of any other college in America. I have had great pleasure in my hours of relaxation in laying out — always assisted by the late Rev. W. Harris, the treasurer of the college — the grounds and walks, and locating the buildings. I have laid them out somewhat on the model of the demesnes of English noblemen. I have always been healthiest when so employed. I remember the days, sunshiny or cloudy, in April and November, on which I cut down dozens of deformed trees and shrubs, and planted large numbers of new ones which will live when I am dead. I do not believe that I will be allowed to come back from the other world to this; but if this were permitted, I might be allured to visit these scenes so dear to me, and to see the tribes on a morning go up to the house of God in companies.

I never looked on these buildings as constituting our chief work. I remember that some critics found fault with me for laying out too much money on stone and lime; but I proceeded on system, and knew what I was doing. I viewed the edifices as means to an end, at best as outward expressions and symbols of an internal life.

I said to myself and I said to others, "We have a fine old college here, with many friends; why should we not make it equal to any college in America, and in the end to any in Europe?" The friends of Princeton saw that I was in earnest, and nobly did they encourage me. I

shall never forget the substantial kindness I received at that time. I could not walk up Broadway without some one coming up to me and saying, "Do you not want so and so? I will help you to get it." As he met me, Mr. John C. Green took me into a corner, and told me that he meant to offer to erect a certain building, adding, "If I die before this is done, I have drawn out papers to secure its execution."

CHAPTER XIII

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — TWENTY YEARS OF PRINCETON (*Continued*)

I HAD to consider at the beginning what would be the course of study in the college. I resolved, on the one hand, to keep all that was good in the old studies which had trained our fathers; but, on the other hand, I saw there were new branches entitled to be placed alongside the old. The problem with me was to make a judicious combination of the two. In the winter after I entered upon my duties a joint committee of the trustees and of the faculty held a number of meetings, which ended in our drawing out a scheme which, with important modifications and improvements, has been continued to this day. The increase in the number of our students, and of the branches taught, will now require some new modifications, but I hope they will run in the same line.

Hitherto all the students had been required to take the same course of study, being the good old solid one handed down from our fathers. But this was felt to be irksome by many who were weary of studying Mathematics, Latin, and Greek all the four years of their course, while there were new and attractive branches of literature and science from which they were excluded. The principle on which we acted was that an endeavor should be made to introduce into the college every department of true scholarship and knowledge, taking

JAMES MCCOSH DD LLD
FOR TWENTY
YEARS
PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE
OCTOBER XXV I M D CCC LXVIII
JUNE XX M D CCC LXXXVIII
ERECTED IN HIS HONOR BY THE
CLASS OF M D CCC LXXIX
JUNE XVIII
M D CCC LXXXIX

care to leave out all that was fictitious and pretentious. But, as we projected new branches, we discovered that they were so numerous that we could not impose them all without burdening the minds of the students on the one hand, or on the other making them "Jacks of all trades and masters of none." Every one sees that the day of universal scholars, such as Aristotle, Scaliger, and Leibnitz, has gone by, and can never return. Not only have the physical sciences been multiplying, but all departments of philology, of historical, social, and philosophic study. Hence the necessity of allowing electives in the curriculum of study.

We need to lay restraints on electives. Surely we are not to allow candidates for A.B. and A.M. to choose what studies they please. These two degrees have hitherto had a meaning, and it should be kept up, so that those who have gained it may be recognized as scholars. An indiscriminate choice holds out a temptation, which many are not able to resist, to take the easiest subjects, — say narrative history, — or those taught by easy-going or popular teachers, who may or may not exact systematic study. I hold that there are branches which are necessary to the full development of the mind, which every educated man ought to know. No one, I think, should be a graduate of a college who does not know mathematics and classics, the one to solidify the reasoning powers, and the other to refine the taste.

On a memorable occasion I defended Greek as an obligatory study in our colleges.[1] Greek and Latin have been,

[1] The debate on this subject between President Eliot and Dr. McCosh attracted widespread attention. It took place in New York, on Feb. 24, 1885. Dr. McCosh's remarks were as follows:

I was asked to come into a debate which was to be three-cornered.

in fact, the main instrument in transmitting to us a knowledge of the ancient world. Greek is the most per-

President Porter of Yale, as well as President Eliot, was to have taken part in it. It has now become two-cornered, if such a term were permissible, and I am called to criticise directly what is known as the new departure of Harvard. I am glad that the matter has been brought to a crisis. The movement has been long going on at Harvard in a silent way, and it is time that the public and parents should have an opportunity of knowing what is the system adopted in one of our foremost colleges. President Eliot has formulated the question in a manner that is large, loose, vague, showy, and plausible, but I think I shall be able to show the fallacies that underlie his reasonings. The sacred word "liberty" has been used as a catchword to lure students, and young men are made to believe that they will be permitted to choose those studies in which they can obtain the highest grades with the least labor. I am not antiquated, and although I am an old man, I am not old-fashioned. My aim all through my professional life has been to elevate learning, and I hope to see every new branch of true learning introduced into our colleges, but I cannot indorse the course which Harvard has pursued. I believe that men should have freedom in choosing their studies; but the freedom has limits. Men are free to choose their colleges, and the departments which they will follow in these colleges, whether law or medicine or theology; but there liberty should cease, and it should be understood that certain branches must be studied. To hold the contrary leads at once to a *reductio ad absurdum*. What if a medical student should neglect physiology and anatomy and materia medica, for music and the drama and painting? It is evident, therefore, that there must be some restrictions.

Now a college curriculum should have two elements or characteristics. First, there should be required studies for all who pursue a full course for a degree; and secondly, the attendance at lectures and recitations should be compulsory. The required studies should be disciplinary, affording true mental training. Such studies are English, Greek, Latin, German, French, history, mathematics and physical science. Later in the college course should come biology, geology, political economy, and the mental sciences. All these studies should be so spread over the years passed by a boy at school and at college, that each step naturally leads to another. In other words, they should be logically arranged. The degrees of Master of Arts and Bachelor of Arts were instituted as incentives in those higher studies which have always been regarded as affording the best training for the human mind, and I contend that those who wish to obtain these degrees should be obliged to pursue the studies with which they have always been associated. Other degrees may be instituted, such as Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Literature, and different requirements may

fect language, and contains the highest literature and thought of antiquity. The learned professions generally,

be prescribed for these degrees; but let not M.A. and B.A. be awarded for proficiency in French or German or music or painting alone.

In the college curriculum the mental sciences are of special importance. Young men should be taught to know themselves as well as to know the outside world. They should be taught that they have souls, for thus only can they be saved from drifting toward materialism. In Princeton we believe in a trinity of studies, — science, philosophy, and the languages. Berlin University, to which President Eliot has referred, has through its professors given eloquent tribute to the usefulness of the classic tongues, and I have known scientific men who told their pupils to study Latin and Greek as a preparation for physics and astronomy. Now, at Harvard, a young man has 200 courses from which he may choose, and many of these courses I am compelled to call dilettante. I should prefer a young man who had been trained in an old-fashioned college in rhetoric, philosophy, Latin, Greek, and mathematics to one who had frittered away four years in studying the French drama of the 18th century, a little music and similar branches.

I now come to my second point — that attendance upon lectures and recitations should be compulsory. If a young man has freedom to choose his studies, he should not be allowed to come to the lecture-room one day and stay away the next. Professors at Harvard have complained to me that the optional system there in force often results in forcing them to lecture to empty seats. It may be said that it is enough if the student passes his examination at the end of the term. It is true that a man may become a scholar without going to college; but being there he should certainly get all the advantage possible from his course. I have had experience in Europe of this optional system, and I have not found it beneficial. It invariably leads to cramming, and conscientious work is superseded by a feverish effort before the examination day. In Germany, it is true that the system is practised with success. But the Germans have one great safeguard, which we have not, in the Bureau of State Examiners, who stand in the path of every man who would obtain a position, whether civil or ecclesiastical or military. If Massachusetts should institute such an examining board, then Harvard might safely follow her present course.

I have a few words to say on specialties. Men have different talents and different vocations, and special studies should therefore be provided for them. Elective studies should be of two kinds. First, branches which would not be good for all, but may prove profitable to a few. Such studies are Hebrew, Sanskrit, and, among the sciences, palæontology. Secondly, there should be elective courses in the higher departments of

but particularly the churches, have a special interest in retaining this tongue. Suppose it not to be required in our colleges, it would soon come not to be required in our schools, and so a large body of our students would be ignorant of it. Now, suppose a student to have his heart touched by a divine power about the time when young men commonly choose their profession in life. He feels himself called on to devote himself to the work of the ministry of

those studies whose elements are obligatory to all. Thus all young men should study mathematics, but only those with a special mathematical taste can master quaternions, functions, or quantics. In Princeton we continue these elective studies side by side with obligatory and disciplinary branches, so that in the junior and senior years there are certain required and certain elective branches. In Harvard, however, everything is scattered like the star dust out of which worlds are said to have been made. In a college we should have specialists, but not mere specialists, for such are bigoted and intolerant. The truest and best specialist is the one who is well acquainted with collateral branches. From a too great choice of studies arise certain grave evils. Young men on entering college do not know their own minds, nor what is to be their future calling, and if left to themselves make wrong selections which impair their future usefulness.

On the question of government, I hold that a college like a country needs a government. Young men need moral training as well as intellectual training. But the result of all this should be to teach them independence, and train them to think and act for themselves. I don't believe in the spy system, neither do I believe in allowing young men to drink and gamble without giving them a warning or a counsel. You tell me he is a man and must govern himself; but what can you say of his mother's agony and his father's grief? We can expel him, you say. But this is itself discipline, and if we may expel why may we not advise and rebuke? It is a serious problem, What is to be the religious teaching of our colleges? Huxley recommends that the Bible be used in schools. Herbert Spencer admits that there is no moral power in science. Emerson manfully advocated the continuance of prayers at Harvard, — but I am approaching the subject of religion.

In conclusion I have only to say that all who desire to see the cause of American scholarship prosper are discouraged by the new departure of Harvard, and the universities of the Old World would be shocked to learn that in America's oldest college the students are no longer required to follow those studies which the wisdom of ages has pointed out as being at the foundation of all true education.

the Word. But in order to do this he has to learn the language of the New Testament, beginning with its letters. Here an obstacle is presented which will effectively prevent many from going to the work to which they are called. It is certain that a college which does not require Greek will not prepare many to go forth as ministers or missionaries. This would be a great evil, not only to the churches, but also to the community generally. The devout young men who are studying for the ministry have a restraining and elevating influence in a college.

In Princeton there are certain branches which are required of all in the Academic Department: Latin and Greek, English, Oratory, Essay Writing, French and German, Physics, Astronomy, Geology, Psychology, Logic and Ethics, Relation of Science and Religion. Again, we have a fixed course for every year. In the Freshman and Sophomore years there is little or no variation allowed; but when a student has learned the rudimentary branches, and enters the Junior class, we believe that he may be allowed, in addition to the required studies, a choice, both in Junior and Senior years, among a large number of the new subjects introduced into the colleges, — additions being made to them every year. I reckon that usually in these two upper classes about one-half a student's time is given to the required and the other half to the elective studies. In choosing, he may take the old branches, or he may take the new ones. The advantage of all this is that the student may consult and gratify his tastes, — we find that an intense interest is taken by certain students in the new studies, — or the student may elect the branch or branches fitted to prepare him for his intended pro-

fession in life. One meaning to be a minister will probably elect some branch of philosophy; the intending doctor will probably take botany and zoölogy; and the lawyer history or social sciences.

Both in the required and in the elective courses a college should seek to instruct students carefully in the fundamental principles of the branch which they are studying. There is a loud demand in the present day for college education being made what they call "practical." I believe that this is a mistake. A well-known ship-builder once said to me, "Do not try to teach my art in school; see that you make the youth intelligent, and then I will easily teach him ship-building." The business of a college is to teach scientific principles of all sorts of practical application. The youth thus trained will start life in far better circumstances than those who have learned only the details of their craft, which are best learned in offices, stores, and factories, and will commonly far outstrip them in the rivalries of life. He will be able to advance when others are obliged to stop; he will be ready to take advantage of opportunities which are lost to them, and will commonly advance the branch in which he is interested.

I have often been asked, "How do the American colleges stand in comparison with the European ones?" I believe I can answer that question. The scholarship of the great body of the students is as high in America as in Europe; but they rear in Great Britain and in Germany a body of ripe scholars to whom we have nothing equal in the New World. This led me to propose that we should institute fellowships in Princeton College. At an early stage there were friends who established

fellowships in Mental Science, in Classics, in Mathematics, and Experimental Science, and at a later date in Biology, each providing $600 a year to the student who stood highest in a competitive examination. Latterly, some of our younger alumni have been adding university fellowships, one in Social Science, one in Biological Science, one in English, and probably one in Philosophy, each yielding $400 or $500 a year, and open to the graduates not only of Princeton, but every other authorized college. These Fellowships have given a powerful stimulus to study, and have enabled us to produce scholarship of a high order.

This may be the proper place to refer to the prizes received during my presidency: the Lynde Prize, for Power of Debating; the Alexander Guthrie McCosh Prize, for the best Philosophical Essay; the Baird Prizes, for Oratory; the 1876 Class Prize, for a debate on Politics; the Class of 1883 Atwater Prize, in Political Science; the White Prize, in Architecture.

When I became president, the number giving instruction was ten professors, four tutors, two teachers, — in all sixteen, beside three lecturers extraordinary. Some of the younger classes were taught solely by tutors. I think it of importance to have a succession of young men teaching in a college to give fresh life to it, and out of whom to draw professors; but I believed that every class should have at least one man of experience giving it instruction, and it was arranged that all Freshmen should be under one or more professors. The professors then were chiefly men of mature life, of high ability and character. In adding new branches, we had to get new professors. It was my duty to call the attention of the

trustees to suitable persons for the new or vacant offices. In doing so I looked out for scholarly men, wherever I could hear of them. If I found that they were not available, or not likely to promote the moral and religious welfare of the students, I thought no more of them; and I continued to inquire till I was able to recommend one whose influence would be altogether for good. In pursuing this course we have taken several able men from other colleges.

But I have often had great difficulty in getting a full endowment for a professor's chair, — more difficulty than in getting a building; so we set ourselves earnestly to the work of rearing professors. We kept our eye upon our promising graduates, and appointed them tutors or instructors, with a small salary, and then raised them, if they were good teachers, to the position of assistant professors, or full professors. Thus the Board of Trustees has chosen three professors from the class of 1874, and six from the class of 1877. So we have been adding new professors from year to year. The number of professors is now thirty-five, with three tutors and several assistants and lecturers, — in all upwards of forty. We have three professors of Mental Philosophy, three of Greek, two of Latin, three of Mathematics, three of English, including Oratory, two of History and Political Science, three of Modern Languages, two of Physics, two of Astronomy, two of Chemistry, three of the Natural Sciences, including Botany, Zoölogy, and Geology, three of Engineering, and two of Art. We have professors who teach the Harmony of Science and Religion, who teach Anglo-Saxon, who teach Oratory, who teach Pedagogics, who teach Sanscrit, who teach Physiological Psychology,

who teach Physical Geography, who teach Anatomy and Physiology.

Every student is required every year to write a number of essays. I am not sure that there is any college in America which has so well an arranged system of essay writing. Princeton College has always paid attention to public speaking, and we have kept this up, by requiring every student, unless incapacitated by physical weakness, to speak before a public audience. The strength of our college lies in its staff of professors. I am proud of those whom I have recommended to the trustees. We give instruction in a greater number of branches than are usually taught in the universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in nearly all the branches taught in Germany.

I have pleasure in stating that the faculty has all along stood in the most pleasant relationship towards me. I regard all the members as personal friends. I am bound to say that they watch over the interests of the college with great faithfulness.

Along with the increase of professors, our friends have purchased for us a large increase of scientific apparatus. In several departments almost every new instrument of value has been provided. When I came here, the natural-science collection, saving only what was done in physical geography by Dr. Guyot, was particularly defective, fit only to be burned. Now we have most valuable collections in biology and geology. For several years we have been enabled to send companies of students to make summer explorations in the West. Lying on the ground at night, they were employed all day in collecting plants and fossils, some of which are very rare and of great

value. These have been placed in our museum, which is visited in consequence by many scientists.

Our professors have not only been attending to their work in the college as instructors, but have been widening the field of knowledge, each in his own department. I at one time thought of printing a list of the books, pamphlets, and articles published by our professors since I came here, but I found that it would take sixty pages to do it.

It is proper to add that the students issue three periodicals. "The Nassau Literary Magazine" has all along been an organ of a high character, and contains solid articles of superior literary ability. The "Princetonian" some years ago was in the way of attacking the faculty. Now it is conducted in the most admirable spirit, — only it gives more space to gymnastics than to literature. "Pray," said an Oxford Don to me, after reading several numbers, "are you the president of a gymnastic institution?" It shows the spirit that reigns in our college that we have had a religious organ, the "Philadelphian," containing high-class articles fitted to do good among the students.

Our School of Science has a body of able professors. It gives instruction in mathematics, in the various branches of physical science, and in modern languages. We seek to make its students educated gentlemen, and not mere scientists. We require Latin (or, in engineering, French) on the part of those who enter. All the students receive instruction in English, and write essays. To preserve them from the materialistic tendencies of the day, they are required to attend the classes either of Psychology or Logic. It is evident that this school,

which has now three hundred and ninety-two students, will rise every year in public estimation. Our two departments, the Academic and the Scientific, send out every year a large body of educated young men to occupy important positions all over the country.

As we added branch after branch, it was found that we could arrange them, the old and the new, into three grand departments: Language and Literature, Science, and Philosophy. We did not separate these absolutely, but we have constantly kept the distinction in view. I remember the day when Mrs. Robert L. Stuart came down to Princeton, and handed me $154,000, to enable me to establish a School of Philosophy.

As the head of the college, I have endeavored to give each of our varied departments its own place, and carefully to arrange a balance of studies, so as to keep the minds of the students from being one-sided, and therefore narrow and exclusive. But while I was president I became also a professor, and I am glad that I did so, for I was thereby brought into closer relationship with the students, and came to know them better.

Following my tastes, I have endeavored to create and sustain an interest in all branches of Mental Philosophy. I have usually been teaching three departments: Psychology, the History of Philosophy, and Contemporary Philosophy, and have branched off into Æsthetics and Metaphysics. The other two mental sciences, Logic and Ethics, have been taught by Professor Ormond and Professor Patton. I strove to make the study attractive, and have commonly had under me upwards of two hundred students, many of them elective. In connection with my classes I had library meetings in my house,

in which papers were read on philosophic subjects by alumni and others, and were afterwards discussed by students of the upper classes, and occasionally by professors. The attendance was at first about a dozen, but it soon rose to from seventy to one hundred and fifty. Many will remember all their lives the stimulating effects of these meetings.

In my teaching, I have followed the plan of the German professors, first lecturing on the subject, and after a time giving my expositions to the world in published volumes. The public has not always followed my philosophy, but has given me — what greater men than I have not been able to gain — a hearing, both in this country and in Great Britain. I am gratified to find my college lectures on Psychology and Logic in a great many upper schools, and in a number of colleges in America. Dr. Duff, the great missionary, sent me a message on his death-bed, to prepare a text-book on Mental Science for India, to save them from materialism diligently taught them by books from England. This I have now done in my two small volumes on Psychology, which have been sanctioned by the University of Calcutta, while steps are being taken to have them adopted in other colleges in India. Pupils of mine are using them in Japan and Ceylon. My pupils may be pleased to learn that the lectures which I delivered to them are reproduced in these distant lands. So early as my college days in Scotland, I was so ambitious as to hope that I might some day produce a work on Philosophy; little did I dream that it would be used in Western America and in Eastern Asia.

From an early period of my presidency we have had

post-graduate students. We have always thrown open our doors to them. We encourage them because it is out of them we hope to make scholars. In our crowded cirriculum we cannot expect in the under-graduate course of study to produce a high erudition in any one department; but when students come up to us after graduation, and take up earnestly one or two departments, we can carry them on to very high attainments, and it may be prepare them to be professors. The number of our graduate students has been gradually increasing; this last year we have had seventy-eight. I have commonly had upwards of forty, most of them students from the seminary, studying the higher questions of philosophy. These graduate classes will force us on to become a university.

We have devised and published a way by which higher degrees of Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Science, Doctor of Literature, and Bachelor of Theology may be obtained from us by the graduates of any college, without residence, by pursuing a course of study and standing an examination. This is a measure full of promise, and I hope will be carried out when I retire. It will gather round us a body of men eagerly pursuing high studies.

I think I may claim to have taken great pains to keep our graduates in close connection with the college. I have set up a great many alumni associations (there are in all eighteen), and have often visited them, travelling hundreds and some years thousands of miles for this purpose, and reporting the state of the college as I went along. I have enjoyed these meetings with the graduates, and have returned with a most valuable knowledge

of what the community expects of the college. I proposed, several years ago, that the alumni should have authority to appoint an advisory committee, with power to give recommendations to the Board of Trustees, and to enter any class-room. The proposal was not adopted. It may come up in some future year.

I am not to give an account of our finances, which have been carefully watched over by Mr. John A. Stewart and Mr. Charles E. Green. Some of our friends do not let their left hand know what their right hand doeth, and so I am not able to speak with precision of the gifts we have received. I believe that nearly three millions have been contributed to the college during my tenure of office. The principle on which we have proceeded has been never to contract any debt, and never to lay up any money. Only on one occasion did we contract any large amount of debt, and Mr. R. L. Stuart, who contributed $100,000, joined some of our trustees in paying it off.

I may mention here that, to encourage struggling young men, we have funds contributed by generous friends whereby we give scholarships of $100 a year each, and $30 more if they intend to be ministers, to one hundred and seventy students. Dr. Duffield manages these funds with great care and kindness.

I am sorry that my space does not allow of my mentioning the names of the many contributors to our college funds. Some of them have been referred to in the course of my narrative. I must refer to a few others. The Hon. John I. Blair has watched over our college with very great care, has endowed the chair of Geology, and has lately given $20,000 to the increase of professors'

salaries. Mr. Lynde has given three prizes for excellence in debate. A gentleman who has given us only his initials has founded a Mathematical Fellowship, and a large prize to the Freshman class. Mr. Charles O. Baird has furthered oratory by his prizes to the Junior class. We have received a most valuable set of papers on the late war from Mr. Pierson. You may notice that kind friends have enabled me to complete the work begun by Dr. Maclean, and to hang up in the Museum portraits of all the presidents of the college, and of other eminent men connected with it.

In consequence of the improvements of our teaching and our courses, our numbers have been slowly but gradually increasing.

Years.	Students.	Years.	Students.
In 1867–8	264	1878–9	473
1868–9	281	1879–80	481
1869–70	328	1880–1	488
1870–1	364	1881–2	537
1871–2	379	1882–3	572
1872–3	376	1883–4	523
1873–4	417	1884–5	519
1874–5	408	1885–6	497
1875–6	483	1886–7	539
1876–7	472	1887–8	604
1877–8	496		

It will be thus seen that our numbers have more than doubled — from two hundred and sixty-four to upwards of six hundred.

I think it proper to state that I meant all along that these new and varied studies, with their groupings and combinations, should lead to the formation of a *Studium Generale*, which was supposed in the Middle Ages to constitute a university. At one time I cherished a hope

that I might be honored to introduce such a measure. From my intimate acquaintance with the systems of Princeton and other colleges, I was so vain as to think that out of our available materials I could have constructed a university of a high order. I would have embraced in it all that is good in our college; in particular, I would have seen that it was pervaded with religion, as the college is. I was sure that such a step would have been followed by a large outflow of liberality on the part of the public, such as we enjoyed in the early days of my presidency. We had had the former rain, and I hoped we might have the latter rain, and we could have given the institution a wider range of usefulness in the introduction of new branches and the extension of post-graduate studies. But this privilege has been denied me. I have always been prepared to contend with the enemies of the college, but I am not ready to fight with its greatest benefactors; so I retire. The college has been brought to the very borders, and I leave it to another to carry it over into the land of promise.

CHAPTER XIV

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL — TWENTY YEARS OF PRINCETON (*Continued*)

WHILE this improvement of education was going on, we had to contend against degrading college customs, some of which have come down from colonial times, and were copied from the schools of England. There were "rakes," secretly issued by the members of one class against the members of another. We had horn-sprees and foolish bonfires kindled in the campus, the embers often endangering the whole college buildings. Worst of all, we had the "hazing" and the "smoking" of students. I resolved to put down these, when I found that they had the serpent's power of prolonged life, and that it was difficult to kill them. I tried first of all to make the class condemn them, and often succeeded; but at times we had to exercise discipline on the offenders, who were commonly supported by a considerable body of students. I would not be giving a true picture of the times when I entered on my duties unless I mentioned one or two cases.

At that time morning prayers were held at seven, and the students came out rubbing their eyes, with their great-coats thrown loosely over their shoulders, and buttoning their clothes. One morning I saw a student with his head all "shaven and shorn." I called up a tutor, and asked him whether the student had had fever.

"No," said he; "did you not hear that he had been hazed?" I told him that I had not, but added that the whole college would hear of it before we had done with it. Knowing that if I called the hazed student to my house it would only be to expose him to farther indignity, I asked a professor to give me the use of his study, and invited the student to meet me there. When I asked how he felt on being hazed, he replied, "Very indignant." I said I was glad to hear it. He told me that a company of students, disguised, had come into his room late at night, that they gagged his mouth lest he should cry, and his ears lest he should identify them; that they had shaved his head, then put him under the pump, and left him tied on the campus. I asked him if he had any friends. He answered, "Few, sir; I am a poor Irish boy, but one man has helped me;" naming Chancellor Green. "My dear fellow, you have a noble friend." I wrote a letter to the Chancellor, and ordered the student to set off with it next morning before dawn, and tell what had been done to him. Next morning, a little after eight, I saw the noble form of the Chancellor pass my window and enter my study. Hitherto he had been very cold toward me,— I believe he did not see the propriety of bringing over a Scotchman to be the head of an American college. He asked me somewhat sternly, "Are you in earnest?" I answered that I was never more in earnest in my life. "But," said he, "I have often found when I tried to uphold the college in putting down evils there was a weak yielding." I told him that he might find that this was not just my character. He asked me what I meant to do. I answered that I was a stranger, newly come to this country, that I had asked

for a conference with him — an alumnus, a trustee, and as the head of the law in New Jersey — to ask his advice. "Can you not," said he, "summon the perpetrators before the faculty?" "Yes," I replied, "but I have little evidence to proceed on. The student thinks he knows two of those who gagged him, but is not sure; and students capable of such deeds reckon it no crime to lie to the faculty." "What then are we to do?" I replied that I wished him to say. But he again asked, "Are you in earnest?" I said "he might try me." He then proposed that we should start a criminal process, and said he would engage the attorney-general as prosecutor, and would see that the jury was not packed. I said, "I accept your terms," and added, "You may now go home, Chancellor, the case is settled." He asked, "What do you mean?" looking at me with amazement. I simply mentioned that I had been dealing with students for sixteen years, and knew that the case was settled. I felt that the time was come when I should be as cold to him as he had been to me. I thanked him for coming to me when I meant to go to him, and bade him good-morning. I asked a professor to send for one of the students supposed to have been guilty, and to tell him that the great Chancellor had been here, that he was that day to engage the attorney-general as prosecutor, and that if the guilty parties did not send me an apology in forty-eight hours they would all be in prison. In a few hours I received a humble letter, signed by about a dozen students, confessing that they were guilty, expressing their sorrow, and promising that they would never commit a like offence. I sent a message to the professors, asking them to be in their place next morning at prayers, and the

students were prepared for something to come when they saw them all assembled. I took out the paper sent me, and read it till I came to the signatures, when I put it in my pocket, saying, "I accept the apology and the promise, and neither the faculty nor any other shall ever know the names. Let us read the passsage on repentance, 2 Cor. vii." I never saw the college more moved.

For some years hazing was considerably subdued; but it continued in other colleges which have not had the courage to grapple with it, and has reappeared in this college once and again, and has led to some very painful scenes. It has for the present disappeared, as I retire from the presidency, I trust finally.

As a happy consequence of this act I gained the friendship of Chancellor Green, who ever afterwards stood by me in the Board of Trustees and beyond it, telling those who opposed my measures that in opposing me they would have to oppose him. His family became deeply interested in the college, and have been our most generous benefactors. I was gratified when his family asked me to be a mourner at the funeral of that man, one of the greatest that New Jersey has produced.[1]

I may state that this was the first and last case in which I resolved to carry discipline into a criminal court. I thought it right to let the college know that the criminal courts could interfere in such a case; but it is better that the faculty should exercise discipline in a paternal spirit. Another incident may be given. A company resolved to "smoke" a student. They entered his room,

[1] Mr. Courtland Parker said to me, as we rode in the same carriage at Chancellor Green's funeral, "When the Chancellor summed up the evidence and addressed the criminal condemned to die, I always felt that I had a picture of the Day of Judgment."

vigorously puffing out tobacco fumes, hoping thereby to sicken him. The faculty sent them home to their fathers and mothers. At the close of one of my Bible recitations about twenty students remained behind, and asked to speak with me, and they spoke feelingly of the pain which the dismissal of their companions would give to fathers and mothers and grandmothers. I saw at once that I had before me, not those who had been engaged in the foul deed, but the best students in the class, who had been elected as most likely to have an influence over me. It occurred to me that I might catch them in the trap which they had laid for me. I said to them, "Do you approve of the deed which has been done?" "No," they answered heartily. "But how," I asked, "do you propose to stop such acts?" They were staggered. I saw out of the window two hundred students gathered like a thunder-cloud on the campus, threatening rebellion. I said, "Gentlemen, go out to these students and ask them to pass a resolution condemning the offensive practice;" and I promised that if they did so I would ask the faculty to rescind their sentence. I passed by the crowd on my way home, and heard a student denouncing the abominable deed that had been committed by the students. The company was divided and soon scattered. They had planned on that afternoon to rise in a body and leave the chapel. No one rose, and the threatening cloud passed away.

When these *émeutes* took place we were always favored with the visits of interviewers from the New York newspapers. I remember that one day when I was coming down from New York, I had a dozen reporters on the same train, all bent on carrying back a sensational story

founded on some small disturbance which had occurred the night before. At one of these times a reporter from a reputable journal called on me for information. I told him that I would give him this, but that he must publish what I said to him, which he agreed to do, and so I began: "Whereas a certain newspaper," naming it, "had been publishing vile stories against Princeton College, evidently written by sub-editors from a rival college, the alumni and students of Princeton are about to form a combination in which each member binds himself never to buy a copy of that paper." The reporter wrote a while, and then put his pen behind his ear, and said, "President, this will never do," and promised to speak to the editor; and in a day or two after the editor wrote me, asking me to appoint a reporter from among the students, and we were troubled no more from that quarter.

I mention these things in order to give me an opportunity of explaining that these scenes of disturbance, which were reported years ago in so exaggerated a form, almost always rose from our putting down debasing customs. I could not in dignity answer the distorted reports, and many believed them. We have now, happily, put down all these old barbarous customs, and of late years I have no complaint to make of the newspaper press. It seems inclined to speak good of us rather than evil; as to myself, I am sure it praises, vastly more than they deserve, the efforts I have made for the advancement of the college.

I do not wish to fight old battles over again, but if I am to give a correct account of the period, I must mention the important historical events.

When I became connected with Princeton, the secret Greek Letter Fraternities had considerable power in the college. The trustees, years before, had passed a law requiring every entering student to come under a solemn obligation to have no connection whatever with any secret society. I felt from the beginning that the college was in this respect in a very unhappy position, the students signing a pledge which a number of them knowingly violated. On inquiry I discovered that while some of the societies did mean to foster pleasant social feelings, and to create a taste for oratory, yet their influence was upon the whole for evil. I soon found that the societies sought to get the college honors to their members, and to support those who were under college discipline. I felt that as the head of the college I must put an end to this state of things.

I was powerfully aided, or rather led in carrying this out, by the late Dr. Atwater, who had more credit than I in suppressing the secret societies. One courageous student set himself vigorously to oppose the attempt to get the college honors for members of the fraternities. The difficulty was to get evidence; but certain lodges got photographs taken of their members. These fell into our hands. The offenders stood clearly before us. I summoned them before the faculty. They did not deny the charge, and we sent them home. In a short time each sent in a paper in which he promised to give up, while in college, all connection with secret societies. I retained these papers for a time to secure that the promise should be kept, but I have shown them to no one. The faculty restored the students, who, I believe, kept their word. Now the great body of the students would

earnestly oppose the reintroduction of these fraternities into our college. Most of the professors in the American colleges profess to lament the existence of such societies, but have not the courage to suppress them. I am sorry to find that of late some eminent men belonging to other colleges have been defending these secret organizations.

One of the greatest evils arising from the Greek letter societies is that they tended to lessen the numbers and usefulness of our two noble societies,— the Whig and the Cliosophic. These form an essential part of our educational system. They have done as much good as any other department of our college teaching. They have helped mightily to prepare our young men for the pulpit, the bar, and the senate. I may be permitted to suggest that the customs connected with initiation into the Halls might be profitably abandoned. I farther think that the societies should be so opened that from time to time each should have great public debates open to ladies as well as gentlemen. Not till then can we have the highest style of popular eloquence.

I feel a great pride in remembering that I introduced gymnastics into the college. The sentence of my inaugural, in which I declared that there should be exercises in the colleges to strengthen the bodily frame, called forth acclamations so loud that they might have carried the roof off the building. Since that time gymnastics have had an important place under careful superintendents, and our students have manfully kept their own. From the gymnastic exercises within our walls and grounds much good has arisen and no evil. The bodily frames of our students have been strengthened, and their health sustained by the manly exercises, while

habits of mental agility and self-possession have been acquired, of great use in preparing young men for the active duties of life.

But there may be, there have been, evils arising from the abuse of competitive games, especially with professionals. The applause given may create an enthusiasm which should rather be directed to study. Some may prefer the approving shout of ten thousand spectators on the ball-field to the earning of a class honor or a university fellowship. The youth who can skilfully throw a ball may be more highly esteemed than one of high scholarship or character. Your strutting college heroes may consist of men who have merely powerful arms and legs.

It is acknowledged that some of our greatest gymnasts have been as scholarly and pious as any members of their class. There is no necessary or even usual connection between gymnastic eminence and immorality; but there may be some half-dozen or ten in each class of a hundred who devote so much time and mind to the games that they neglect their studies, and virtually lose their college year. The games may be accompanied with betting and drinking. They may tend in some cases to produce the manners of a bully or a jockey rather than of a scholar or a cultivated gentleman. The talk of the students in the campus may be more about the nice points of football than of literature or science. The style of gaming may become professional instead of being promotive of health, and the great body of the students, instead of joining in the exercises, may stand by and look idly on, others playing.

The question presses itself upon us, "How are we to get the acknowledged good without the accompanying

evils?" The question is keenly discussed; I hope it will continue to be discussed till it is satisfactorily settled. Twice have I made the attempt to bring the principal Eastern colleges to an agreement. The colleges were willing to unite, except one or two, who trade upon their gymnastic eminence to gain students. As these stood out nothing could be done. But things have come to a crisis. Harvard and Yale now profess to see the evils that arise from competitive games. Let the discussion continue; let it be publicly conducted; let it be known what position each college takes; let fathers and mothers say what they wish for their sons; let the public press speak boldly. The issue within the next few years will be that we shall have the good without the evil. Meanwhile, let Princeton proclaim that her reputation does not depend on her skill in throwing or kicking a ball, but on the scholarship and the virtue of her sons.

If any one tells me that in a college with hundreds of students there is no vice, he is either deceiving himself or is endeavoring to deceive others. We acknowledge that there are evils in our college, but we do all we can to repress them. Of late years there has been very little vicious conduct in Princeton College; what exists is obliged to hide itself. The great body of the students discountenance it, and do not, as they were often tempted to do in former years, defend those who may be under discipline.

I hold that in every college the faculty should look after, not only the intellectual improvement, but also the morals of those committed to their care by parents and guardians. I am afraid that both in Europe and America all idea of looking after the character of students

has been given up by many of our younger professors. Their feeling is, "I am bound to give instruction in my department, and to advance the study in all quarters; but as to looking after the private character of any student, I do not recognize it to be part of my duty, and I shrink from it, I decline to undertake it." I have been very careful not to let this spirit get abroad among our young instructors. Our law enjoins that every professor is bound in duty to watch over the welfare of the students, many of whom are far from home. We have a tutor or officer in every college building, whose office it is to see that those living there conduct themselves properly.

We have abandoned the spy system, and our officers do not peep in at windows, or through keyholes, — a practice at which the student would generally contrive to outwit his guardian. With us everything is open and above board. We proceed on the principle that the college stands *in loco parentis*. The youth is treated as he would be by a parent. We listen patiently to every one against whom a suspicion is entertained, or a charge brought. We dismiss no one without evidence, and latterly there is rarely, if ever, a case in which the culprit does not confess his guilt. Our penalties consist in sending home the youth for a shorter or longer time to his parents, that they may deal with him.

For sixteen years I had the somewhat invidious task of looking after the morals and discipline of the college. Since that time this important work has been committed to Dean Murray, who has shown more patience than I did in the discharge of his duties. Parents may be satisfied when they know that he is looking after the best welfare of their sons.

I could weep this day, if I did not restrain myself, over some who have fallen when with us. But I am able to say that when parents join with us in the exercise of discipline, it commonly succeeds in accomplishing its end, — the reformation of the offender. We have the privilege and the advantage of a great many of the youths sent us having been well trained at home. I am able to testify that God has been faithful to his promise, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

There is a much more pleasant relationship between the professors and the students of late years. It is a much easier thing now to govern the college. This is especially so since a provision has been made for a conference between the faculty and an elected committee of the students as to judicial cases. I doubt much whether such a measure could have been made to work beneficially in some earlier years, as the students might have chosen representatives to fight with the faculty. This conference, long contemplated by me, has been carried into effect by Dean Murray, with the happiest results.

I believe the moral tone of the college is, upon the whole, sound at this present moment. Lately the students, with my consent and approval, held a mass-meeting, and denounced the base men who send them obscene publications by mail. At the same meeting they voted unanimously for No License in this town, and helped greatly in carrying this measure in the borough. I cannot tell how happy I am to think that when I give up my office in the college, there is not a place for the sale of spirituous liquors in all Princeton.

CHAPTER XV

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL — TWENTY YEARS OF PRINCETON (*Continued*)

FROM the beginning Princeton has been a religious college, professedly and really. It has given instruction weekly on the Bible, and has required attendance at prayers daily, and on public worship on the Sabbath. The prayers in the chapel are conducted by the president and professors in their turn, and the preaching by those of us who are ministers, and very frequently now by eminent divines who are invited to visit us. Dean Murray conducts public worship with great acceptance once a fortnight. Our Sabbath services of late years are not found to be tedious by the students. Every Sabbath afternoon at five there is a meeting of the whole college for prayer, and a ten-minutes' address, which is commonly interesting as well as useful.

There is much talk in certain quarters of the importance of giving instruction in the English Bible in colleges. Let me tell those who are recommending this to us, that this has always been done in Princeton. We are not ashamed, neither professors nor students, of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

In entering upon my work here I found some difficulty in inducing those who had previously conducted religious instruction to continue to do so, so I undertook the whole

work myself. For eight years I gave Bible instruction weekly to every student. My course lasted four years, and in these I carried the students in a general way through the Bible.

I am not sure that I acted wisely in undertaking all this work. At the end of the eight years I divided the work among several others, reserving always to myself an important part, — the Pentateuch and the Epistle to the Romans, — on which the Seniors were required to recite. Latterly I have given up the whole Bible instruction to seven or eight others. Dean Murray gives instruction to the Seniors in the doctrinal teachings of the Gospels and the Epistles.

The majority of the students have always been professors of religion. One year there were two-thirds, and this year there are three-fifths. I am able to testify that these students as a whole, and with some human infirmities, live consistently with the profession which they make. At this present time we have three hundred and sixty-five names on the roll of the Philadelphia Society, which is the special religious association of the college, and which has been the centre of the spiritual life among us for many years.

We have had our times of gracious revival. I remember one year which began with a season of great religious apathy. The number attending our prayer-meetings was very small, — perhaps twenty or thirty. But we had a few devoted men, some of whom had come from another college, who prayed as earnestly as ever men prayed, saying to God, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

One night there was heard in our campus the noise

of a company who had been drinking. We summoned before the faculty a number of students, whose names had been called as they were returning to their rooms. We had difficulty in making them confess. After dealing for more than an hour with one young man, — now a lawyer in high standing, — in which he continued parrying me off, he burst out: "President, I can stand this no longer. I was drinking, and I fear I am getting fond of drink." We sent the band home for a time. They returned, deploring their conduct. Our act of discipline was blessed by God. The college was moved, many betook themselves to prayer. Prayer-meetings were numerous and earnest. Dozens were converted, and have ever since continued steadfast in the faith.

In 1876 we had a deep religious revival. Meetings for conference and prayers were held by the students every day and every night. Every student, indeed every member of the college, felt awed and subdued. It was estimated that upwards of one hundred were converted. I know that the great body of them, if not all, have continued faithful, are leading consistent lives, and are doing good over wide regions in this land and in others. On one occasion some strange fire mingled at times with the fire from off the altar of God. There was a jealousy of the faculty on the part of a number of the students. Some of the strangers who came here to address them kept studiously away from the president and professors, lest it should be thought that the work was a scheme of the college authorities; but the few evils that appeared were overwhelmed and lost sight of in the midst of the good that was done. When the excitement was somewhat dying down, the students felt the need of the wise

counsel of their college instructors, and came to put confidence in them.

In later years the religious interest has not so often taken the form of what is called a revival; but all along we have had, every year or two, seasons of deep religious earnestness, as in 1870, in 1872, in 1874, in 1882, in 1886. At the beginning of this year we had such a time on the occasion of the visit of Professor Drummond and two professors from the University of Edinburgh. At these times the meetings for prayer were frequent and well attended, and there were short meetings for worship conducted by students in the college entries, about nine at night, to which all students in the entry were invited. On these occasions pains were taken to secure that every student, especially such as had made no profession of religion, was spoken to about the state of his soul. It may be said truly that no student has left our college without the way of salvation having been made known from the pulpit on the Sabbath, by the weekly Bible instruction of professors, and by the repeated personal appeals of his pious fellow-students.

In 1877 a convention was held in Louisville for the purpose of organizing societies for Christian work in every college. One of our professors, Dr. Libbey, was induced to become a leader in this movement. He and Mr. Wishard, a student of ours engaged as secretary, visited a great many of the colleges of the country, and succeeded in establishing Christian associations in them. These have ever since been the centres of religious life, and have great influence in promoting religion in the colleges. By means of them the colleges can combine to further any good cause. They are in friendly rela-

tionship with the Young Men's Christian Association of America.

In 1886 two of our students, Mr. Wilder and Mr. Forman, sons of missionaries, being stimulated by residing in the summer in Northfield, under Mr. Moody, resolved to visit the colleges in New England, Canada, and the Middle States, in order to engage students, young men and young women, to devote themselves to the work of the Lord as missionaries in the foreign field. They succeeded in getting no fewer than twenty-five hundred to profess their readiness to go where Christ might require. This is, I believe, a genuine work. At this present time there is a very deep interest, greater than has ever been before, in foreign missions among the students of the college and seminary. A meeting for prayer is held after the morning service in the chapel, attended by about thirty persons, all purposing to go abroad as missionaries. A year ago the college students raised the funds to pay a missionary, and Mr. Forman has been sent out as the Princeton College missionary to India. Princeton College, during my presidency, has sent out at least three hundred men as ministers, or preparing for the ministry. I know of at least twenty-five missionaries sent out during the same period to the foreign field.

Thank God, we have had scarcely any avowed infidelity among us. Not above half a dozen out of our two thousand and more students have left us declaring that they had no religious belief. Several of this small number have since become decided Christians. The truth which had been addressed to them here stuck as a barbed arrow in their hearts, till God gave them relief. One young

man while here had set himself against all religion. Three years after graduation he was elected to deliver the master's oration, and he came back among us to give a noble defence of the truth. On another occasion, I sent for a young man who had just graduated, of whom I feared that he had no religious faith. After talking with him seriously, I asked if he would allow me to pray with him. He declined, saying that he did not believe in a God to whom to pray. So we parted. I had hope of him, knowing that he had a pious mother. I gave him a letter which helped him to get a government position in Washington. Some years after, I had occasion to deliver some lectures in Cincinnati, and was living in a hotel there. A stranger, who turned out to have graduated at Princeton before my day, came up to me and asked, "How is it that you make infidels in Princeton?" I answered that this was not just our vocation. He then began to tell me of a young man who lived in the same boarding-house with him in Washington, who had been an open-mouthed infidel, perpetually quoting Huxley and Spencer, and avowing himself an agnostic. I guessed who the young man was at once. After keeping me in a state of anxiety for a time, he said that he might be able to report something that would gratify me, and he told me that this young man had gone to his mother to convert her; "But," he added, "she floored him," and now he is a member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is delivering addresses on religion. Not long after, this youth called on me with his newly-married wife. On the same chair on which he was seated when he declined to pray with me he now asked me to pray with him. He is now a min-

ister of the gospel, and when I saw him last he was purposing to become a missionary. I pray that there may be a like issue in the case of the few who are still wandering.

Happily, I have never had any difficulty in dealing with students on the religious question. I have had under me Catholics as well as Protestants of all denominations, Jews, and heathen. I have religiously guarded the sacred rights of conscience. I have never insisted on any one attending a religious service to which he conscientiously objected. With scarcely an exception, the students have attended our daily morning prayers in the chapel, and also our weekly religious instruction. We allow them to go to their own place of worship on the Sabbath. The Episcopalians have a St. Paul's Society, which we encourage. It is an interesting fact that during all my presidency no one has left the Presbyterian Church while in college to join any other communion.

In the instruction we give by lectures and recitations, we do not subject religion to science; but we are equally careful not to subject science to religion. We give to each its own independent place, supported by its own evidence. We give to science the things that belong to science, and to God the things that are God's. When a scientific theory is brought before us, our first inquiry is not whether it is consistent with religion, but whether it is true. If it is found to be true, on the principle of the induction of Bacon, it will be found that it is consistent with religion, on the principle of the unity of truth. We do not reject a scientific truth because at first sight it seems opposed to revelation. We have seen

that geology, which an age ago seemed to be contrary to Scripture, has furnished many new illustrations of the wisdom and goodness of God, and that the ages of geology have a wonderful general correspondence with the six days of the opening of Genesis. It will be remembered that the late Dr. Stephen Alexander defended Kant and Laplace's theory of the formation of the earth (substantially true, though it is now shown that it has overlooked some agencies at work), which was supposed to be inconsistent with religion. I have been defending Evolution, but, in doing so, have given the proper account of it as the method of God's procedure, and find that when so understood it is in no way inconsistent with Scripture. I have been thanked by pupils who see Evolution everywhere in nature because I have so explained it that they can believe both in it and in Scripture.[1] I

[1] BERKELEY, CAL., March 1, 1888.

DR. JAMES McCOSH:

MY DEAR SIR, — Many and hearty thanks for the beautiful little volume of your lectures received a few days ago. I have delayed acknowledgment until I had read it. I have now done so with intense interest. I am convinced that you are doing a good and very important work in showing that evolution is not necessarily atheistic, nor in any way antagonistic to a true religious belief. The Church has been, and still is, in serious danger of again placing itself in antagonism with scientific truth. . . .

With great respect,

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH LE CONTE.

Ex-President White, of Cornell, considering the same subject in a series of articles published in the "Popular Science" Monthly, wrote as follows:

"In one of his personal confidences he has let us into the secret of this matter. With that hard Scotch sense which had won the applause of Thackeray in his well-known verses, he saw that the most dangerous thing which could be done to Christianity at Princeton was to reiterate in the university pulpit, week after week, solemn declarations that if evolution

believe that whatever supposed discrepancies may come up for a time between science and revealed truth will soon disappear, that each will confirm the other, and both will tend to promote the glory of God.

During all this time a careful Providence has been watching over us. We have had no fire or flood to devastate us. The health of our students has been remarkably good. There have scarcely been any deaths within our walls. In making this statement I have to mention one sad exception. If I did not restrain myself I would weep as I think of it. In 1880, seven or eight young men were taken away by typhoid fever. I do not feel as if I were specially to blame, as the sanitary arrangements were not committed to me; but we college authorities were so far to blame, and I am afraid that we have scarcely made atonement by immediately after, at a large expense, making the sanitary condition of the college thoroughly satisfactory. For hours, day and night, was I employed in visiting the dying, and comforting their parents. The thought of these weeks is the most painful remembrance of my Princeton life.

I am led, this day, to look back on my past life in Princeton. I believe I can say truly that I have coveted no man's silver or gold. The little I have laid up for old age I owe to a revered father who cultivated the

by natural selection, or, indeed, evolution at all, be true, the Scriptures are false. McCosh tells us that he saw that this was the certain way to make the students unbelievers; he therefore not only gave a check to this dangerous preaching, but preached an opposite doctrine. With him began the inevitable compromise, and in spite of mutterings against him as a Darwinian, he carried the day. . . . Other divines of strong sense in other parts of the country began to take similar ground — namely, that men could be Christians and at the same time believe in the Darwinian theory."

land in Scotland, and to a beloved son, whose remains I have laid in your graveyard, expecting at no distant day to have my own laid beside them. I owe no man anything, but love to all men, gratitude for the favors bestowed on me, — far greater than any I have bestowed on others. I trust I have lived for a higher end than riches, or power, or fame. For sixteen years I was a laborious minister of the gospel, having in one of the churches I served upwards of one thousand four hundred communicants. For the last thirty-five years I have been instructing young men, and in Princeton have commonly had each year two hundred young men studying philosophy under me. For all this I have to give account to God.

I trust I have not been unmindful of the injunction to be "given to hospitality." My income, happily we may suppose, did not admit of my giving extravagant entertainments; but when college duties did not prevent, I often asked the fathers and mothers of students — quite as frequently the poor as the rich — to come to my house, and in this way I became acquainted with the families of many of the young men. From time to time I had class-receptions, in which the students were brought into closer relationship with one another, with my family, and the people of the town. I sought to give every student an entertainment in my house once a year. By these means I have endeavored in a small way to make college life less monastic and exclusive, and to cherish pleasant social feelings. In this respect, and in every respect, I have been aided by Mrs. McCosh, provided to be my comfort, and who is appreciated by the students as being their friend in health and in sickness.

It would be altogether a mistake for any one to suppose that the life of a college president is a dull or monotonous one. If he has any life in himself, he will be interested in the whole life of the college, and no institution has more life than a college. The students feel this in the recitation-rooms, in their own rooms, on the campus, and at their games; and why should not the president's heart beat responsive to theirs? There is something happening every day, almost every hour of the day, to call forth feeling; sometimes, I admit, of disappointment or sorrow, more frequently of hope and joy, as notice is brought of the success of this or that young man. There are the father and mother presenting their boy, their hearts trembling with anxiety, while the youth is wondering at what is to happen. I have been liable every hour to have calls made upon me. It is a mother asking how her son is doing, and is so pleased when I can report favorably. It is a student waiting on me to consult about his studies or his financial difficulties, to ask me to help him to get a certain position, or to tell me of the death of a father or sister. I was never disturbed by such calls; I often gathered a considerable amount of knowledge from them. The callers never stayed too long, or annoyed me by improper requests. I have found, when I was following some deep philosophic theme, and had run aground, that I was relieved by a student coming in to divert my thoughts, and I returned to my studies to find the difficulties gone. I have rejoiced when I found any young man advancing in his studies, particularly when he was eagerly pursuing some high branch. I confess that I scarcely know what to do with myself after I am separated from these

interesting associations and employments on which so much of my happiness has depended these many years.

For the last thirty-five years my intercourse has been chiefly with young men. My heart has been in my work, and I have delighted to lecture to them, to listen to the questions they put to me when they were perplexed about some of the deeper problems of philosophy or religion. Two circumstances so far help to reconcile me to the position I have now to take. The first, that I am to be succeeded by one in whom I have thorough confidence that he will carry on the work which has been begun; no, but that he will carry on a work of his own. Possessed of the highest intellectual powers, he will devote them all to the good of this college. With unrivalled dialectic skill he will ever be ready to defend the truth. I am not sure that we have in this country at this moment a more powerful defender of the faith. Carrying at his side a sharp two-edged sword, he uses it only against error. I can leave with confidence these young men to his care, believing that he will watch carefully over their training in knowledge, in morals, and in religion. I am particularly happy when I think that philosophy, and this of a high order, and favoring religion, is safe in his hands, and will be handed down by him to the generation following. I feel that I will have to say, "What have I done now in comparison of you? Is not the gleaning of the grapes of Ephraim better than the vintage of Abiezer?"

Secondly, I am pleased to find that I have still some place in this college. I should like to bring forth some "fruit in old age." My life has had two sides, — one employed in thinking, and the other in action; and I

have not found the two inconsistent. I am sure that the metaphysics I have taught have been all the wiser, because I have become acquainted with men and manners. I have been identified with important public events in Scotland, in Ireland, and now in the higher education in America, and I should like to leave some record behind of what I have done and seen, especially in helping to form in the district in which I lived the Free Church of Scotland. But if I am spared to do any important work, it must be in a different field.

It is not without feeling that I take the step which I now take. It recalls that other eventful step in my life, when I gave up my living, one of the most enviable in the Church of Scotland, when the liberties of Christ's people were interfered with. I am sorry to be separated from the employments in which I have had such enjoyment. I regret that I no longer stand in the same relation to all the students of this college. I may feel a momentary pang in leaving the fine mansion, which a friend gave to the college and to me, — it is as when Adam was driven out of Eden. I am reminded keenly that my days of active work are over. But I take the step firmly and decidedly. The shadows are lengthening, the day is declining. My age, seven years above the threescore and ten, compels it, Providence points to it, conscience enjoins it, the good of the college demands it. I take the step as one of duty. I feel relieved as I take it.

I ask forgiveness of God and man for any offence I have given in my haste. I leave with no unkind feeling toward any. I should be sorry if any one entertained a malignant feeling toward me. It has been a high

honor and an unspeakable privilege, that I have been at the head of this noble institution for such a length of time, and that so many spheres of usefulness have been thrown open to me. I leave the college, in a healthy state, intellectually, morally, and religiously, thanks be to God and man. I leave it with the prayer, that the blessing of Heaven and the good-will of men may rest upon it, and with the prospect of its having greater usefulness in the future than even that which it has had in the past.

From a photograph taken in 1892

CHAPTER XVI

LIFE IN AMERICA

1868–1888

IT has been given to few college presidents to see the work of their hands prosper in the measure recorded in the last chapters. Two important reasons do not appear on the surface of the narrative. It is true as was said at the time, that the president had examined the most famous institutions of learning in their practical workings, that he had studied the best educational methods, that he knew the human mind profoundly, that he possessed a rare native sagacity. How true this was is shown by the minutes of the trustees, in which they record the fact that "the period of Dr. McCosh's presidency will ever be memorable in the history of the college for the introduction of a wisely-balanced and carefully guarded scheme of elective studies and of post-graduate and non-resident courses, and for the establishment of the schools of science, of philosophy and of art; for the initiation of a system of fellowships and an increase of prizes and other methods for stimulating study and research; for the great enlargement of the library, museums and scientific apparatus; for the important additions to the number of eminent and well-qualified professors and instructors; for the erection of suitable buildings, whose architectural beauty and

effective arrangement have revolutionized the appearance of the campus; for a very considerable increase in the number of students, whose religious life and moral tone and manly character have been objects of earnest solicitude, as well as their intellectual training." But after all these results were not due alone to Dr. McCosh's experience and technical training; paramount to that, if not superior to it, was the hold he had on the country at large by reason of that remarkable personality to which reference has been made, and through this public reputation upon the students who came under him. Being the great virile, intense man he was, he was also a great citizen; as such he commanded the hearty support of his nearest associates, attracted the attention of those further away in order to win their confidence, and thus widened his circles of influence until there were few intelligent Americans who did not know about him and appreciate his efforts. No youth felt that he was venturing on unknown seas when he came to Princeton.

This eminent citizenship was supplemented by a family life singular in its strength and harmony. No public man ever owed more to the support of his home surroundings. Himself an absorbed thinker and a bold polemic, it was natural that he should be indifferent to the little cares of daily life and unconscious of the soreness felt by his antagonists. But throughout his career he was strengthened and supplemented by a wife who thoroughly understood the value of tact and consideration, who perfectly realized the proportions of income and expenditure in the material and social markets of the world, and who, animated by devotion and Christian fortitude, thought no pains too great to be taken in the

spheres of hospitality, charity, and personal attention for those who touched the McCosh household either in its private or its public relations. The president's house was the social centre of the college and the community. Its appointments avoided the extremes of parsimony and luxury, so that men, women, and young people of every rank were receptive to the influences of its geniality and comfortable simplicity, without any sense of either lack or superfluity. A wholesome prudence and economy kept the head of the household free from any feeling of being hampered and without harassing anxiety for the future. There is no human perfection; but such matters were so nicely adjusted in that home that the freest play for personal activity was left to every member of it, and from this Dr. McCosh profited in his educational and ecclesiastical avocations to a degree which cannot be overstated. The Isabella McCosh Infirmary, a solid, commodious structure erected and equipped for the most part by those who had been the beneficiaries in some form of Mrs. McCosh's bounty in the way of kindness received, testifies to the gratitude of the subscribers and to the nature of Mrs. McCosh's personal labors among the students. The eldest son, Alexander Guthrie McCosh, a successful merchant of great integrity, a man of excellent parts and pleasing address, a tender son and a Christian gentleman, dying untimely, left his earnings to his parents, and by increasing their fortune increased their beneficence. His name will continue to live in the handsome prize, founded by his parents, of which Dr. McCosh has made mention. The other son and two daughters survive. They were one and all equally helpful in their way, — the eldest daughter having been for

years a fellow-worker with her father, acting as his amanuensis.

Before considering the activity of Dr. McCosh in the departments of good citizenship less directly connected with Princeton College, a word should be said in addition to his own statements for the purpose of emphasizing the importance of his educational philosophy. Convinced that a "studium generale" embracing all the liberal arts was the very core of a true university, he began his work by strengthening the old American college curriculum as he found it. Wisely niggard of every national and local influence already in store, he promptly won the confidence of the professors already installed, some of them men eminent in science and philosophy, and then proceeded to reorganize the higher departments of each discipline under the heads of science, literature, philosophy and the fine arts, in order to make the two final years of college introductory to the highest specialization in such university courses as he hoped eventually to found. This device, at first somewhat mechanical in its general arrangement, soon fostered the beginnings of a real organic life, and these he proceeded to develop historically and singly, as material in teachers and students presented itself. In this way the advance of Princeton was not by innovation, but by cherishing the things that were, and by the development of her natural vigorous life. Those possible benefactors who had hoped they might give wisely found that they could do so to any extent, and the streams of endowment recapitulated by him flowed for a time in an unobstructed channel with a steady stream. The process continued almost to the last without a break. To the choice of teachers

equal care was given. Men familiar with other institutions and with education in both continents, specialists of eminence and trained teachers were sought with assiduity to fill vacancies, but when found they were not necessarily chosen; one final test was imposed by Dr. McCosh in his own mind, that they should be likely to acquire enthusiasm and to develop loyalty for those things for which Princeton stood. Perfectly aware that system was nothing without men to work it, he used the faculty meeting as a forum for the discussion of educational questions, reducing its judiciary function to a minimum. It became therefore a means of unifying the sentiments and methods of the instructors, of inspiring them with a feeling of co-operation, and above all else of giving them an opening for the enforcement upon the president of the opinions they derived from their own experience. The procedure of the college was thus the expression of a co-operation between the president and professors, in which each had a full constructive share.

Dr. McCosh has clearly explained his attitude toward the students, his theory and practice of discipline, his method of rooting up evil practices in the college world. He not only realized that boys and young men would soon be men doing the world's work, he appreciated that the college was composed of its units and would be the resultant of the forces thus put into it. "A college depends," he once said, "not on its president or trustees or professors, but on the character of the students and the homes they come from. If these change, nothing can stop the college changing." Every student therefore was to him a personality. He might not know the name nor recall the face of a young man, but there is

no instance of his having mistaken any stranger for a Princetonian, and every member of the college was his "boy." Walking and talking, he yet found time for greetings to right and left of him as he passed through the college field. He was never too busy to pause and exchange a few friendly words with the youngest freshman, and as he has told the reader he was literally never too absorbed to stop and listen to any tale of injustice, indignation, repentance, sorrow, or happy confidence. He was proud to declare that no man ever entered or left the college without a personal interview with him. This was bound in the long run to have its effect. There was always a nucleus of loyal, ardent men among the undergraduates, but around it there was clustered in the opening years of his administration a mass of critical, dissatisfied, lawless students, wishing themselves elsewhere, ready for disorder, untrue to the best traditions of the place and to themselves. This spirit only passed as the improvement in the organization and work of the institution became evident, as the paternal character of severe discipline was understood, and as the fearless march of president and professors toward a lofty, invigorating, democratic university life became impressive. Then at last the Princeton youth became a pattern of loyalty, an enthusiast for the college which in lifting itself was lifting him. Idleness banished, work well regulated, sport substituted as far as possible for vice, the moral responsibility quickened by a strong, simple faith, — such was Dr. McCosh's theory of the process in which college students with all their imperfections were to be fitted to lead the life of their respective communities to higher things.

As time went on and the callow graduates became experienced men, they developed an indescribable fervor of personal affection for their former guide and counsellor. They recalled how he had stimulated their thinking, checked their follies, built up their habits, fostered their independence and respected their personality, and were both humbled and grateful. The scenes at commencement time when the "old boys" came back and, announcing their names, grasped the "Doctor's" hand and gazed into the "Doctor's" eye, were scenes of sober gladness which were profoundly significant of a great educational work. Oftentimes Dr. McCosh was the man of granite, severe and commanding in his class-room, fearless to enter and quell any riotous demonstration, physically impressive and sometimes stentorian in his tones. But every true heart recognized another in him, and on that point the young are not in the long run to be deceived. At times too he discovered the strong vein of sentiment which was in his nature. His sighs over a young man hardened in vice were those of a father, and tears of joy sprang unbidden to his eyes on the return of a prodigal. His emotions were easily reached by a tale of suffering, and no good student left Princeton for lack of means, if the president knew him to be laborious and self-denying; none but the recipients of his bounty were ever aware of his acts of kindness unless it were those generous friends to whom he appealed when the demand was beyond his own means, and who desired him to be the almoners of their bounty.

Dr. McCosh has spoken of his fondness for nature. It is essential to the understanding of his character and work that his creative imagination should be justly esti-

mated. He never was old, for he lived in the present and future to his last hour; the products of experience were for him merely the elements of new constructions which he visualized and then critically examined. If they bore his tests of value he sought to realize them with all his energies; if not he smiled at his own conceits and put them away without a regret. In his enjoyment of natural scenery this came out distinctly. On his first visit to America he spent some time among the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, whose gentle beauties he fully appreciated. President Hopkins of Williams College recalled a visit from Dr. McCosh as among his most pleasant recollections and has thus described it: "It was during the summer vacation; the weather was fine, and we were quite at leisure to stroll about the grounds and ride over the hills. Riding thus we reached, I remember, a point which he said reminded him of Scotland. There we alighted. At once he bounded into the field like a young man, passed up the hillside, and, casting himself at full length under a shade, gave himself up for a time to the associations and inspiration of the scene. I seem to see him now, a man of world-wide reputation, lying thus solitary among the hills. They were draped in a dreamy haze suggestive of poetic inspiration, and, from his quiet but evidently intense enjoyment, he might well, if he had not been a great metaphysician, have been taken for a great poet. And, indeed, though he had revealed himself chiefly on the metaphysical side, it was evident that he shared largely in that happy temperament of which Shakespeare and Tennyson are the best examples, in which metaphysics and poetry seem to be fused into one and become

identical." The explanation of Dr. McCosh's passion for nature was that out of its elements he could construct his imaginings without fear of using deceptive or base material. Reposing in the world of beauty with perfect confidence, he gave free course to that association of ideas and that kaleidoscopic rearrangement of her suggestions which is the best repose. It was curious that at the age of seventy-two he should have caught hay fever, an irritating annoyance from which he never escaped, and that in consequence he should have been compelled to spend a certain period every year among the northern hills of New Hampshire. This constant association with their charms ended in utterly captivating him, and the weeks he spent at Franconia or at Jefferson were among the most delightful of his life.

While Dr. McCosh was primarily a thinker and teacher, and while his force was thrown into educational questions such as the retention of Greek for the bachelor's degree, the question of elective studies or the system of university development, yet he never forgot that he was an ordained clergyman. His plea for Greek was partly based on its necessity in preparing candidates for a learned ministry. Though in no sense an ecclesiastic, yet he was profoundly interested in his own denomination and in the question of church unity among Protestants. This he felt could be accomplished only by federation, never by amalgamation. Presbyterian union in particular lay near his heart. The idea of some alliance between the various churches of Presbyterian polity throughout the world seems to have occurred to many persons simultaneously. Dr. McCosh was one of them, and for twenty years he labored earnestly in the cause,

making addresses, writing articles, expounding plans and assisting in the work of organization. He was convinced that in the Federal and State governments of the United States there was an excellent model for a certain degree of centralization. A few of the great principles as a doctrinal basis and a certain church-order, namely, the parity of ministers and representative councils embracing the eldership, being pre-supposed, the central council, he thought, should admit each church on its own standards as long as these embraced the cardinal truths of salvation; if at any time any organization departed from those principles in act or profession it should be cut off from the union. "Without interfering at all with the free action of the churches," the central council, he explained, "might distribute judiciously the evangelistic work in the great field, which is the world, allocating a sphere to each, discouraging the plantation of two churches where one might serve, and the establishment of two missions at one place, while hundreds of other places have none. In this way the resources of the Church would be kept from being wasted, while her energies would be concentrated on great enterprises. When circumstances require it, the whole strength of the Church might be directed to the establishment of truth and the suppression of error and prevalent forms of vice. More important than all, from the heart of the Church might proceed an impulse reaching to the utmost extremities, and carrying life to every member." The proposition was well received and Dr. McCosh lived to see the Pan-Presbyterian alliance a fact. Three times he crossed the ocean to promote its interests, and his correspondence in regard to it was immense. He was dis-

appointed that as time went on its work did not arouse greater interest nor accomplish the ends for which he had hoped, but he died in the conviction that its loose federation would grow stronger and stronger, resulting eventually in the organic unity of all Presbyterians.

One of the burning questions in the fellowship of the General Assembly during the latter years of Dr. McCosh's life concerned the revision of the Westminster standards. In this he had an intense interest and he carefully prepared for the Presbytery of New Brunswick, to which he belonged, the following statement, which needs no comment:

Ever since I became a teacher of the science of mind I have given more attention to philosophy than theology. In doing this, I have been able to serve religion more effectively than by any other course which I could take. My philosophy is realistic, being an exposition of the facts of our nature, and being so, it must be favorable to the Scriptures, which reveal to us what we are, as no other work has done. But I have been watching all along the signs of the times, and feel it to be honest to make known my views in every crisis of opinion in the Church. Hitherto I have not favored a revision of our standards, but the time has come when we must face the question which is now being put in the Presbyterian churches all over the world. I know there is some risk in stirring up the inquiry, but there is more danger in trying to ignore or suppress it, which, in fact, cannot now be done. Our students, our young men generally, and our laity are raising the question, and it is the plain duty of the Church to face it boldly and to guide the

movement in the right direction. There are some passages in the Confession of Faith and in the Larger Catechism of which it may be doubted whether they are founded on the Word of God, and which are offensive in their expression. Farther, there is a want of clear and prominent utterance, such as we have in the Scriptures, of the love of God as shown in the redemption of Christ, which is sufficient for all men, and in the free and honest offer of salvation to all men, non-elect as well as elect. For the last thirty-nine years of my life my intercourse has been chiefly with young men, who are apt to open their hearts to me as knowing that I sympathize with them. Most of our young men have not paid much attention to the Confession, but they will now do so, and as they do so, they will find certain passages knotty, crabbed, and hard to digest. I do fear that some of our best young men who meant to become ministers, may be allured away to other professions, and that those who go on to preach the gospel will find themselves annoyed and hindered by unwarranted expressions staring them in the face. In these circumstances, I am of opinion that the Church should, as speedily as possible, leave out a few obnoxious passages not at all needful to the completeness of the expression of the system of doctrine, and put in the very front a full declaration of God's love to men and a free offer of salvation. This being done for the present, the Church should hold itself ready to meet the wants of the years and ages as they roll on. I am not sure whether the present terms of subscription to the standards will be sufficient in the distant or even in the near future. Some of our younger men are saying, "Nobody believes all the Confession,

everybody rejects some parts, I may reject what displeases me." At this present time we get more than half our erudition from Germany, but also more than one-half of our heresies. Our Confession meets the heresies of the seventeenth, but not the more insidious ones of the nineteenth century. The Church has now to see that it has professors in our seminaries equal in learning to those in Germany. Ever since the Reformation, the Church has been amending its Confession. I confess that I should like to have in the Presbyterian Church a shorter and simpler creed than the Westminster Confession. At the same time our creed, be it shorter, or be it longer, must contain the saving truths embraced in the consensus of the churches. I believe that in the age on which we have now entered, the Church will have to engage in a fight for "the faith once delivered to the saints." I hold that the Presbyterian Church is quite fit for that work. I deny, as is charged, that the great body of its ministers are Arminian or half-Arminian. I deny that Charles Hodge or Alexander Hodge has departed from the Confession of Faith. They may differ at times in the aspect they present and the phrases they use, but the truths are the same as those of the old Pauline theology.

In connection with his firm convictions as to unity being essential for successful effort in Christian work, Dr. McCosh often contemplated the possibility of union among all the Protestant denominations. In the main he was not encouraged, so immovable seemed the obstacles of doctrine, practice, and feeling which separate them. But there was one tenet sacred to all which he felt might

be used to spur them to harmony of action, the binding force of the command "to preach the gospel to every creature." Since this cannot be done without combined action, and since there is no immediate prospect of all the churches becoming one at present, it should be done, he reiterated in public and in private to the very close of his life, by a denominational federation. His plan was as follows:

First, in following out these views there should be such an understanding and co-operation among denominations as to secure that the gospel be preached in every country and all over every country. The eyes of every church should be over the whole world of human beings to see that in every country the glad tidings of salvation be proclaimed. The increase of post-office facilities, of travelling, of telegraphs, should make this easier than in any previous age in the history of the world. We have no right to keep to ourselves and to keep back from others the gracious announcement that the Son of God hath left the bosom of the Father and come into the world to save sinners. If there be any nation or region which has not heard the joyful sound, it is the imperative duty of every church to see that the message be proclaimed there, and join with other evangelical churches for that end.

Secondly, every minister may have a district allotted to him. It is on this that I most fondly dwell. This district should, if possible, be immediately round his place of worship. I have often been extremely disgusted at seeing, in the old country and in this, a congregation fed with the richest truth from Sabbath to

Sabbath, in the midst of a district where the people were miserably degraded, while yet nothing was done for them. Where a minister cannot have a district close to his church, let him have one in a convenient position. The minister is to feel that he has an oversight of that district, and to make himself responsible that every one has a Saviour proclaimed to him. The minister should labor in that district and should make his own people interested, especially in its young and in its poor; he must welcome every one who comes into his district to do good. Sometimes this mixed work may tend to produce a little confusion and altercation, but things will soon settle themselves when there is anything of the spirit of Christ, and the district may need all the laborers.

It is clear that the parochial plan cannot be established exclusively where the congregational plan has preoccupied the ground, but let the congregations everywhere combine so much of the parochial system as that each have a district allotted to it. In this district the minister should labor and take with him into it all the members of his congregation who are willing to work in Christ's cause, to visit the sick, to set up Sabbath schools, and to assist all who need spiritual help. These selected districts scattered all over the land may come to embrace all the spiritually destitute districts, and to spread gospel agents over every district, all over the land.

It is by some such method that I expect the gospel to be preached to every creature.

I may be permitted to state that as a parochial minister in Scotland I took advantage of both methods, the congregational and the parochial. My colleague and I

had upwards of fourteen hundred members in our church to whom we preached the gospel, and we were able to look after every individual, male and female, old and young, in the district. The consequence was that in a parish of six or eight thousand inhabitants there were not a dozen who did not go to the house of God more or less frequently. I confess I should like to see this system spread over the whole of this country. Working on this method, every degraded district would come to have its agents, male and female, working in it. In this way the whole land might be covered with agents working for Christ. The wealthier and more moral and Christian districts might be left to provide ministers for themselves, and the more degraded districts have evangelical agents provided for them. It is in this way I confess I expect to have the whole land covered with gospel messengers, so a degraded one may feel that he has a Christian friend to whom he can apply in time of need.

It is a plan which can be adopted by any church without the breach of any denominational principle. Instead of a grand church union being adopted first and then evangelistic work following, it will be by the church work that church union is produced.

It might easily be supposed that a man between the ages of fifty-seven and seventy-two would have exhausted all his energies in the various activities of a college-presidency, of authorship, of teaching and of leadership in church discussions. But it would be a serious omission in the record of Dr. McCosh's American life to pass by the activities of his citizenship. As one of his most famous pupils said in a beautiful prose threnody delivered

after his instructor's death, the Doctor was born an American and a Princetonian. When once he had decided to accept the presidency of Princeton he accepted along with it the position of leadership in patriotism. Always mindful of his origin and passionately devoted to the land of his birth, he was nevertheless naturalized at the earliest moment, and taking a warm, intelligent interest in American politics, performed with scrupulous fidelity the duties of his citizenship. In particular he always kept his hand on the local interests of Princeton, exerting his influence for the choice of good men to office, securing wise legislation and restraining the little tempests sometimes awakened by the conflicting interests of town and college. Temperance legislation was his special care, as the saloon was his horror. In the interest of sobriety among his students he used every force to check and regulate the sale of intoxicating drink among the whole community, shunning no antagonisms, sparing no foe, using every weapon for the attainment of an end paramount to all others in importance. He was therefore a personage to be reckoned with in local politics, and as such took no pains to withdraw himself from the profane touch.

As is well known, the presidents of our leading colleges are summoned repeatedly by the newspapers to help in forming public opinion through the expression of their own views. From this Dr. McCosh never shrank; he took care to get the best information, to weigh it carefully and to state his conclusions clearly. And in this he was able so completely to assume the American standpoint that he never aroused native jealousy; for the most part it was entirely forgotten that he was not born in

the land of his adoption. In general he was a stanch Republican, but at the same time he was thoroughly independent; understanding that his position required broad views, he felt free to criticise the party of his choice unsparingly when occasion required. Throughout the contest for Civil Service Reform he gave substantial support to every effort put forth for its furtherance, and the interest awakened among his students by his efforts early led to the formation of a Civil Service Reform Association in Princeton College. During the years in which he was influential in the management of the two last series of the " Princeton Review " he was constantly putting forward as themes for discussion in its pages everything that made for purity in politics.

CHAPTER XVII

AFTERMATH

1888–1894

AT the age of seventy-seven the President of Princeton College found himself still in the full enjoyment of all his powers, his intellectual force not diminished, and his physical strength still sufficient to meet all his demands upon it. The institution to which he had so long been devoted was prospering as never before, the numbers of its teachers and pupils were steadily increasing, the work done by its scholars and writers was improving and commanding attention, the loyalty and enthusiasm of the corporation and alumni was only equalled by that of the undergraduates. Dr. McCosh himself felt no need of repose; his armor was neither heavy nor galling; the stately home he occupied and the honors with which every year met him in his high social station were constant reminders of the distinction he had attained, — yet with iron will he determined to forego his hard-earned rewards, to resign his place and its emoluments completely and unreservedly. He feared lest the infirmities of old age might gradually cloud his judgment, lest the advancement of Princeton might thus suffer a check, lest the dignity and influence of a long life might be impaired by feebleness at its close. Look-

ing into the future, he saw himself for some years still active in public life as a philosopher, lecturing, writing, and revising, but that was all. The same will-power which made him resign, kept him from meddling with affairs which were no longer his, and relegated him to the class of those who, having deserved well of their country, are content to see the fruit of their labors prospering in the hands of trusted successors. A regular attendant at the religious services of the university, for two years a commanding lecturer in its halls, deeply interested in every detail of its progress, he was otherwise a private man; "a model ex-president" was the high compliment paid to him by his successor.

In 1889 Dr. McCosh was invited to lecture on the Merrick foundation before the Ohio Wesleyan University. He chose for his theme, "The Tests of the Various Kinds of Truth." The lectures, afterwards published in a volume with that title, were quite up to the writer's highest standard, and were received with every manifestation of respect and interest. Dr. McCosh himself was kindly entertained, but, unfortunately, the weather was very bad, even for March; the lecturer caught a heavy cold which turned into a severe attack of bronchitis and confined him for weeks to a sick bed. This warning made it clear that similar invitations must thereafter be declined, as they were, though most regretfully. In the same year Dr. McCosh delivered two courses of college lectures in Princeton, both of which were afterwards published. That on "First and Fundamental Truths" is a successful attempt to present his system of thinking objectively; the other, on "Various Kinds of Truth," was a vigorous defence of reality. The central

concept of the latter he further elucidated in the lectures delivered from time to time during the following year. This course was also printed in a slender volume entitled "The Prevailing Types of Philosophy, can they reach reality logically?" In addition to these philosophical discussions he began another which was completed and published two years later, also in pamphlet form. The title of this, which was really the author's final attempt at constructive work, is "Our Moral Nature." Its value lies in its promise rather than in any fulfilment. It displays extensive reading and foreshadows a method by which the writer's philosophy could be used in a constructive Christian ethic; but beyond this, as might be expected, it does not go.

Dr. McCosh's last public appearance of note was at the International Congress of Education held in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in July, 1893. One of the members of that body has written that in the main he was the most noted figure of the assemblage. In spite of his extreme age he exhibited much of his native vigor and adroitness when called on to preside, quelling the unruly, checking the eccentric, and promoting wise discussion. His own contribution was a paper on "Reality: What Place it should hold in Philosophy?" which is printed in the proceedings of the congress. The many famous men present delighted in showing deference to such a brilliant old age, and cordially paid their honors to the Christian philosopher who at eighty-two was not only a Nestor in council but also like an Ajax in battle. During this journey Dr. McCosh's health was still vigorous; though much fêted by his friends and pupils in the great western

capital, he suffered no inconvenience and in the visits which he was able to make to the great fair he became an interested student. His impressions of what he saw were clear and deep; he apprehended perfectly the significance of such an exhibition in its time and place, and returned with abundant matter for wise reflection. Upon his mind there was made one indelible impression, a conviction of the splendor and strength in American civilization, a certainty as to the dangerous tendencies of its superabundant idealism, and an abiding sense that to the end he should sound the trumpet note of his own realistic message. Almost immediately he began the composition of his last published work, with the significant title "Philosophy of Reality: Should it be favored by America?" The interrogative titles to the pamphlets which mark the close of Dr. McCosh's career as a writer are highly significant. He had been a polemic, a born controversialist, a "defender" throughout the years of his vigor, and he remained so to the very end.

The celebration of Dr. McCosh's eightieth birthday was a delightful occasion and awakened wide-spread public interest, showing as it did how strong was the love of his co-workers and pupils. But it was not a public affair. In the morning President Patton with the faculty of the College called in a body to offer their congratulations. They carried with them a handsome piece of silver and a beautifully engrossed and illuminated address on parchment emphasizing their ties of personal regard and expressing their satisfaction at having been his co-laborers in a great work. Then came a delegation representing the one hundred and fifteen of his pupils who were then teachers in various American colleges and

universities. They too brought a similar tribute, a massive silver pitcher, with an inscription taken from Aristophanes' "Clouds."[1] Such an experience has been enjoyed by few teachers; among those represented were men of note in many lines, and a few who had gone far from some of their teacher's fundamental positions. But each and all felt that Dr. McCosh's receptivity for new ideas, if only they were good, was the most remarkable quality of a man whom they knew to be busy at eighty incorporating some of the latest results of German research in a new edition of his Psychology. Accordingly this characteristic had been selected by their committee as the point to be emphasized and on that account was chosen the Greek inscription engraved on their gift. The third event of the day was the presentation of a beautiful silver cup by representatives from the Princeton Club of New York, the associated alumni living in and near that city. As may be imagined, the recipient of all these testimonials was deeply moved.

It was with great satisfaction that among those who

[1] *εὐτυχία γένοιτο τἀνθρώπῳ, ὅτι προήκων*
ἐς βαθὺ τῆς ἡλικίας
νεωτέροις τὴν φύσιν αὖ —
τοῦ πράγμασιν χρωτίζεται
καὶ σοφίαν ἐπασκεῖ. Arist. Clouds, l. 511.

These lines may be rendered, —

Prosperity attend him, since while passing on
Into the vale of man's decline
He yet with newer learning's tint
His mind imbues
And wisdom cultivates.

The context is ironical, but the passage loses nothing of its force because of that.

had graduated from Princeton during his administration Dr. McCosh could number so large a number of clergymen. During 1892 he was interested in establishing from his own means a foundation of £250 at Brechin, the annual interest of which was to be used for enabling any deserving young man of good moral character connected with his old congregation to prosecute his studies with the view of entering the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland. The following year he instituted a bursary at the same cost, which was to be awarded annually to the scholar attaining the highest eminence in the public school of Patna, the village nearest his birthplace in Ayrshire. In these acts of beneficence, which gave substantial proof of his devotion to Scotland, and in founding the prize at Princeton in memory of his son, he found the keenest enjoyment.

Yet it must not be thought that Dr. McCosh was spared the ordinary sorrows of advancing age. The house which he built for his occupation is commodious and exquisitely located, with a distant view across fertile lowlands toward the seashore. In his daily life he was cherished by all the cares which affectionate, thoughtful consideration can bestow. The students who throng the neighborhood greeted him with deep respect as he came and went on his daily walks, and the little children playing on the wayside hailed his appearance with shouts of delight, crowding to claim a ride on his "staff," as he always called it, or listening to his quizzical remarks with keen enjoyment. Wherever he appeared in the college field, or on the village street, or as he drove through the country by-ways which he so loved, he was recognized by every passer, and saluted

with pleasant smiles. And yet for all that, he felt the burden of the body. Explaining his point of view he reasoned, like the philosopher he was, "that the ordinary happiness and comfort of mankind proceeds from two sources: first and largely, from healthy sensations which we feel; secondly, from the gratification of the appetences, natural and acquired. But old age is apt to be deprived of both of these. Health with its springs of felicity is giving way to irksomeness and pains. Specially our appetences cannot be gratified. We try to exert ourselves in our pleasures, we find that we cannot do so." But from first to last there was no querulousness; even toward the close of life his sense of humor came to the rescue at the most trying times. To one who assisted him in a moment of physical exhaustion, and who bore only with great exertion one share of the weight of his massive frame, he turned with a deprecating smile and the exclamation in broad Scotch, "Hech, mon, ye had an awfu' tussle."

From time to time throughout the last three years of his life Dr. McCosh jotted down the reminiscences which have furnished the foundation of this volume. The occupation gave him some pleasure, but on the whole his feelings were those of regret, in fact at the close he was sorry that he had ever entered on the task, although he was unwilling to destroy a syllable of what he had written. The reason for this frame of mind is one which displays his character in the strongest light — he had been led to a stern self-examination, and the results were not to his liking. He wrote with unflinching severity a condemnation of his own faults which would have moved the bitterest critic, if such there ever were, analyzing

his course, as he seemed to feel that he should, for the benefit of those he had influenced through his long life. But this stern duty faithfully performed, his buoyancy and faith reasserted themselves, and probably the last words he wrote were these:

Farewell, hill and dale, mountain and valley, river and brook, lake and outflow, forest and shady dell, sun and moon, earth and sky. * * * Welcome what immeasurably exceeds all these — Heaven with its glory! Heaven with its angels that excel in strength! Heaven with the spirits of just men made perfect! Heaven with Jesus himself, so full of tenderness! Heaven with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The asterisks stand for a tribute to his wife and family such as only a modest true-hearted, humble man could write to those who had supported and cherished him.

Dr. McCosh's last illness was short and painless. As is well known to all who were near him in his advanced age, he grew more thoughtful in his expression, more gentle in his looks and gestures, more considerate and more spiritual in his conversation down to the very close of his life. He died on November 16, 1894. As at the end he lay in his chamber surrounded by all who loved him, speaking in tender accents from time to time, and then relapsing into gentle slumbers, the scene was not calculated to overpower the emotions, it seemed rather as if the natural was making its easy transit to the supernatural. And in the serenity of passing existence the onlooker seemed to see the strong man who had run his course, the warrior who had fought his fight, the captain

who had weathered the storms of doubt. But whatever thoughts arose, one was central, here was a great man who, having weighed the inexorable queries of whence, and what, and whither, was leaving the shores of life and passing confidently beyond the gateway into eternity, calling with undying conviction even as his tones grew fainter: God is real, His universe is real, man is not left without a guide in the world.

He was fitly buried with stately academic ceremonial; throngs of men, high and lowly, listened to the eulogiums pronounced over him; the press of this and other countries paid becoming tributes to his memory. In his death as in his life there was a note of triumph. Whatever estimate the future may put upon his contributions to the history of thought, he will have an imperishable monument of substantial dimensions in what he accomplished as philosopher, teacher, and man for the age in which he lived.

One of his eminent pupils has paid him this just and loving tribute: —

"Young to the end, through sympathy with youth,
Gray man of learning! champion of truth!
Direct in rugged speech, alert in mind,
He felt his kinship with all human kind,
And never feared to trace development
Of high from low — assured and full content
That man paid homage to the Mind above,
Uplifted by the "Royal Law of Love."

The laws of nature that he loved to trace
Have worked, at last, to veil from us his face;
The dear old elms and ivy-covered walls
Will miss his presence, and the stately halls
His trumpet-voice; while in their joys
Sorrow will shadow those he called "my boys."

Robert Bridges.

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By JOSEPH H. DULLES

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